TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1835.

THE MELBOURNE MINISTRY.

The Session of Parliament draws rapidly to its close. It is therefore full time for the Reformers leisurely to view their position, and to calculate their loss and gain. Though the extraordinary circumstances under which the Parliament assembled occasioned great delay in the public business, and consequently in effecting those reforms to which all private business should, as much as possible, give way, the time cannot be called wasted which was spent in forcing out the Peel-Wellington Administration. Then the rallying cry of the Reformers was—"Down with the Tories!" But that insidious faction—still too powerful to work mischief, and missing no opportunity—must be *kept* as well as *put* down. The snake is scotched, not killed. In the sunshine of court favour, it may soon revive again. The reptile is tenacious of life. The Nation alone—the aggregate People—possess the Herculean strength required to grapple with and strangle it outright—and so to bruise and divide its overgorged carcass, that it shall never again be able either to wound with its fangs, or to inflame by its venom.

The first cause of congratulation in surveying our position, is, that heartier union, and quicker and closer mutual intelligence, exist among the great body of the Reformers, than has been known at any time since the excitement and enthusiasm of the Reform Bill. At the beginning of this Session, the general safety was felt to depend upon union and vigilance, discreet forbearance, and a well-regulated confidence in the untried Government so ignominiously dismissed. Circumstances have not yet materially changed. Union among all classes of true Reformers is as necessary as ever; nor have the Ministry yet carried their virtue altogether beyond the necessity of the continued charity, patience, and indulgence of their friends. Yet, among our gains, we may fairly reckon an Administration more amenable to public opinion than any one of its predecessors, and having a readier sympathy with the wants and reasonable expectations of the People. The Second Melbourne Administration is so directly the creation of public opinion, that it has had no time to forget or despise its origin. The Grey Ministry was long graced with a portion of court favour. It was spontaneously called into existence, not forced upon the King; and it was, in *men*, and in all save the one great *measure*, as thorough a Whig Government as Britain ever saw. That great *measure*—reaching in its consequences far beyond the calculations of some of its patrons—once accomplished, as the necessary means of gaining and keeping power, the Whig Government promised not much; and accomplished little or nothing which any Tory Administration, after the Reform Bill came fairly into operation, would not have yielded, though haply with reluctance. Sir Robert Peel himself would have made a merit of the felt necessity of opening the China trade and abolishing slavery. He who outbid Lord John Russell in a marriage bill for the Dissenters, might even have discovered, when the truth was forced upon him, that "the time had arrived" for more popular Municipal Governments. But neither he, nor the Administration of Lord Grey, nor yet, probably, the First Melbourne Government, would have originated so comprehensive and satisfactory a measure of Corporate Reform and Municipal Government as that which has just been promulgated, and which *must* be carried; nor yet such sweeping measures of Irish-Church and Corporation Reform as those for which we anxiously wait. In different instances, Ministers have shewn good disposition, and in the Municipal Bill they have given an earnest of good measures, which has been so gratefully received that it cannot fail to stimulate them in well-doing. Although their courage is far from equable, and wofully liable to an unhappy alternation of hot and cold fits, and although the latter, on the whole, predominates, it is a hopeful circumstance that they shew rather more confidence in themselves, and, consequently, a firmer front to the enemy, than any preceding Reform Ministry. The consciousness of possessing the lavish support of the People as often as they deserve it, sometimes reacts favourably upon their flagging courage. They then feel that they possess the confidence of the nation; and that while they do their duty, they will enjoy it in augmented measure. Hence their energy springs from the pure source, and they find their strength increase in the same proportion that it is well directed and freely employed. While the Administration continues honestly desirous of accomplishing necessary reforms, it will—no matter how opposed by the triple or quadruple alliance of Court, and Church, and Peers, and Tory landowners—find itself, in the strength of the People, omnipotent for every good purpose. Its disposition to advance in the right path will be found the exact measure of a power before which every obstacle must ultimately give way, or, more likely, vanish before it can be fairly attacked.

The reception of the Municipal Bill should enhearten the Government. There Ministers have taken their ground so strongly, that the cunning enemy actually comes over and lays down arms. Had the position been weak, and thus untenable, they would, on the contrary, have been driven back with disgrace. Nothing can be more injurious to them and to the popular cause, than the reality, or even the appearance, of truckling to, or vainly attempting to conciliate, the Tories. Politicians reprobate the imbecility of such conduct, and men of sense and spirit despise those who invite spurning. Now, though we wish to view everything in the fair and even favourable light—and though there is marked improvement, since Lord Brougham, fancying himself a deft courtier and cunning statesman, tried to cajole, and Lord Althorp to be all things to all men, but especially to the Tories—there have been, we lament to say, later indications of the old temper. A leader of the House of Commons cannot, at all times, have his fully-collected wits about him; but, for this very cause, we would have him cultivate popular sympathies and honest instincts, and he will be less apt to go wrong if he is ever taken by surprise. Upon some points demanding manliness and resolution, we cannot conceal the fact, that the great deal which has been said, about the very little done in defiance of the Tory party, is significant of its littleness. But a face has been shewn against the most envenomed of all our factions, the Orange faction; and it is matter of praise, that Lord John Russell has refused (we hope this is true) to sanction the appointment of certain Tory deputy-lieutenants, which, time and place considered, it required a tolerable share of effrontery to recommend* to the Government. But the army remains upon precisely the old footing,—and Wolverhampton adds but another unit to the sum of warning. Had this point never been mooted, it would have been of less importance; but that the Duke of Wellington's "t'other right-hand man" remains the Tory Commander-in-Chief, in the face of all former constitutional usage, and precedent,—that he is, in plain terms, felt too formidable, by his direct influence and secret alliances, to be removed,—is weakness confessed—ignominious at first, and ultimately not without danger.

Upon what conditions Lord Melbourne resumed office, remains as deep a mystery as at the hour of his accession. His cabinet was pledged to two leading measures—the reform of the Irish Church, and to municipal and corporate reform. That the character of the former measure will be satisfactory, we now have a collateral assurance in the thorough-going nature of the latter; but that the influence of the Crown was beforehand secured to facilitate either the one or the other, remains more than doubtful. Opposition, if not animosity, between a sovereign and his ministers, was never before so barefacedly revealed in Great Britain. Indeed, it will not disguise:—to pretend anything else were the most impudent hypocrisy. Another token of the weakness of Ministers, is the continued delay in filling up the office of Lord Chancellor. Is it meant to abolish it? Does the Government fear Lord Brougham, both *in* and *out*, so much, that they are unable to determine upon which side the danger preponderates? Do we, indeed, see a Government acting, of necessity, with a Commander-in-chief, too powerful to be displaced, while an Ex-chancellor is too obnoxious in courtly circles to be re-appointed? This, if true, were deplorable:—but it is no reason whatever for withdrawing from the Melbourne Administration the confidence which it so urgently requires. And, moreover, much of this is doubtful, and mere subject of conjecture: everything is so; save that the people, if alert to their duty and true to themselves, have nothing whatever to fear for their strong and righteous cause—not even although their demanded safeguard of voting by ballot is temporarily refused. With the grounds, and the time of that refusal, we forbear intermeddling at the present moment. Even viewing the policy of the Whigs in the worst light, we must bear with them; and for this, among other reasons:—Had this same question of ballot been discussed, with Sir Robert Peel the leader of the House of Commons, would Mr Grote's motion have been so respectfully treated? No: but it would most certainly have met the fate which Lord Stanley suggested. It is not for discreet reformers to reject any gain, however small.

We have seen it alleged, that the Whigs try to play, what is fancied, a dexterous game, in pitting the Tories and Radicals against each other, and making their own advantage as umpires. When the Tories, with "happy audacity," ousted the first Melbourne Government, in November last, they, no doubt, thought themselves able to play the same adroit part; and hoped they were to reign, by dividing the Whigs and Radicals. There can be no harm in the Radical Reformers now acting upon the same principle of policy. By all means let Sir Robert Peel overbid Lord John Russell on any or every popular measure; for then we shall be certain to have Lord John beating up again upon the supple Baronet. The good of the cause is to be frankly accepted, from whatever suspicious or even foul quarter it comes. A skilful General welcomes and rewards the spy and the deserter from the enemy's camp, and uses his information; but it is at his judgment how far the traitor is to be either honoured or trusted. Look to the example of O'Connell, the most consummate politician of his country. Lord Melbourne, in particular, has, at different times, allowed himself, from false shame or some meaner motive, to act in a manner which would have tasked to the utmost the forbearance of any less politic or less magnanimous man. But O'Connell will not quarrel with the Whig Government, as long as it is possible to save even decent appear-

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For the next election—come when it may—it is now our paramount duty to be prepared. The establishment of Reform Associations, which are, at the last hour, organizing in all directions, is a measure which we have repeatedly urged; and, as voting by ballot is delayed, they become more and more necessary. It is not easy to calculate all the benefits that may be derived from such organizations. They accustom the constituencies to act in concert: they keep alive public spirit and intelligence; and they give to individuals the protection and confidence ever felt by united numbers. There is but one danger:—and it is not immediate. The instrument of guarding the freedom and purity of elections must not be suffered to degenerate into mere Whig machinery. Save in a few peculiarly situated localities, public spirit will be a sufficient guarantee against this danger. These associations will, it is true, poorly supply the right of secret voting, which we should have imagined the issue of the contests in Devonshire, Staffordshire, and in the county of Inverness, would have forced upon the serious consideration of Ministers; but they will tend to purify the representation, while they forward the adoption of ballot, by farther demonstrating its necessity. Already the Tories boast that they will carry nineteen out of every twenty counties in England, and they have taken the surest means to accomplish their prophecy; while the Melbourne Administration have been so extremely ill-advised as to go the length of making opposition to the Ballot a Cabinet question. What does this mean? Are they jealous of the popularity of particular members of the Government?—or do they fear that unfavourable comparisons might be made out of doors, if each Minister were left to follow his private convictions, and so tie them all up? This must all be forgiven in the meantime. The Reformers must apply the sagacious advice Sir Robert Peel lately gave to the baffled oligarchy, whom he counselled, "by the exercise of the functions left them, to mitigate the danger, by gaining a legitimate influence in the popular branch of the legislature: though they may feel that they do not exercise the influence which they are fairly entitled to exercise, they may still attempt to compensate that loss by the exercise of whatever is still left them." This, in the case of the worthy persons whom Sir Robert Peel addresses, means, in plain terms, that the Tories must threaten and intimidate, as in Devonshire and the county of Inverness—create vassal votes, as they are actually doing in every county—and bribe, and otherwise corrupt borough voters, as at Ipswich and Hull.* At the first two elections after the passing of the Reform Bill, many Tory landholders affected not to interfere with the way in which their tenants voted: now they have, by the turn-up in November, overstepped all the bounds of decency; and they openly proclaim, with Lord Stanley, that property must have its due influence—or, in other words, that every tenant must vote as his landlord directs him, and every shopkeeper obey his customers. In their dexterity in borough corruption, the Tories now, as in the case of Ipswich, actually seem to glory in their shame. The mask rudely torn away, the natural countenance becomes triply bronzed.† We would have the Reformers honestly apply the counsel which Peel gives to those whose "remaining functions" are such as we have described; and, while the protection of secret voting is withheld, compensate that want "by the exercise of whatever is left them," by registration, canvassing, spreading information, extending the Reform Unions, and promoting small, widely-extended local subscriptions for public purposes.

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Brougham, the other day, at a public meeting, in praising the Government, pertinently remarked, "*That it is the duty of the people closely to watch Ministers.* Every ministry, good, bad, or indifferent, ought to have a close and vigilant eye kept on their proceedings; the best men, however excellent their intentions, are not a whit the worse for being *well watched;* and none such can be offended at it." This is well said, and would have been equally true of that Ministry of which his Lordship formed an important part, though he might not then have been so much alive to this public duty of perpetual watchfulness. But, while trusting and also watching the Ministry, the people must, as far as possible, take a strict bond over the men whom they send to Parliament, to support or to check them, as the case may require. We have seen, or we have guessed, where they halt. Lord John Russell opposes ballot upon principle; he would charge church-rates upon the general revenue of the State; he is averse to the consideration of the corn-laws; his opinions are not favourable, or are not made up, on the abolition of the taxes on knowledge; and he is totally adverse to a property-tax, which, indeed, every Member of the Government mystified or misrepresented, by identifying a proper impost of this nature, with that hateful and inquisitorial tax which, during the war, bore the name of the Income-tax. It is so far fortunate, that we are aware of what Ministers are to oppose, for the corrective of the leaders of the House of Commons is to be applied at the polling-booth. Certain parties, more ministerial than reforming, complain of Members moving such questions as ballot, the corn-laws, or a property-tax. They state, that such discussions cause the delay of good and readily-attainable measures, and embarrass the Government. This is all mistake. So does the watchfulness of the people—so does the vigilance of the press! We like not this peevish tone of complaint. No time can be better employed in Parliament than that devoted to the discussion of such great questions. It is impossible to calculate the amount of good produced by moving them earnestly and frequently, and by never allowing them to fall asleep. Who shall assure us that the many degrees by which the English Municipal Bill transcends that of Scotland is not owing to the freshness and vigour which attended the previous discussions on the ballot! Compelled, as they erroneously imagine, to resist one popular measure, the Ministry may deem it policy or justice to give wider scope to a collateral one. In the instance of this bill, the broad basis upon which the municipal franchise is proposed to be established, should cover a multitude of sins. Whether intended or not, in calling into existence a wide class of voters, it assuredly points to the extension of the Parliamentary franchise; and it distinctly recognises the fundamental principle of taxation and representation co-existing and going hand in hand. The most curious feature of this liberal measure, is the approbation of Sir Robert Peel—"The time has arrived for popular municipal elections!" The wily and temporizing Baronet, who has done his best to blight whatever laurels the Melbourne Government have honestly won, will be forced, in the Committee, to shuffle back from his first declaration. Indeed, he left himself ground upon which to sneak back, and he will occupy it to defeat the bill in all its best provisions. But will Sir Robert Peel venture even his scanty approbation to a similar measure, if proposed for Ireland? And one less efficient cannot be offered. What then becomes of his Orange allies? The breach between the Tories of bigotry and some principle, however unenlightened, and the Tories of finesse, of expediency, of shuffling and paltering, will soon be widened beyond repair. Still their united opposition is formidable; for the Ultras do not despise Sir Robert Peel and his trimming party quite so much as they fear and hate the People.

We shall close the account of our gains with looking to the brightening prospects of Ireland. If the Melbourne Government is supported in power—and the People is their sole support—the United Sovereign People of Britain and Ireland—there is almost a certainty of an immediate and a large measure of redress for the worst grievances of the sister country. This hope is of itself sufficient to secure the continued forbearance and indulgence of Reformers, as often as the exercise of those prudent virtues is required, whether by the unintentional blunders, or wilful *small* misdeeds, of the Ministry. They have at present work to do. The country waits for its accomplishment with patience, and will reward it with zealous gratitude. But Ministers only play the Tory game, when they try this generous, though vigilant People, too far. A speedy cure is more than we hope for; but we will not endure a relapse into mere party or aristocratic Whiggery.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING A SPLENDID ENGRAVING FROM HARVEY'S NATIONAL PAINTING OF THE COVENANTERS' WORSHIP.

BY MRS JOHNSTONE.

HARVEY! be thine than Art a nobler praise!
No courtly limner traced that brave design,
Where genius re-awakes the glorious days
Of our land's story,—paints the heroic line,
Martyrs and Saints, and high-souled peasant-men,
Gathered to worship GOD in that lone mountain-glen.

Our COVENANT-FATHERS!—who ne'er crooked the knee
To Prelate pride, Priestly or Tyrant sway;
But claimed the birth-right wherewith God makes free;—
Eternal blessing crown their names alway!—
Strong in the TRUTH, the LIFE, the POWER, the WORD;
Grasping with high resolve the BIBLE and the SWORD.

Matron and maiden, child and grey-haired sire,
In kindred groups, keep holy silence round,
Hanging on lips touched with a coal of fire
From Zion's altar—breathing prayer profound:—
Far on the height, the Shepherd-warrior* stern
Paces his heedful watch by yon sepulchral cairn.

And ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD guards the remnant flock,
Hunted by wolves to this lorn solitude;
For them the desert blossoms—flows the rock
With living waters:—Hell shall not intrude!
For HE, their Covenant God, their soul's desire,
Is Glory in the midst,—and round a Wall of Fire!

HARVEY! thy artist power, how feebly told,
Whose patriot-pencil sketched the MEN of yore—
Lights of the land!—and bade the scroll unfold,
And Painting's magic kindle hill, and moor,
And battle-field,—and, long to every age
Tell of our Fathers' Deeds—our children's Heritage!

* In this fine picture Mr Harvey has made felicitous use of the accident of the Covenanters placing an armed watch on the heights to give notice of the sudden appearance of the moss troopers, that the aged, and the women and children, might be placed in safety; and the men stand to their arms, which they always carried with them to public worship.

A SMALL FARMER'S DREAM.

WITH waking eyes I sit, and dream;
With senses shut to all around;
Yet, in my heart, a silver stream
Is running with a gentle sound!
Three elms beside a cottage door
Are waving 'neath the south wind's breath;
But, save the million fluttering leaves
Dancing above the cottage eaves,
All else is hush'd as death.

An old man sits beneath the shade;
A volume on his knees is laid,
On which, with earnest eye and brow,
He gazes. What hath moved him now?
The book lies open, but no more
His looks upon its page are cast;
His eyes he now has shaded o'er
With his thin palm; and on the leaf—
So passionate is the old man's grief—
The tears are falling fast!
O sonless father! well I know
What sorrow bids thy tears to flow!

That cottage, once a home to me;
That dancing river, wild and free;
Those three huge elms, that fling their shade,
At sunrise, over half the glade;
That grey-haired sire, who thinks of me,
And weeps, and prays beneath the tree;—
All these I never more shall see!
All these——and all of these were MINE!
Home, trees, and sire!—
O fated land!
What madness, and what curse is thine,
Which drives from thine oppressed strand,
The children who should prove to thee
A phalanx of the bold and free—
Who should have been a shield of power,
To guard thee in thy darker hour;
But now, whose withered hearts recoil,
And curse thee as they quit thy soil!

Another cot, methinks, I see,
With jasmine round its window clinging,
While mignonette and spreading pea
Their sweetness over all are flinging.
A cot, where, in the summer calm,
The very air was filled with balm.
Deep hidden in a winding glade,
The sunshine never pierced its shade;
But 'twas a lovely sight to me,
That little silent cot to see
With its blue smoke to heav'n up-sweeping,
And its white walls through foliage peeping.
But "harried" is that peaceful nest;
Its inmates scattered—powerless—dead;
And Jane——but when I dream the rest,
Curses come boiling to my breast—
I've now no tears to shed!
Enough that every year her cheek
Told (what her tongue would never speak)
Of hopes long cherish'd, fading fast—
Each year more cheerless than the last;
Till, with sunk heart, and spirit bow'd,
She vanished from the toiling crowd,
And sleeps—how placidly she sleeps,
Where the church tower its vigil keeps,
O'er the green sod, with daisies strewn!
Enough that I am left alone!

That cot shall soon be desolate—
The cot that was a home to me!
And, when it crumbles 'neath the weight
Of years, its ruins shall relate
A story to the free
Bold yeomen—as we once were call'd—
Whom grinding avarice has thrall'd.
My acres, they were rich, though few;
Each furrow of each field I knew.
No pride had I; but strongly swayed
In the deep drain, the cleaving spade,
Or held the plough; and ye could see
Slight difference 'twixt my men and me:
Supported by the self-same soil,
We shared the comforts, as the toil;
One table furnished plenteous food—
One blazing hearth was free to all;
And, if my sire, in joyous mood,
Sent round the beaker of home-brew'd,
What laughter fill'd the hall!
That hall—it has been silent long—
Once jocund with the jest and song;
For poverty has quell'd the mirth,
And quenched the faggots on the hearth.
But ruin crush'd not me alone;
She crush'd my neighbours, one by one!
Where six neat steadings—neat, though small—
Gave beauty to our fertile glade,
One grasping tenant holds them all,
And they are all decay'd:
One tenant—for my lord was told
Small farms were costly to uphold;
One tenant—and the axe was laid
To the six roof-trees of the glade!

How pleasant, in this breezy June,
To listen to the voiceless tune
Of all the mingled sounds up-sent,
From the lone fields, in music borne;
The unseen rills, the humming bees,
Clinging all day to leafy trees,
And birds' glad voices, strangely blent;
And far off bells—how eloquent
On this calm Sabbath morn!
To closed eyes all sights are clear;
All sounds are heard by dreaming ear!
And thus a vision has been mine.
But, ha! my eyes are gaping wide;
he bells are ringing; couches fine,
Are flashing in a splendid line,
And hurrying down Cheapside!
Crowd, after crowd, how gay they seem,
How different from my sleepless dream!
And see, a mighty coach I spy,
With horses prancing proud and high;
Two footmen behind, and one before,
With lace and filagree 'dizened o'er;

And, back in a corner, half withdrawn,
A portly figure dress'd in lawn!
I find, on my awaking,
That the Bishop of London travels in state—
Since the breach of the Fourth Commandment is great—
To preach against Sabbath breaking!
Oh! that I knelt in a pathless wood,
To worship God in my solitude!

LIFE OF KEAN.

SHORTLY after the death of Kean, it was announced that a memoir of him was preparing by his son, Mr Charles Kean. The unfortunate life of the eminent tragedian, and the unhappy terms upon which he had lived with his family, made this a peculiarly invidious task for a son. A memoir, in which truth should be either wholly suppressed, distorted, or garbled, would have been useless, or a disappointment to public expectation; and it was not for a son to lift his father's skirts. The task appears to have been left, if not formally deputed, to the gentleman bearing, in letters, the appellation of Barry Cornwall, by Kean's family; as it is evident that Mrs Kean only could have furnished much of the information found in the narrative. Would that a wife, a widow, had had more of good, or of anything like the sign or promise of it, to communicate, since a history was to be made, and the character of her husband dissected!

Much of the heartless, reckless profligacy, which marred the better nature of Kean, may fairly be attributed to the evil influences of his unloved infancy and neglected boyhood; to his precarious life as a stroller, and to the very frenzy of drunkenness, when, under the influence of liquor, he appeared to go out of himself, or to be possessed by a demon. The author of the "Memoir of Savage," alone, could have dealt with a life, almost too morally degraded for warning—a *private* life so utterly unredeemed by one holy affection, one kindly feeling, one really generous act, or a single duty fulfilled. Never, probably, was there so striking an illustration of the consequences of the neglect of moral culture, concurring with the destitution of domestic charities in childhood.

A parish child is far more happily circumstanced than was poor Kean in his early years—while London was one wide workhouse, where there was no soul whose duty seemed either to love or provide for him. The giving existence to children, in his worse than orphan condition, is, sometimes, the least crime connected with their birth. To this hour, his parentage remains doubtful; but he was certainly the child of shame, and the early inheritor of misery. He chose to mystify all about his birth himself, and gave such *carying* accounts of his parents, and his childhood, that his biographer places no reliance upon them. He was said to have been born in March 1789; but it is believed that he must have been, at least, two years older. His reputed mother was a Miss Carey, an actress in a "low line of business," and his supposed father an Edmund Kean, a workman about the theatre. His grandfather, presuming his mother to have been Miss Carey, was a clever lecturer on heads, a singer, and mimic; and his great-grandfather, was Henry Carey, the author of "Chrononhotonthologos," and "The Dragon of Wantley." This is a good theatrical lineage. Other accounts make him the son of Miss Tidswell, and the Duke of Norfolk. This is doubted, so far as the father is concerned; for his Grace, when the question was directly put to him by Lord Essex, after Kean had attained the summit of theatrical fame, replied—"I assure you I should have been very proud to acknowledge him; but this is the first intimation I have received on the subject." Whoever were his parents, the wretched infant was sent to nurse at Richmond, and afterwards removed by his reputed father, Edmund Kean, to the tender care of a woman nearer London; under which he grew bow-legged, knock-kneed, and walked on his ankles. Of these defects, the consequences of utter neglect, he was cured by irons. Early as was his death, Kean must have had nine lives to survive the neglect and misery of his early years, and the excesses of his manhood. Whoever was his real mother, Miss Tidswell, his self-named aunt, displayed most of the mother's feelings; and he was early given up to her care, while Miss Carey pursued her double calling of strolling actress and hawker of perfumery. He was sent to different little day-schools, and began his vagrant habits by playing truant. Even at an earlier age than this, he was occasionally employed about the stage in childish parts, and once had the honour of playing *Cupid*, in the opera of Cymon; for which dignity he was selected by Michael Kelly, won by the eager looks and gestures of the urchin, and his remarkable beauty. Once, when playing a devil, he ominously tripped up the heels of some brother goblins, and was cuffed by John Kemble. He grew, in time, to be "Master Carey," and played Sir John Falstaff's *Page*, and recited Richard the Third, grandly, in the green-room. He afterwards wandered about with his vagrant mother, who appears to have given him, at some time or another, a brother, named Henry Darnley, and a sister with some such sonorous appellation appropriate to her sex. For a short while, an old Catholic lady got him appointed a choir boy; but his virtuous mamma required his services in her tours, to carry her powder and pomatum, lie for her at need, and excite pity by his tender age and great beauty. One of Miss Carey's customers, a respectable married lady, named Clarke, felt an interest in "the clever little boy." He was thus dramatically introduced to her:—

A thundering rap is heard at the door. The footman, with an approximation to a grin on his face, enters and announces—"Master Carey, ma'am."—"Master Carey?" was the inquiry. "Yes, ma'am; he comes from his mother, *Miss* Carey, who brings the perfumery here to sell. He *says* he is Master Carey." "Show him up, by

all means." Mrs Clarke stood. The door was thrown open, and a slim pale boy, of about ten years old, enters —very poorly clad, ragged, with dirty hands, face washed, delicate skin, brilliant eyes, superb head of curled and matted hair, and a piece of a hat in his hand! With the bow and air of a prince, he delivers his message:—"My mother, madam, sends her duty, and begs you will be so good as to lend her a shilling to take the spangled tiffany petticoat out of pawn, as she wants it to appear in at Richmond to-morrow." In answer to this petition, the lady put forth an interrogation—"Are you the little boy who can act so well?" A bow of assent, and a kindling cheek were the sole reply. "What can you act?"—The answer was—"Richard the Third—Speed the Plough—Hamlet—and Harlequin." "I should like very much to see you," said the lady. "I should be proud to act to you," was the return. "Well, here's the money for your mother," said Mrs Clarke; "but stay," added she, throwing open the door of the back drawing-room, where her husband sat writing. He was a grave stout man, who had left off going to plays. She brought forward our hero: "This is little Edmund Carey." A low bow from Master Edmund Carey finished the introduction. Mr Clarke looked at him, and was struck with his air, as well as with his delicate and expressive features, and which, contrasted with the poverty of his clothes, must have touched and interested even the commonest observer.

He exhibited to the friends and acquaintances of this lady, and was either received into her house or lived under her immediate protection in her neighbourhood; and behaved, at that time, so well, that much of his evil conduct is clearly chargeable upon his unhappy domestic condition. He already sung prettily, played by ear upon the piano-forte, was a good mimic, and remarkable for agility. One evening the family were going to the play, and Edmund was counted in the party; when a gentleman, who was present, affronted him, by saying, "What! does *he* sit in the box with us." The poor boy, "who had a pride of his own," ran off, and reached Bristol, intending to go to America. He was afterwards found in London, in a state of utter destitution, asleep on a dunghill, in some mews near Mrs Clarke's house. By this sally, he forfeited the protection of Mrs Clarke; and strolled with Miss Carey, who, among her other trades, told fortunes, and, it seems, found silver spoons. It is surprising that "the clever little boy" escaped thieving. How many such boys may there be among the juvenile vagrants of London? One of his first grand appearances was in young Norval, which he played at Windsor; and then he recited at Eton, and before the King! He gained so much money as to make him a subject of plunder to his mother, from whom he was constantly running away, "because," he said, "she took all my money." At such times he would, when driven by necessity, come to Miss Tidswell, or to "Aunt Price," a mantuamaker, and the sister of his alleged father, Edmund Kean. Again, he would, in turn, run away from Miss Tidswell, and wander here and there, singing about public-houses, and practising all the arts of juvenile vagabondizing. Miss Tidswell early commenced his theatrical education, taught him his parts by reading to him with proper emphasis, and pursued very ingenious and original methods of schooling her pupil for the stage. "Why did she take so much trouble with me," he would say, "if I was not related to her? She did not like me; or, if she did, she didn't appear to do so." We have seen the riddle solved in a way to which the present biographer does not advert, and which may or may not be correct. Another Kean, a ventriloquist, was the *favourite* of Miss Tidswell; who, consequently, took so much interest in the neglected child of her *friend's* brother, Edmund. This lady (who, we believe, survives) has always denied the imputed honours of maternity. For some years, Kean wandered about with the Arab companies which infest the metropolitan counties, performing feats on the tight-rope, and on horseback, and everything that fell in the way. Never was there so thorough an actor-of-all-work. Afterwards, he ran away to sea, and was left sick at Madeira. He was now probably about sixteen or seventeen. On returning to Britain, he made a strolling pilgrimage to Scotland. Mr Barry Cornwall, who is, rather unfortunately, beset with the love of witty composition throughout the narrative, says here—"He joined a ragged company of comedians, which was then traversing the land of North Britain, waging war upon the pockets of the kail-gatherers, and extracting, as it turned out, exceedingly small portions of 'siller' therefrom. By way of diversion, Kean (who became tired, in the course of time, even of the luxuries of brose and oatmeal) struck out an acquaintance with a gentleman who had a passion for racing." This piece of tasteful pleasantry means, we presume, that Kean was employed as a groom. At this time, he fell in love, and agreed to marry; but, in London, luckily for her, we think, forgot the Scotch lassie, and transferred his affections to the apprentice of "Aunt Price." Indeed, he was sprung of a singularly loving race. Miss Carey thwarted his matrimony at seventeen with the mantuamaker's apprentice; and he joined the Sheerness company, in which he played the heroes in tragedy, the first men in comedy, and *Harlequin* in everything. His "*Unfortunate Miss Bailey*" was quite celebrated. Once, at this time, he tied his wardrobe upon his back and swam the Thames, to evade a toll which he wanted a penny to pay. His next tramp was through Ireland; and, at Belfast, he had the honour to play young Norval to Mrs Siddons' Lady Randolph. After the play, she patted him on the head, and said, "You have played well—*very* well. *It's a pity—but there's too little of you to do anything.*" By the interest of Miss Tidswell, he procured an engagement at the Haymarket, where, while the feeble, mouthing Rae, who had been his early acquaintance, played Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest," Kean played Peter, and acted Fifer to the same gentleman's Gondibert. Sometimes he was a *Fidler*, sometimes an *Alguazil*. His best parts were footmen who had nothing to do. At Gloucester he met Miss Chambers, his future wife. She was an *amateur* performer; which means one who receives *no pay*, but lives in hope of the manager being able to afford some salary by and by. Kean himself had never yet received above a guinea a-week.

The young lady was standing on the stage, ready to rehearse a part in a comedy, when Kean stepped forward. She inquired, "Who was that shabby little man, with such brilliant eyes?" He was out in his part, and she scolded; but, next night, she was out in hers, and he was good-humoured and forgiving. Once he had almost run away from her, in dudgeon at being degraded, by the manager, into Laertes, while he should have been Hamlet. For two days he kept in the fields and woods, eating turnips and cabbages; and, on his re-appearance, he told Miss Chambers, "I'll go again to-morrow, and again, and as often as I see myself put up in such characters;" and he concluded by swearing that he would "play second to no man living, except John Kemble." Shortly after this, the prudent pair were married, and strolled about in different towns before going to Birmingham, sometimes with *no pay*, and always with salaries miserably low. The wildness of his spirit frequently broke out here, in those extravagances which deformed his after life. He had already formed a high, but, certainly, no overweening idea of his own powers. His next engagement was at Swansea, where the temptation of twenty-five shillings a-week was offered him; but Swansea was distant a hundred and eighty miles; his wife was near her confinement; they owed fifteen pounds in Birmingham, and had not sixpence in their pockets. The manager at Swansea advanced two pounds; and, after discharging their room rent and some trifling debts, they left the town on foot without beat of drum, at four o'clock on a July morning, and with less than twenty shillings to bear their expenses. Twelve miles were all they hoped to make out in a day, from the infirm condition of the lady. The particulars ought to be narrated as a warning to all the stage-struck youth of these realms.

Kean, dressed in blue from head to foot, with his dark, sharp, resolute face, a black stock, and four swords over his shoulder, (suspending the family bundle of clothes,) looked like a poor little navy lieutenant, whom the wars had left on half-pay, and penniless, trudging on, with his wife, to his native village. This resemblance (for it is not an imagination of ours) procured them, from time to time, some little attentions, and always commanded respect. After walking a few miles, they sat down by the wayside to rest. Kean, perceiving a small river near the spot, delivered up the swords and bundle to his wife, and, after finding a convenient place, plunged in the water, and swam about for a few minutes. This, with the exception of a single meal, was all the refreshment they had till the evening, when they found themselves at a village about twelve miles from Birmingham. A very humble supper and a cheap bed concluded the day. The following days, the

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

passed in the same fatiguing and cheerless manner.

They reached Bristol penniless, stopped at a small public-house named the Mulberry Tree, and, halting again, applied to the distant manager. Before another couple of pounds arrived, five days elapsed, and a bill of twenty-five shillings was run up. With the remaining fifteen, they started on the same evening for Swansea, and were so lucky as to obtain a passage to Newport in a most odorous boat, but for five shillings. From Newport they marched on to Cardiff; and, after resting and rejoicing over a dinner of cold salt beef, held on till, at one o'clock in the morning, they reached Cowbridge; where, with some difficulty, Kean knocked up the people of the inn, by smiting the door with his four swords, and obtained a bed for his wife, and refreshments for himself. The biographer must conclude this tale:—

Another morning rose upon our travellers. They rose, too, with the morning, and once more set forwards towards odious Swansea, whose distance seemed to remain still perversely the same, like that of the never-ending horizon. Without breakfast, which their reduced finances would not now enable them to take, it may be supposed that they did not proceed very merrily. "Time and the hour," however, brought them, a little before mid-day, to a village school-house, where the mistress (happy in the absence of her scholars) supplied them with breakfast, and refused to take any money in return. . . Kean, revived by the schoolmistress's fare, trudged on with renewed spirits. We know not what part in combat (in Tekeli or Richard) he might have been meditating, when suddenly a man jumped out of the hedge, and asked, peremptorily, "Is that your wife?" This is, sometimes, a very awkward question. It was not so in the present instance, indeed; notwithstanding which, our hero declined a reply. His silence nourished the rogue's courage—"If she's not," said he, "she must come with me." The blood of Mrs Kean fell to zero; but the blood of the tragedian mounted. He unslung his bundle of swords, and, taking one, (it was his "Richard sword,") he unsheathed it in an instant, and was about to try its metal upon his new acquaintance, when that personage started off and made his way over hedge and ditch. . . . . The man escaped, and Mrs Kean and her champion walked wearily on till they reached the sands, which are about five miles distant from Swansea. At this place, Kean endeavoured to obtain from the occupier of a cottage a little milk for his wife, who was sinking with fatigue. The churl refused. Kean tendered the few halfpence he had, but they were rejected. He, therefore, collected some water for her in his hat, and thus humbly refreshed, the poor pair struggled on till evening, when they at last set foot in the almost unattainable Swansea! The cold boiled leg of mutton and cider, which they that evening sat down before in the boat-house, and ate with an appetite surpassed only by those who were shut up in the tower of famine, existed like a splendid and happy vision in their memories for more than twenty years.

For years after this, Kean and his wife strolled in Wales, in Ireland, and in Scotland, with very various but ever hard fortune. Their eldest child, a boy named Howard, was born about a month after the above tramp. Thus early, Kean would complain, when he returned to his wife, that he got no applause. "You will not find more than five persons who understand acting in five hundred," said he; "I am losing my time here. I shall never be properly valued unless I go and have a *fair* trial in London." To the end of his career, he continued to think that neither lords nor ladies, nor yet the multitude, understood acting; which, he said, was only appreciated by doctors, artists, lawyers, and literary people.

Kean was a beautiful fencer, and, in some places, he tried to eke out his scanty emoluments by teaching "the noble art of self-defence." In this manner he first became known to Mr Grattan, (Mr James Grattan, we presume,) who was in garrison, at Waterford, about the year 1809-10, when Kean came over from Wales. This

residence is remarkable by Mr Sheridan Knowles having belonged to the same party; an obscure actor, but principally a singer. Kean and Knowles!—such is human life! The officers were so much charmed with Kean's fencing in Hamlet, that, in Mr Grattan's words—"We inquired of the woman who filled the nearly sinecure office of money-taker, as to the gentleman whose excellence for his weapon had so pleasantly surprised us. She told us that his name was Kean; that he was an actor of first-rate talent; chief tragic hero (for they were all honourable men) of the company; and also the principal singer, stage-manager, and getter up of pantomimes; and one of the best Harlequins in Wales, or the West of England. Nothing could exceed Kean's good conduct and unpresuming manners during the weeks that I knew him in this way." Mr Grattan cannot, however, believe he played so well at this time, as when, two or three years later, he electrified London; but Kean must have been an actor of mark even then. Kean himself says, he played "his best" in the provinces. However this may be, his fencing and his bearing procured him a good benefit. His biographer intimates, that Kean sipped freely here of the "Irish dew," and often caroused, and played many wild pranks with his friends, certain gentlemen-privates in the militia. Through life he had a decided preference for what is called "low company"—unhappily, it was too often dissolute company. The following anecdote is characteristic of the humours, self-will, and perverseness of the actor. On the night of his Waterford benefit, he played a part in tragedy, and afterwards the *Monkey* in the after-piece of "Perouse." After the performance, he went home in his monkey costume, and "swore, *ore rotundo*, that he would remain thus all night; and he *did*." The remonstrances of his wife, who complained bitterly of the execrable odour of the skins of the monkey dress, and of the paint and varnish that encrusted his face, were of no avail. "His will was law, and she was driven to take her repose on a sofa, while he tumbled into bed. This appears more than sufficiently wilful and unfeeling; and yet it was on this very night, according to Mr Grattan, and in this character, that he shewed agility scarcely surpassed by Mazurier or Gouffe, and touches of deep tragedy in the monkey's death scene, which made the whole audience shed tears." The biographer should surely have stated that, between his death and coming home, the monkey had either got drunk, or that some matrimonial contradiction had chafed its humour. Kean afterwards went back to Waterford, but was ill received: "his wild way of life had become known; debts pressed upon him;" he encountered all the usual improvident player's difficulties. It was at this time, 1811, that his only surviving son, Charles, now an actor of some name, was born.

It would be worse than idle to follow this erratic family through all their varieties of evil fortune. Kean often attempted to give recitations, and seldom procured an audience. His biographer talks a great deal of nonsense upon this head. At Dumfries, Kean advertised an entertainment of this kind at the reasonable rate of *sixpence*, "having an eye to the national character," quoth Mr Barry Cornwall. But the national character has more points than one. The very smallness of the fee was, of itself, sufficient to throw discredit, beforehand, upon the performance, and to keep back every person capable of appreciating such exhibitions. How were the people of Dumfries to discover, in a single night, that a man who had been strolling England for ten years *undiscovered*, and still gave a sixpenny entertainment, was "the first tragedian of his time." The passage is amusing from its absurdity. "The entrance-money (he had an eye to the national character) was *sixpence!* Sixpence! Let the reader pause upon the sum, and then let him know that there was in the house—how much? Twenty pounds? Ten? Five? One? Ten shillings, perhaps? Or—we must cut the matter short—there was *sixpence* in the house? There was one person in Dumfries bold enough to part with sixpence to hear the first tragedian of his time recite the beautiful words of Shakspeare. How we should like to know the name of that ONE, (the Great Unknown of Dumfries!) in order that we might celebrate his liberal spirit with due honour!" In all probability he might be the bell-man, who had announced the performance; so the writer will not have far to seek. To light upon a Kean upon a night once in a hundred years, it would be somewhat hard to make people obey every summons which the above respectable functionary (the printer and bill-sticker being too costly) sends weekly through every provincial town. Though sixpences or shillings were more freely tendered at Carlisle, the family of the Keans arrived at York in the extreme of misery, and Kean actually offered to enlist as a soldier, but was dissuaded by the officer to whom he presented himself. "More than once his wife knelt down by the side of her bed, in which the two half-famished boys lay, and prayed that they and herself might be released from their sufferings." We often read in plays and romances of generous individuals presenting one hundred, or even five hundred, or five thousand pounds, to suffering people; the fictionists—Heaven bless them!—at least setting a good example, as far as they have the power, by shewing good will. But here we have a true story, which exceeds their marvels, as much as do five pounds sterling any sum drawn upon the Bank of Fancy. Mrs Nokes, the wife of a dancing-master in York, (and dancing-masters are seldom rich people,) heard of the utter destitution of the family, and went to their aid. "She was shewn to the room where Mrs Kean and her children were; and, after having ascertained the truth of the report concerning their condition, she spoke kindly to them all, put something in Mrs Kean's hand, wished her good morning, and left the house. It was a five-pound bank note. Mrs Kean threw herself on her knees, and

fainted. They had been rescued from absolute starvation." Nokes, the dancing-master, also lent Kean his teaching-room, and nine pounds were cleared by recitations. They proceeded to London by carts and waggons, until within five miles of the city. Then he decided to walk with his wife, and send forward the children. What must have been her feelings for this husband, before "a misgiving came over her heart—could he mean to *lose* her little boys?" Her horrible misgiving tells much, but it wrongs the object of it—the children were reclaimed, and the family rather unceremoniously billeted itself upon "Aunt Price," and afterwards attempted to storm Miss Tidswell's garrison. Hughes, an old fellow-stroller, had attained some small eminence in theatricals, and now engaged Kean "to act everything," at Exeter, for the highest salary he had ever received, two pounds a-week. But first he would shew his wife the London stars. Kemble and Mrs Siddons acted "Wolsey" and "Queen Katherine." On their return home, Kean started up and imitated John Kemble to the life. His wife was enchanted. She declared it was "quite as good as Mr Kemble." Her husband, dropping his mimicry, said—"Shall I ever walk these boards? I will," he continued, energetically—"and make a hit." But that time was not yet come. At Exeter he played what soon afterwards became all his first parts; but his Harlequin was far more popular than his tragedy. He also played many of his mad vagaries; generally, we should hope, and we believe, when under the temporary madness of liquor, which acted upon his excitable brain in a manner of which sedate topers can have no idea. At Exeter he bartered lessons in dancing for an old Latin dictionary, and became a sort of pedant, using learned words and phrases wherever he could lug them in, probably to approximate to the classic Kemble. The company went to Guernsey, and Mrs Kean followed her husband shortly afterwards, and was accosted at landing by the tragedian, in tip-top spirits, with "My dear Mary, what do you think? I can get brandy here for eighteenpence a bottle! I drink it instead of beer. Who would not live in Guernsey?" The cheap brandy produced its natural effects. Kean returned to Exeter in misery, and gave recitations and singings, &c., when or how he could. His eldest boy now acted with him. "Howard," says the biographer, "was a child of exceeding promise." Poor little fellow, he was too delicately constituted for this wandering life; and, during his illness, and after his death, we do hear, for once, of Kean displaying something like natural feeling. At this period, he tried to obtain employment everywhere and of any kind. "He wrote to Dublin, and received no answer; he wrote to Edinburgh; he wrote to Mr John Kemble for a *third* line of business, and received no answer. He offered to teach fencing—to teach dancing;" but nothing availed. In those dark cloudy days one might half forgive the draining of a certain quantity of Guernsey brandy. Even at this time, he vindicated the honour of his art, by refusing to play the second parts with Master Betty. "When things are at the worst they mend." He procured an engagement to play for four nights at Teignmouth, and left his wife in Exeter, with power to answer his letters. To his infinite displeasure, she clutched at an offer of three guineas a-week, made by Elliston, who wished to engage him in the Olympic Theatre. He wished to get to London, indeed, but to no minor house. At Teignmouth, he was seen in the part of Rolla, by Dr Drury, a gentleman who had been head master at Harrow school, and by his lady. Both admired; and the Doctor mentioned the actor next day, as he deserved, to Mr Pascoe Grenfell, one of the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre. This gentleman mentioned him in turn to Whitbread, who wrote to Dr Drury to send him forthwith to London on trial. He set off with his family in a post-chaise to an intermediate engagement, but was stopped at the first stage for want of money, and trudged forward on foot, carrying Charles upon his back, and having his burden shared by a friendly fellow-stroller of the same company. Poor Charles' finery was sadly destroyed upon the route; but when Mrs Kean, who had travelled by coach with her dying child, began to lament it, Kean "bade her be thankful that he had brought the boy at all." It was to Dorchester they came. The sick child, Howard, had sank into idiocy from water in the brain, and was in imminent danger; but the father must play as usual, "dance, sing, make merry, and repeat the old jokes, during the season of his despair." "He must work in order to earn his morning's meal." Mrs Kean was up till full midnight nursing her dying child, when her husband entered so agitated that he could hardly speak. "At last he made an effort and cried out, 'My fortune is made! My fortune is made!' His eye fell on his suffering child. He qualified his exultation—'Let but Howard live,' said he, in a gentler voice, 'and we shall all be happy yet.'" He related the history of the night. Arnold, the manager of Drury Lane theatre, had sat that night in the stage-box; had seen, watched, and approved. He waited on Arnold, by appointment, next morning, and a temporary engagement was concluded. That gentleman only regretted that he was not a half-head taller. "With your fine Italian face," said he, "your fortune would be made." Upon this, with the help of his Latin Dictionary, Kean sat down and composed a learned and grateful epistle to Dr Drury. His child died, and he drank deep and furiously to drown grief—the only unselfish grief that ever Kean, in all probability, felt. His benefit cleared the funeral charges; and, upon a borrowed five pounds, shared with his wife, he set off to try the chances of the metropolis. Early in December 1813, he reached London penniless. He obtained a loan of £8 from the treasurer of Drury Lane, the result of a pathetic appeal; and his wife and Charles came to London, upon this sum being duly transmitted to Mrs Kean at Dorchester. He was

found by her in a state of painful suspense. "My God," he said, "if I should succeed now in London!" But if he should not?—That he kept to himself; but certainly did not leave it out of calculation. What unfeeling people those must grow into, whose trade is to simulate or mimic excessive sensibility and tender passion! And they are women too! Poor Kean, morning after morning, repaired to the theatre. While the managing committee discussed, he starved. "One person," says our biographer, "a full-blown, ponderous actress, who thought, probably, with Mrs Siddons, '*There's too little of you to do anything*,' seeing him attending morning after morning, exclaimed, 'The little man, with the great capes, is here again.'" Then there arose a misunderstanding about his engagement with Elliston. His vexations became intolerable. For nearly three months, he earned not one shilling. The unfortunate family again found kind friends, though not among the great or the rich, not in the Starry regions. Again we cite:—"He lived—he, his wife, and child, in the most penurious way; sometimes disposing of a few clothes; sometimes, and not unfrequently, being indebted for their food to the untiring kindness of the Misses Williams, with whom they lodged; and occasionally undergoing a course of starvation. They had meat once a-week, if possible; but their aliment was generally of the poorest sort, and taken in the slenderest quantities. . . . . Their landladies, with a generous delicacy, forbore to ask them for any rent during the first three months of their residence in London, and even resorted to expedients to furnish them with a meal, now and then, when the desperate condition of the poor players became too manifest for concealment." . . . . . Miss Williams would cheer up Mrs Kean, prophesying, good-naturedly, the future renown of her husband.

Upon the 26th of January, this lady had the deserved pleasure of running home from Drury Lane, to exult with Mrs Kean in the accomplishment of her cheering prophecies, "that he would be a great man." On that night, he had played Shylock. The *management* had no merit whatever in bringing him forward at last; a desperate necessity had forced them upon it; and he appeared under every disadvantage, save that he chose his own part. We shall here give a long extract, because we consider the passage a very fine one, and superior, indeed, to most of the book, in feeling, interest, and composition:—

"Never was anything less propitious; the winter was in its height; (the cold severe; the snow two feet deep upon the ground;) the actor himself was friendless, and he had undergone three months of want, anxiety, and discouragement. No paragraphs (those insidious prologues to a first appearance) had trumpeted his approach. No brother actor had taken him by the hand, or cheered him up to stand his forthcoming trial; and he had not a single rehearsal! Until the morning of that very day on which he was to make his *debut*, he had never gone through a scene with the actors who were to be fellow labourers with him in the play. . . . . At last, however, the play was put in rehearsal. This was not until the morning of the 26th, the very day on which he was to appear. . . . . Every one was very civil, and as cold as the season. The actors at the side-scenes were liberal of their prophecies—"He will be sure to fail." However, our hero went through the speeches of Shylock, or, rather, he was in the *act* of repeating them, (giving some of his peculiar effects to each,) when Mr Raymond, the manager, could withhold his advice no longer. "This will *never* do, Mr Kean. It is an innovation, sir; it is totally different from anything that has ever been done on these boards." "Sir," returned our hero, "Sir, I *wish* it to be so." "It will not do, Mr Kean, be assured." Kean left the theatre in anything but tip-top spirits, when the rehearsal was at an end. He went home for solace; and let us state, that on that day he dined! This, we have seen, was but an occasional ceremony with him. In general, he could have dispensed with this important meal; for

His palate *then* did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;

but *that* day he was to be supported; his courage was to be braced; and his voice strengthened with a little generous diet. Accordingly, his wife produced before him (by the usual alchemy, we suppose—some rapid conversion of velvet or satin into silver) a beef-steak and a pint of porter. He was not a man to reject a compliment of the sort. . . . . Let not the refined reader shrink too hastily from this detail of our hero's domestic performances. A dinner is a matter of moment to every man. To a man who does not dine every day, it is more so; and, to a player, hungry, and on the eve of his *debut*, most of all. Some people even thought that diet may determine the intellectual character. . . . . After dinner, Kean prepared for the awful evening. His stock of properties was very scanty. He tied up his wig and collar, however, and an old pair of black silk stockings, in a pocket handkerchief, thrust them into his great-coat pocket, (his coat with "the great capes,") and trudged through the snow to Drury Lane. It was a cold dismal night; and, when the curtain drew up, there were but few persons in the theatre; and even those few, it is presumed, were less disposed to be pleased than they would have been at a more genial season. . . . . There were one or two sound critics in the house, however, and these determined—not the quantity of applause, but the quantity of reputation which should belong to the new performer. . . . . When Kean first entered upon the stage that evening, the spectators saw that something decisive (good or bad) was about to happen. His quick, flashing, and intelligent eye, and his quiet resolute bearing, denoted a sure result—Cæsar, or nothing. "I could scarcely draw my breath," said Dr Drury to Kean on the following day, "when you first came upon the stage; but directly you took your position, and leaned on your cane, I saw that all was right." Kean was received with the usual encouraging plaudits bestowed upon a new actor; and he acknowledged them with a bow eminently graceful. This was so far in his favour. His audience now took notice of him, and saw a figure and countenance that Titian would have been pleased to paint. His thin, dark face, full of meaning, and taking at every turn a vigilant expression, was just adapted to the ascetic and revengeful Shylock. . . . . That day was golden-lettered in theatrical annals. The audience went home, wondering, delighted—the committee more than content—the actor himself triumphant. . . . . Mr Arnold sent for him to the manager's room. "You have exceeded our expectations, Sir," said he—"this play will be repeated next Wednesday." Let us now go back to the tragedian's wife, whom we left at the lodgings in Cecil Street. During the performance she had been waiting the result at home. It may be imagined how much anxiety must have prevailed, when not only the fame of her husband, but the very existence of himself and his family, hung on the event; for to be damned in London is to be damned in the country; and the actor who once earned his humble crust in the provinces, whilst *un*-tried at the fastidious bar of the metropolis, is by no means sure of regaining his old position, if, on

being tried, he is found wanting. At last, about half-past ten o'clock, the Misses Williams, and also Mr Hewan and Mr Watts, two artists who lodged in the house, returned. The first comer was Mr Hewan, in reply to whose knock Mrs Kean ran down to the door, and, in breathless haste, demanded to know their fate. . . . . Presently came Mr Watts; next followed the Misses Williams. . . . . Finally, about eleven o'clock, arrived the hero of the night himself. He ran up stairs, wild with joy, and cried out—"O Mary! my fortune is made: now you shall ride in your carriage. . . . . During the remainder of the night, and, indeed, until five o'clock in the morning, Kean and his wife sate together congratulating each other on their good fortune; he talking of what he would play next, and forming schemes of all sorts for the future. Once, indeed, his mind was touched with a melancholy recollection of his little boy, and he exclaimed—"Oh, if Howard were alive now! but he is better where he is."

His fortune was now at the spring-tide. The committee voluntarily raised his salary to £20 a-week, and he realized nearly £1200 by his first benefit. Bank-notes for £50 and £100 came pouring in at that time as presents; and the managers presented him with £500 as a gift, and several shares of the theatre. In the provinces, he soon reaped a golden harvest. In the course of two seasons he had already played all his finest Shakspearean parts in London—Richard, Othello, Iago, Macbeth, and Hamlet, followed in succession. Sir Giles Overreach was not one of his characters until his third season. Kean might now have made his way into high society and fashionable life with all the ease in the world; but he had considerable pride, and no taste for those sort of exhibitions. He sensibly said to a friend, that "he was asked by these people, not as their equal—not as a gentleman—scarcely as a man of talent—but as a wild beast to be stared at. He was very proud in his own way." He accepted an invitation to dine at Dublin Castle with great reluctance, and would willingly have paid for a surgeon's certificate of bad health to escape, but was told the vice-regal invitation must be looked upon as a command; and he refused a lady of high rank who asked him to her house to *recite* to the Duke of Wellington, then a still greater lion than himself, as his Grace was just returned from the wars. In the Easter holidays following his first appearance, he was invited, with his wife, to Taplow, the residence of Mr Pascoe Grenfell. He cautioned her to be plain in her dress, and as unornamented as possible; "for, otherwise," said he, "they will account it so much stage finery." At this period he was compelled to accept more invitations of this sort than he relished; and of high company he said, "I don't understand them, when they talk about speeches in parliament and so forth; and their conversation is about little else; and when they talk about acting, it is *such* nonsense.' He had other reasons for avoidance:—"I can act my characters without fear of committing myself; but I can't sit down at a lord's table with comfort, when they expect every word that comes out of my mouth to be wonderful." We have already stated his opinion, that neither the high nor the low are judges of acting; and, as a great actor was, in his esteem, the first of intellectual characters, a good critic in acting came next. It deserves notice, that, in the zenith of his fame, he was a most assiduous student of his art. Lord Byron, who *patronized* and admired him, was no exception to his aversion for lords. Once that Kean stole away early from a dinner-party, either given by Byron or by Mr Douglas Kinnaird, with Byron present, they followed and traced him to the house of Spring the boxer, which was one of his haunts. He was found surrounded "by obscure actors and lovers of merriment of all sorts." When first seen, he was lifting a goblet to his mouth in which the juice of the juniper had "killed" the water, as the sailors say, and was damning lords with all the vigour of a sincere hater. His experience of lords, in his days of hardship, was not of a kind that was calculated to exalt the order. Once, probably while he was strolling in Ireland, the Earl of Cork bespoke a play. Kean, who had a strong perception of his own powers—how, indeed, could that consciousness be absent from him—exclaimed to a friend, "My fortune is made—Lord Cork has bespoken Othello; we know his reputation as a critic, and I will not lose the opportunity." Next day, he was asked, what success? "Do not name it, sir—I am miserable. Whilst I was playing the finest parts of Othello, and in my best style, my Lord Cork's children were playing at hot cockles in front of the box, and Lord and Lady Cork laughing at them!"

He was, ever after this, peculiarly indifferent to the praise of lords. When he came home in triumph from his first performance of Sir Giles Overreach, his wife met him at the door, and eagerly inquired, "Well, what did Lord Essex *think* of it?" "Damn Lord Essex," retorted the contemptuous tragedian—"*the pit rose* at me!" Lord Essex was one of his most zealous and discriminating patrons after his first appearances at Drury Lane.

"The little man with the capes" had met with no sympathy in his great and perilous trial from his London brethren; and he did not hastily forget the cold or contemptuous manner in which they had, without exception, behaved to the ambitious interloper. His feeling of this was one night shewn in a manner quite characteristic. He had been playing one of his great parts, Richard or Othello, and was teased by receiving the compliments and congratulations of Mr Raymond, the stage manager, who had thrown away so much good advice upon him at the rehearsal of Shylock. After the play, and, probably, after taking vinous refreshment of some potency, he ordered a bowl of punch to be made; and, as soon as it was duly prepared, and brimming and steaming before him in his dressing-room, his compliments went to the gratified stage-manager, who lost no time in appearing. After a few pleasant and complimentary remarks, he was about to commence his attack upon the social bowl, when Kean interfered to say grace to the drink. "Look ye, sir, now that I am drawing money to your treasury, you find out that I am a fine actor. You told me, when I rehearsed

Shylock, that it would be a failure. *Then I was a poor man without a friend*, and you did your best to keep me down; now, you smother me with compliments. It is right I should make some return. Here, sir—to the devil with your fine speeches—take that;" and the contents of the mighty bowl went splash about the ears of the terrified manager, who instantly abandoned the field, leaving Kean dying with laughter. Whether this was a passionate sally, or the result of *malice prepense*, is not known.

Though he evaded high society, he would, for the amusement of the "friends, countrymen, and lovers," who gathered about him in his favourite resorts, in obscure taverns around the theatre, or in the Coal-Hole, recite, sing, and give admirable imitations of his brother actors; from the stately pomposity of John Kemble, to the songs of Kelly and Incledon. Those who would sit down seriously to lament that Falstaff and his merry friends haunted the Boar's Head in Eastcheape, or that Fielding was found by Horace Walpole in a dirty hole, carousing over a platter of half-gnawed bones and pots of beer, with a blind fiddler, a lame soldier, and a trull, may here join in lamentation over the low excesses of Kean. They were part and parcel of the man, the true growth of his habits and circumstances. The wiser regret would be—that there should be children so neglected as was Kean; gifted beings so ill-starred as strolling-players. Many of the freaks and extravagances here recorded against him after he became eminent, are precisely those of a sailor just paid off, at the end of a long cruize, who lights his pipe with bank-notes, hires a coach, "and drives to the devil," with all the Jacks and Sallys he can pick up. It was, perhaps, idle to discourse so much at large upon these temporary frolics and frenzies, the immediate cause of which was intoxication. Worse than his most reckless, drunken enormities, appears his utter cold-heartedness. Wife, child, mother, it seemed all the same. He loved no one; though it is said that he frequently scattered money among poor actors, with the mad profusion of the jovial character to which we have compared him—a sailor just paid off. At night he would give the people about him orders on his banker, which Kean, sober, revoked next morning, but generally too late; as the friends of Kean, drunk, took care to be with Coutts in time. We shall not profane the noble word, generosity, by bestowing it upon the largesses made by this unhappy man. He may have performed really generous actions; but we find few, or, rather, none such recorded to his credit. He made larger sums than any player ever did before; we have seen his professional gains in Britain and America estimated at above £150,000; yet he was almost always in difficulties, though nearly all his expenses were personal—his gains profusely lavished upon himself. He always travelled with a carriage-and-four; partly from ostentation, and, perhaps, somewhat as a quack doctor and medicine vender, who finds it part of the necessary machinery to sport a splendid equipage in the towns he enters. He gave extravagant entertainments, and threw away considerable sums upon the villa, which he erected upon land, highly-rented, from the Earl of Bute. When, after the affair with Mrs Cox, his wife and he separated, he allowed her only £200 a-year, though he was gaining some thousands; and his son, Charles, offended him so much by shewing an inclination for the stage, that, upon the youth refusing a cadetship to India, his father withdrew the allowance by which he was maintained at Eton. This matter, however, admits of an interpretation more favourable to Kean than is given in this life. That he, with all his experience and acuteness, should dislike his own trade for his only child, whom he, moreover, had the means of training to any liberal profession, or of leaving in independent circumstances, is far from being discreditable to him; and it appears that Mrs Kean had either encouraged, or been too much, though very naturally, we admit, delighted with the abilities for the stage early displayed by her son. His father gave him no praise. "There, that will do very well. Go along! Good night. It is time to go to bed. No more—*a—acting* Charles." When the boy was gone, he declared, that, if he should be an actor, he—his father—would cut his throat. And, upon this announcement, he drank to intoxication, ordered a hackney coach, and committed many mad actions, which could only have been known so very minutely from the report of his surviving relatives, who must have rather tenacious memories for the worse parts of biography. When the Cox trial came on, Charles, now sixteen years of age, very naturally and commendably "clave" to his mother; and it was upon the refusal of Kean to settle £300 a-year upon his deserted wife, that Charles refused to go to India, and went upon the stage to gain the maintenance his angry and vindictive father refused to allow him. Such is the edition of this story which we find here. As a small counterbalance to this account, Kean allowed Miss, now become *Mrs* Carey, £50 a-year. He every year presented a wherry to the Thames watermen, and was occasionally liberal in theatrical charities. This last, however, is part of a popular player's policy. Some of the expenses which kept him poor must have been occasioned by his "numerous" attachments to the fair sex. The most amusing fact connected with this part of the character of the representative of Romeo, was, that he had a *circular* love-letter which served all his occasions, and which his biographer shrewdly concludes must have been couched in irresistible terms. The world will certainly be curious to see an original, which, we are told, proved a "Sesame in opening so many female hearts." None of these aberrations became notorious until the affair of Mrs Cox. Popular applause, the admiration of the London audience, had long been Kean's strongest ambition. He lived on it, and lost it in one day, and with it health, and hope, and professional energy. "The people were exasperated against him in an

extraordinary degree." He was not allowed to be heard in London; and in this, our virtuous Athens, he was hooted off the stage by the direct instigation of certain newspapers. He took refuge in the United States, where he had before gathered a rich harvest, and where he was once more well received. At this trip he was adopted by a tribe of Indians, obtained a sonorous Mohawk-like name, rode wild horses, painted his face, wore skins, and drank "fire-water," all in good style, and as reckless and miserable as impenitent grief and remorse make their victims. Before he returned from America,

"The public," his biographer says, "had grown less moral, or more charitable; and his friends and admirers had paved the way for his favourable reception; but the spirit that shone out formerly, and lighted up its terrible fires—the tyranny of Richard, the jealous madness of 'the Moor'—was now almost extinct. . . . . He returned an altered, but not a wiser man. Disgrace had driven its iron into his soul. Excesses of all sorts had shaken and wasted him. . . . . Had his health served him, indeed, he might probably have thought poorly enough of the moral indignation of a people who rejected him for the same fault that induced them afterwards to take a pretty actress to their hearts."

This is not just to the people. There is little affinity, certainly no close resemblance, in the cases alluded to; and the tone of insolent bravado, of almost brazen impudence, which Kean foolishly assumed before and after his trial, drew upon him the merited punishment which his prior offences might have escaped. He now lost his memory, we are told, "became sullen, suspicious, and vindictive; and, in money matters, even illiberal." He grudged his wife's annuity, and became more addicted to the bottle—trying temperance and country air by fits. At this time he became proprietor of the Richmond Theatre, and settled in that village. The account of his gradual breaking down is painfully minute. For some years he never saw his son, save in casual encounters at country theatres; but, about the beginning of 1833, they were reconciled by the mediation of a common friend. On the night when they first appeared together before a London audience, the father as Othello, and the son Iago, Kean sunk exhausted before the piece was concluded, and never again trod the boards. He was exceedingly ill before the play commenced; but the gratified audience observed no defect, and no change; and he went on, upheld by brandy and water, and the last bright glimmerings of his own potent spirit. He held up until the celebrated "Farewell," which he uttered with all his accustomed pathos; but, on concluding it—after making one or two feeble steps towards his son, and attempting the speech, "Villain, be sure," &c.—his head sank on his son's shoulder, and the tragedian's acting was at an end. He was able to groan out a few words in Charles' ear—"I'm dying—speak to them for me." The audience were sensibly touched; and he was borne from the stage. Kean lay for a week in a neighbouring tavern, and was then taken to his house at Richmond. He was reconciled to his wife; and, as we have so very little good to say of a man, who, sinner as he was, had been much sinned against, and over whose fate it is impossible to stifle the strong relentings of nature, we shall give this letter entire:—

My Dear Mary,—Let us be no longer fools. Come home. *Forget* and *forgive*! If I have erred, it was my head, not my heart; and most severely have I suffered for it. My future life shall be employed in contributing to your happiness. And you, I trust, will return that feeling, by obliteration of the past.

Your wild, but really affectionate Husband, &c. &c.

Mrs Kean immediately went to Richmond, "and a complete reconciliation followed," though its fruits were not seen in her "coming home." But "she went again to him repeatedly." He was now evidently dying, and his death actually took place on the 15th of May 1833. He received a theatrical funeral, which was attended by most of the London actors.

It was stated at the period, that Kean, in a fit of deathbed remorse, and wishing to die at peace with all the world, sent for Mrs or Miss Carey, his mother, as well as his wife, shortly before his decease, enclosing £10 to bear her expenses to Richmond, and that, before this time, he had not seen her for twenty years: and, farther, that she came, a wretched pauper, and died within a few days of him, the corpses of the mother and son lying in the house at once. No notice is taken of this striking circumstance in the memoir, but we find, on the contrary, a letter from the mother, dated in September 1832, in which she solicits payment of her quarter's annuity, and thanks him for attentions to "Harry" and "his poor chickens," and she speaks as if she were accustomed to see him; so this utter neglect cannot be founded in fact, little as Miss Carey's early care and kindness deserved of gratitude from her son. The last time he was abroad was visiting Miss Tidswell; so this early connexion had also been renewed, and probably from affectionate feelings. We have some obscure hints about his having been at Richmond the dupe of a sordid and artful woman; but cannot pretend to penetrate the mystery. The stage character of Kean is so much better known than his private history, that, in perusing this memoir, we have, though not always to the credit of the writer, chiefly attended to the latter. Barry Cornwall's appreciation of Kean as an actor, and his remarks upon the most popular of his personations, are in much better taste than his attempted drolling upon subjects which may fairly be passed over, but which, if touched at all, are too grave and weighty for jest. In short, he is much happier as a critic of the acted drama, than as the biographer of a highly-endowed man, whose birth, training, and fortunes, are all pregnant with matter for profound and sad reflection. There must also be some occasions in which testimony has come to him through a medium not very favourable, if it be even fair, to the memory of the perverse and guilty offender. One would like, were it possible, to hear something of the evidence that might be given upon the other side, and to see stronger witness of the latent soul of goodness, which could not be wholly wanting in a man like Kean.

POLITICAL STATE OF CANADA AND HISTORICAL RETROSPECT OF THE COLONY.

The object of the following article is to convey to our readers a concise view of the present political state of Lower Canada, and of the disputes which unhappily exist, and are daily increasing, between the people of that colony and the local government.

The subject may be said to force itself upon our notice, by the increasing importunity of the Canadians to procure redress; and by the general impression which prevails, and which is certainly warranted by recent occurrences, that, unless Parliament interpose its authority between the people of Canada and the local oligarchy, the very connexion between the colony and the mother country will be endangered. It is also of great importance that emigrants should, before it be too late, know exactly the condition and prospects of a country they are to adopt as their own, and be awakened to the new relations which Canada, if unwisely managed, may be driven to assume with the mother country.

Hitherto, it must be admitted, the connexion has been, in many respects, an unhappy one. To the mother country the Canadas have been, and still are, an unrequited expense. Millions—this is no exaggeration—have been expended upon public works, which, like a lost memorandum book, "are of no use to any one but the owner"—that is, the British government—and, we may add, not of much use to it; a forced trade is fostered at an annual cost of upwards of a million more; and a military establishment is kept up, at great expense, for the purpose of "protecting" the people against—themselves! And to what end is all this? To the end that a set of rapacious and obnoxious officials may lord it over the people of the colony in the most galling manner, with the utmost impunity, and at salaries, it should seem, utterly incompatible with the state of society in the colony, and without any parallel in the economical governments of the western world.*

From this state of misrule, which is here merely indicated, but which will be presently amply illustrated, what could be expected but that the colony should be in a state of discontent bordering upon revolt? The hatred which is unavoidable towards the local government, is rapidly extending towards the government of the mother country, which the colonists very justly regard as the culpable protector of their oppressors.

The system of which Canada is now complaining, has, to use a scriptural expression, "been weighed and found wanting." It was strenuously persevered in for a long period under the Third George, and failed signally in 1776. The declaration of American independence was brought about by a long system of oppression and misrule, chiefly on the part, or at the instigation of the local authorities; and, as the people of Canada complain that "the people of the old colonies, now the United States of North America, however much they were aggrieved by attempts at unconstitutional taxation, *had much less to complain of on the score of executive usurpation than the people of this province*," there seems every probability, we may almost say certainty, that, unless a most speedy reform in the conduct of this government towards our colonial dependencies be adopted, the populous province of Lower Canada will set the example of revolt to her sister colonies—an example which, we apprehend, they will not be slow to follow.

In case of such an occurrence, the British government will not have for an excuse that they were taken unawares. Since the year 1827, the voice of warning has been repeatedly heard; and, recently, the appeals of the Canadians have come to us clothed in language so uncompromising and so unequivocal, that it is more than probable they may succeed in extorting from the fears of government that which they have been unsuccessful in obtaining by appeals to their sense of justice.

If it be desirable to maintain our supremacy over our colonies, it should certainly be

> ——————with chains so light,
> 'Twere not worth while to break them—

not worth while, either to the colony or the mother country. There should be no vexatious dabbling in the internal affairs of the colony; no establishment of monopolies, to prey, "like the Promethean vulture," upon the very vitals of the colonists; no restrictions should be imposed upon their trade, in barter for so called privileges, by which they do not benefit, but by which they most grievously suffer. If they must have British troops, let it be on condition that they pay for them—though, as the only object of the troops seems to be to coerce the many, and compel submission to the few, there does not seem much likelihood that the people of Canada would hire our bayonets, if matters were placed on such a footing. In short, the connexion should be one of mutual friendship, the result of mutual convenience; and if this be really impracticable, why, then, we say, it is for the interest of all parties that the connexion be at once dissolved.

While we say this, however, we beg to be understood to deprecate, in the most distinct manner, the violent dissolution which has already

* Reform in our colonial expenditure is called for at this time by even stronger reasons than such as are merely financial. If any plan were deliberately devised for corrupting a young, struggling colony, where enterprise, exertion, and frugality, should go hand in hand in establishing the basis of prosperity, it is to overpay the officials—and this applies to churchmen as well as to civilians. The individuals and families whom an exorbitant rate of emolument enable to lead the mode, and give the tone in manners and living to the new colony, are precisely those whose example is the most pernicious to a young community. It was not on this principle that Franklin and Adams laid the solid foundations of the American republic.

been forced upon one set of colonies by our absurd and mischievous colonial system; and it is because we so deprecate it, that we are anxious to exhibit the most striking defects of the policy which produced it.

To enable our readers fully to comprehend the details which will hereafter follow, it is necessary to revert to some of the more prominent changes of the constitutional law of Canada which have taken place from the first acquisition of the country in 1759, to the passage of what is usually called the Canadian Constitutional Act of 1791.

In the year first named, by the capitulation, first of Quebec, and, subsequently, of Montreal, the whole of Canada came into the possession of Great Britain. In the early part of the year 1763, those capitulations were confirmed by the treaty of Paris, by which Canada was formally ceded to the British Crown. For rather more than four years, the inhabitants of Canada were permitted to enjoy all their ancient laws, customs, and privileges; and the result was, that they seemed quite satisfied with their new sovereign. On the 7th of October of the last named year, this mild policy was abandoned by the publication of a proclamation,* abolishing the French laws, customs, and language, and introducing at once those of Great Britain. This proclamation was accompanied by a code of instructions to General Murray, then appointed governor of the "province of Quebec;" in virtue of which instructions, his Excellency issued an ordinance for the establishment of courts of justice in the province, thus giving immediate effect to the proclamation. The proclamation and the ordinance, to use the language of a writer of the time, "filled the poor Canadians with grief and amazement." An unknown system of jurisprudence took the place of that to which the people had been accustomed; besides which, they were utterly unacquainted with the language in which the new laws were written, and which was used by those who administered them. But, "as they were accustomed to submit to authority, they restrained their murmurs, and waited the event with patience, though not without great anxiety."

Now, from the whole tone and tenor of the articles of capitulation and of the treaty of Paris, there cannot be a doubt but that the "King's new subjects" were to be considered, in every respect, as British subjects, and were to be continued in the enjoyment of all their rights; yet what was the conduct of the governor and council. A "clean sweep" was made of all the officers, even to the captains and subalterns of the militia; and their places were very coolly usurped by the "King's ancient subjects." This, then, was the commencement of the system of partiality and exclusion which has always been exercised towards the "King's new subjects" and their descendants, and which prevails to the present moment in Lower Canada.

The conduct of the persons who thus monopolized all offices in the newly acquired colony, was such as to create universal discontent among the Canadian population. In a pamphlet* published at the time of the passing of the Quebec Bill, the conduct of these officials is thus described:—

> Their deportment in their new dignity did not much serve to alleviate the grief and chagrin of the discarded French *noblesse*, who felt themselves not less disgraced by their own dismission, than by the elevation of such men into their seats. There were few or none of those ancient subjects, who had landed property in Canada. They had been either sutlers to the troops, or Indian traders; and, although those who were appointed magistrates, now added "Esquire" to their names, they did not think fit to lay aside their former occupations. Indeed, such as were removed to a considerable distance from Quebec found a way of rendering their magisterial powers useful in their trade; for, as the law was in their own hands, they took the liberty of moulding it to any form that suited their purpose. The Canadians had, in the course of their dealings, contracted debts with these and other traders, expecting to pay in peltry or the produce of their farms when the season came round; but, to their utter astonishment, they found themselves called before the magistrate for the most trifling sums, condemned to make instant payment at times when they had no means in their power, and, on failure thereof, their persons were arrested, dragged from their farms and families, and committed to a common prison, there to remain until their creditors received satisfaction for their demands. If the debt exceeded forty shillings, their case was still worse; for then they were arrested by the writ of the court at Quebec, and, from the remotest parts of the province, transmitted, under custody of a deputy marshal, like felons, to the capital. As, by the French laws, no process went against the person of the debtor until his chattels were found insufficient—and of these he was allowed time to make the most at the proper season, by the merciful decree of his seigneur—it is difficult to conceive the misery and distress in which the poor Canadians found themselves involved, by the operation of these new and unknown laws; and when, to the afflicting circumstance already stated, we add the enormous expense attending a process out of the superior court, at so great a distance, we shall cease to wonder that the Canadians were not in raptures with the English laws of arrest, and be less amazed at the obstinate prejudice they entertain for their own laws and customs.

The sufferings of the Canadians, however, "did not get the better of their patience, nor banish their hopes of the King's goodness." They repeatedly petitioned for the restoration of the old laws; but their sufferings were unheeded and their cries unheard, till the alarming state of the old colonies excited the fears of the ministry, when, after sundry commissions, legal opinions, reports, and so forth, partial though tardy justice was rendered to the Canadians, by the passage of the 14th, Geo. III. c. 83, commonly called the Quebec Act. This closes the first act of the drama of our colonial system.

By the provisions of the Quebec Act, the ancient civil laws—laws to which the people were accustomed, and which they understood—were restored; at the same time that the English criminal laws, which the people viewed with favour, were retained. The Habeas Corpus, however, was lost; but was restored in 1784, by an ordinance of the Council of Justice.

One defect of the Quebec Act, was a general subject of complaint at the time—namely, "that it did not give an Assembly—that it established

* This proclamation will be found in "Marshall's Life of Washington," vol. 1, p. 563.

* "Justice and Policy of the Quebec Act Asserted and Proved." London: 1774.

an arbitrary government, instead of giving one on the principles of our constitution." During the succeeding fifteen years, this complaint was urged in various shapes—in books, pamphlets, speeches at public meetings, and petitions—until, at last, in the year 1771, the act of the 31st, Geo. III. c. 31, commonly called the Canadian Constitutional Act, was passed. It is the result of this Act which we are now about to describe.

By the Constitutional Act, the "province of Quebec" was divided into the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and a distinct government, similar in its principles, was bestowed upon each. The object of this division was, according to Mr Pitt, who introduced the measure, "to put an end to the competition between the old French inhabitants, and the new settlers from Great Britain or the British Colonies," by giving "to each majority its particular part." Mr Pitt did not expect that a complete line of separation could be drawn, but he contemplated that "any inconvenience to be apprehended from ancient Canadians being included into one, or British settlers into the other, would be cured by the establishment of a local legislature in each." That is to say, Mr Pitt thought that, in either case, the minority would be compelled to submit to the wishes and acts of the majority. The constitutions established by this act were supposed to be very accurate copies of the "glorious" constitution of the mother country. An analogy undoubtedly exists between them; but that is all. There is a Governor, to stand for a King; a Legislative Council, for the Lords; and a House of Assembly, to be compared with the Commons. Besides these bodies, there is an Executive Council, answering to our Privy Council.

The Governor is endowed with functions legislative, administrative, and judicial. His legislative function consists in assenting to or dissenting from bills passed by the Assembly and Council. Here, however, in practice, the office of the Governor differs from that of the King. The King cannot refuse assent to bills which have passed both Houses; whereas, the Governor is authorized "to declare that he assents to such bill in his Majesty's name, or that he withholds his Majesty's assent from such bill, or that he reserves such bill for the signification of his Majesty's pleasure therein."*

His administrative powers are nearly similar to those of the Crown. He appoints to office, pardons criminals, and makes war; but only so far as defence requires; anything further would be inconsistent with the dependence of a colony.

His judicial power consists in his being a member of the highest court in the colony—the court of appeals.†

The powers conferred by the Act upon the Assembly, need no description—they are similar to those exercised by the British Parliament, by the usages of which both branches of the legislature profess to be governed.

We now proceed to describe the composition of the Legislative and Executive Councils, decidedly the most important item in the working of our colonial system.

If we may judge from the report of Mr Pitt's speeches which has been handed down to us, the object contemplated by the Constitutional Acts was to establish, in the Legislative Council, an aristocratic branch of the legislature. This object was perfectly consistent with the theory of the British constitution commonly received at that day, which made the whole value of the said constitution to consist in the nice balancing of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, alternately, against each other. This theory may now be said to be quite exploded in the mother country; but there is no doubt it was the prevailing idea, floating in the brain of nearly every member who took any part in the Canadian Constitutional Acts. Whether the theory be true or false, however—whether an aristocratic branch be, or be not, desirable—this much is certain, that Canada did not contain any material for the formation of such a body. Under the French dominion, such materials might have been found. A considerable number of the French *noblesse* were resident, not only in the capital, but in the country, where they held seigneuries. These last were, in some sort, a landed aristocracy, and might have furnished materials for a mimic house of peers. The conquest, however, destroyed this aristocratic class. "The English introduced among the population a spirit of traffic; they taught them to appreciate the advantages of individual wealth, and to feel that a man might be of importance, even although not descended from a noble race. The English traders spread themselves over the country, bartered and trafficked with the inhabitants, introducing new articles of luxury, and creating a demand for the various productions of the country. The bourgeois, or *ignoble* inhabitants of the towns, caught the spirit; laboured, and laboured successfully, to accumulate wealth for themselves; and, being a frugal and a prudent race, they quickly found themselves possessed of fortunes more than sufficient to enable them to cope with the broken-down *noblesse* around them. They, therefore, immediately began to compete with this fading generation, both in political and social life."*

The result was, that the *bourgeoisie* became rich and powerful; while the *noblesse*, deprived of official profits by the new masters of the country, and disdaining traffic, became miserably poor. Besides this, "the old *noblesse*, unfortunately for themselves, neglected the education of their children;" whilst "the *bourgeoisie*, in the meantime, having themselves acquired riches, sought out for the means of imparting instruction to

* The 31st clause of this act confers upon the crown the right of disallowing the Governor's assent at any time within two years.

† From the decisions of this court, there is a further appeal to the King in Council.

* See "A Political and Historical Account of Lower Canada," by a Canadian—London, Marsh & Miller, 1830—a work giving a more accurate view of the state of society, manners, governments, &c., of that colony, than has hitherto appeared.

their children." They found such means in the seminaries of the province, where their children received "a fair and useful education by and of the priesthood, and were thus enabled to surpass their noble competitors in knowledge, as their fathers had before surpassed them in wealth." Thus was swept away, and for ever, the only body of men which has ever existed in Canada, bearing any resemblance to the aristocracies of old countries: hence, the new Legislative Council was necessarilly manufactured out of other materials. These materials we shall now describe.

We have already stated that, in acting upon the proclamation of 1763, a very objectionable class of persons displaced the native Canadians from nearly every post of honour or profit in the colony. These persons were described by writers at the time, as "not of a very respectable class in the provinces whence they had emigrated," as "sutlers to the troops or Indian traders;" and their general conduct in their new dignity we have already touched upon. Now, although the Quebec Act of 1774 restored the civil law of Canada, it did not provide for the removal of the class in question from the offices which they had usurped; on the contrary, the "Council of Quebec" was composed chiefly of this class, associated with persons from the mother country.

At the period of the American revolution, this class received considerable accession. The Tories of the old colonies—that is, the official class, and their adherents, whose conduct and representations to the mother country chiefly induced a continuance of the system which led to separation, and who had thereby rendered themselves in the highest degree obnoxious to their fellow-citizens—were, of course, compelled to retire from the scenes of their former oppressions, and seek an asylum in the colonies which remained. Here they represented themselves as having suffered by their attachment to the constitution, and to the "unity of the empire;"* and, as a compensation for the losses which they were supposed to have sustained, and a reward for their adherence to the government side, in a struggle which they were really the chief means of generating—or, adopting their own language, "as a reward for their loyalty"—most of the offices which fell vacant, or were created in the colony, were bestowed upon them. Thus, they gradually became a sort of petty oligarchy, sharing, with some few scions of the English aristocracy, nearly all the administrative and judicial offices, including the Council of Quebec.

As this Council would naturally have the ear of the Governor, it is not at all surprising that the new councils should be chosen out of this official class—in fact, there was then no other class to choose them out of.

Although the Legislative and Executive Councils are said to be selected by the representative of the Crown, it is easy to perceive that, practically, they are self-elected. The Executive Council, which was only the old council under a new name, to distinguish it from the Legislative Council, was understood to be appointed chiefly for the purpose of forming a permanent advising body, for the purpose of instructing the Governor-in-chief concerning the wants of the colony. The Governor was very fairly presumed to be ignorant of the state of the people he was appointed to rule—hence, what so apparently wise a measure as the appointment of a permanent body of instructors, such as the Executive Council was presumed to be? When a vacancy occurs in either of the councils, or in any of the public departments, nothing can be more natural than that the Governor should apply to his "Privy Council," and say, "Who is fit for this office?" Whom doth the reader suppose the organ of the official class? The Executive Council recommends, of course, one of its own class, which is represented as the only body of men possessed of intelligence and capacity for the office. From this practice, the two Councils, the judiciary, and the whole tribe of rapacious officials, became perfectly identical, not merely in point of sympathy and interest, but in point of fact too. The Executive Council, at the present moment, for example, consists of eight members, of whom two only do not hold any office under the Crown; and of these two, one enjoys the distinction of independence, only in consequence of having been dismissed from the office he did hold, for malversation thereof. Of the rest, two—namely, the Bishop and the Commissioner for the Jesuit's Estates—are Legislative Councillors; and six, out of the whole number, are lucrative place-holders.

The Legislative Council, that is, the second branch of the legislature, being recommended by the dominant party, is, of course, filled up, as occasion requires, from the members of that party. It now consists of thirty-four or thirty-five members, a large portion of whom either hold lucrative offices themselves, or have contrived to procure the bestowal of such upon their families and connexions. To shew, still more clearly, the very intimate connexion which exists between the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of the government, it is only necessary to state, that two Executive Councillors—that three judges, of whom one is speaker—sit in the Council; that the Lord Bishop of the province is a member of both bodies; that the Receiver-General, the Sheriff, the Commissioner of Crown Lands, the Commissioner of the Jesuits' Estates, and many others, are life legislators; and, lastly, that the honourable (?) members of one Council think it no degradation, no loss of dignity, to become the servants and receive the wages of the other. The Honourable William Smith and C. de Lery, both Executive Councillors, are clerks to the Legislative Council, whilst the Honourable H. W. Ryland, a Legislative Councillor, is clerk to the Executive Council.*

To give an idea of the manner in which offices accumulate in the same families, and in

* Hence, U. E. Loyalists.

* Most of the persons named have other lucrative offices.

the same person, let the reader take the following sample :—

1. Jonathan Sewell,	Chief Justice,	£1500 sterling.
Do.	Speaker of the L. C.	900
Do.	For Circuits, .	50
2. Wm. S. Sewell, Sheriff of Quebec, son of No. 1, . .		1500 or 2000
3. E. Sewell, Missionary and Chaplain to his father-in-law, the Bishop, son of No. 1, . .		200 or more
4. John Sewell, Usher of the Black Rod, son of No. 1, .		180
Post-Master of Quebec, .		300 or more
5. Robert Sewell,* son of No. 1, Reading Clerk to the Legislative Council, . . .		200 about
6. Montague Sewell, son of No. 1, Extra Writing Clerk to the L.C.		100

Besides these, the list might be swelled with brothers-in-law, uncles, and cousins, without number.

Now for an instance of accumulation of offices in the same person :—

A. W. Cochran, Commissioner of the Courts of Escheat, .	£450 sterling.
Law Clerk of the Legislative Council, . . .	180
Auditor of Land Patents—a fee on each patent besides— .	200
Executive Councillor, .	100

These sums may seem small to Englishmen; but it must be borne in mind that a small sum here is a large sum in Canada, and that the ordinary pay of officials is frequently three, four, six, and even ten times as much as the ordinary incomes derived from professions and from commercial pursuits. Thus, they place the servants of the public at a dangerous eminence above the rest of the community; and the dangerous example of their profuse expenditure is unhappily followed by those who can ill bear it. In addition to lucrative offices, the members of the Colonial oligarchy have managed to procure grants of large masses of land in their favour. The following is a specimen :—

William B. Felton,† . . .	14141 acres.
Children of ditto—	
William Locker Felton, . . .	1000
Eliza, ...	1200
Charlotte, ...	1200
Fanny, ...	1200
Maria, ...	1200
Matilda, ...	1200
Louisa,—"another yet, a seventh!"	1200
Octavia,—"and yet the eighth appears!"	1200
Total, . .	23541 acres.

Now, when it is considered that the House of Assembly is chosen by the freeholders of the county—that, in Canada, almost every man of mature age is a freeholder—and that, consequently, the Assembly fully and fairly represents the people—we must not be astonished to learn, that the two branches of the Canadian Legislature never agree. In fact, they never can agree: the Canadian Constitution is a most signal failure.

The working of this vicious system will now be exhibited to the reader somewhat in detail; the facts cited being taken from the statements of the colonists themselves. Of these statements, the most comprehensive is a series of resolutions, commonly known as the Ninety-two Resolutions. These were passed in the House of Assembly by a large majority in February 1834, and formed the ground-work of the petition which was presented to the British Parliament, in the course of last session, by Mr Roebuck. The want of attention to the prayer of this petition has recently drawn from the Canadians another petition, the presentment of which gave occasion to a very clear statement of the case of the Canadians, by the honourable gentleman just named, who certainly has the merit of having educated the House of Commons—if we may be allowed the expression—on the subject of Canada.

The evil most constantly in operation, and one which must necessarily last as long as the present constitution is permitted to exist, is the obstruction of all useful measures by the Legislative Council. We have seen that the Council hath no sympathy—no interests in common with the people. The people, simple in their manners, and frugal in their habits, desire the strictest economy throughout the public service. The Council, on the other hand, does not desire economy. The members and their families are the receivers of the great mass of salaries, for which the Assembly must provide. To suppose that the Council will consent to economy, would be to suppose that men will voluntarily consent to the reduction or limitation of their own salaries. Hence, they have long ceased to proceed on the Assembly's economical supply bills. Responsibility on the part of public functionaries, especially those intrusted with public money, is another strong desire of the people, and, of course, of the body expressing their voice: the Council, on the other hand, seems to admire the principle of irresponsibility, as it invariably opposes the Assembly's schemes on this head. In like manner, all measures tending, in any way, to extend the popular influence, are opposed tooth and nail. By this constancy of opposition, it may almost be said to have grown into a habit. Every measure approved of by the people is received with a sort of vague suspicion; and it really seems as though the Council sometimes rejects bills, under an impression that they *may* contain a lurking something, calculated to abridge the privileges of the ruling few. On no other principle can the wholesale "nullification" of the Council be accounted for. In nine sessions, 122 bills of a public character, originating in the Assembly, were rejected by the Council; besides which, 47 more were returned to the Assembly so altered that they could not be proceeded upon, without violating some principle by which the Assembly is usually guided.

Among the bills thus rejected, were many

* Since dead. His place has recently been filled by Henry Sewell, another son of No. 1. We believe the Chief Justice has now only one son to appoint to office; when his grandchildren, the sons of No. 2, will demand his fostering aid.

† Mr Felton is Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests, and Commissioner of Crown Lands, salary £600, and 5 per cent. on sum collected, up to £600 more.

wherein the people of England will fully sympathize with the people of Canada. It is a favourite scheme with our Canadian brethren, and especially with the House of Assembly, to conform, as far as the character and social condition of the people will permit, with the practice and customs of the mother country. With this view, they have introduced bills for "vacating the seats of members of the Assembly accepting offices of profit, or becoming accountable for public money." The official or *Bureau-cratic* party, as it is called in the colony, is extremely desirous of obtaining influence in the Lower House. Now, it must be obvious, that the bribe of a place might be turned to excellent account in this matter; so, the Council has invariably rejected such bills. Another measure, of the same character, is "an act to incapacitate the judges from sitting and voting in the Council." This has always been rejected. An act to remove troops from the places of election has been twice rejected. Acts for the relief of dissenters, for permitting counsel to address juries in behalf of prisoners, for establishing local courts, need no word from us in favour of their justice and usefulness; yet they have all been repeatedly rejected by the Council. No more need be said to shew the obstructive character of that body.

A bill for the independence of the judges has been repeatedly introduced into the Assembly, and amended by the Council, so as to destroy its object, and, of course, prevent the Assembly acting upon it. The judges, monstrous as it may seem to the English reader, are appointed *during the pleasure of the Crown*, and not during good behaviour. Now, from the influence of the Executive over the Governor, it will not be difficult to perceive that the pleasure of the Crown means nothing more nor less than the pleasure of the local oligarchy, of which the said judges are part and parcel. No means of impeachment, in case of alleged bad conduct, exists; and all attempts to render them amenable, in such a case, to some responsible tribunal, have failed. The Council pretends to be very anxious that the Assembly should exercise the "constitutional" privilege of impeachment: but they will hear of no other court for the trial of such impeachments but their own irresponsible House, of which the judges are members, and in which a mutual cousinship and marriage-relationship, as already shewn, runs through the whole. Yet, in the face of this perfect irresponsibility, is the House of Assembly required to vote the judges permanent salaries. Is the House of Assembly unreasonable in saying, "No!—not while the judges are dependent only on their own order."

The complaints of the Assembly present numerous instances of the abominable character of the judiciary, from highest to lowest. The petition just presented, complains "That even the sacred character of justice has recently been polluted in its source, by the appointing to the high office of Judge of the King's Bench, for the district of Montreal, a man who was a violent and decided partisan of the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie, and the declared enemy of the laws he is sworn to administer." The individual here alluded to, is Mr Samuel Gale, one of the old colonial oligarchical stock, who came to England in 1827, for the sole purpose of defending the oppressive and obnoxious administration of Lord Dalhousie. His evidence before the Canada Committee of 1828 was such as to shock even the Toryism of that day. It was marked for bitter animosity towards the Canadian people, and a strong repugnance towards the laws he is now chosen to administer.* Now, it may fairly be asked, Is such a man fit for the high office to which he has been called? or can any man be surprised at the very strong language in which the Canadians have clothed their just complaints? When this subject was brought before Parliament, on the 9th of March, Mr Rice, the late Colonial Secretary, declared that he had, previous to quitting office, disallowed this appointment, and sent instructions to the Governor, Aylmer, to that effect. These instructions the Governor has not thought fit to obey, and his disobedience may be thus accounted for. Mr Rice's instructions, written some time in November, could not be despatched before the early part of December, as the official conveyance, the government packets, only sails at the beginning of each month. Now, the government packets take things easily:—it would be undignified to hurry themselves like a vulgar trader. The consequence is, that official news is generally from three to five weeks behind news received by the New York packets. Thus, the news of the change of Ministry reached Canada about the 20th of December; whereas, Lord Aylmer would not probably receive Mr Rice's despatch before the middle or the end of January. Hence, being merely the tool of the official class, he scrupled not to disobey the instructions of his fallen master. This will serve to place in a conspicuous light the very little real supremacy which the Colonial Office now holds over the colony; it will shew the strong impediments which exist to the interference of the mother country, for the good of the colony. All the good which should arise from the connexion is "nullified" by the power of the officials, and the evil only remains. It will prove that the colonists are justified in declaring that "the Council has never been anything else but an impotent screen between the Governor and the people." The people have eight or nine other heads of complaint, under the general title of abuses of the judiciary: but we have only room to state, that, of eleven judges, only three are of French Canadian origin; several of them were educated in the mother country, and, consequently, cannot be presumed to be acquainted, except in a general way, with the Canadian civil law; and several, including the said Gale, "are of the old Colonial stock, who were the principle cause

* See Report of Committee of 1828. Evidence of Samuel Gale.

of the loss of the colonies to which they belonged." When complaint is made against a judge, it seems that he is merely removed to another district; just as though it were a law of England to transport all thieves to Wales or Scotland, there to be set at large to practise their misdeeds with impunity.

Another class of bills extremely obnoxious to the people in power, comprises all those which have for their objects the rendering public functionaries responsible. We will only detain the reader with one case. A bill for the regulation of the office of Receiver-General—an officer intrusted with the custody of the whole revenues of the province—has always been rejected by the Council. The people of the colony have been rather forcibly impressed with the necessity for such a bill, in consequence of having been robbed by one Receiver-General, Mr (now called* Sir John) Caldwell, to the extent of more than six hundred thousand dollars. The deficiency in his chest had been long suspected by the public: but the Governor, Lord Dalhousie, with that species of delicacy which official personages always applaud, spurned the idea of breathing a suspicion against a person of Mr Caldwell's official rank. The Assembly, however, were not so scrupulous; and, with all the rudeness to which so vulgar a thing as a House of Commons is naturally prone in such emergencies, they demanded investigation. This was refused by Lord Dalhousie, on the ground that the officer in question was the servant of the Imperial Government, and, as such, not accountable to the Assembly. At last there was an exposé. The chest was drained dry; there was no money to pay some trifling warrants—a washing bill perhaps; although there should have been about a year's revenue. The tables were now turned, and the argument of the Governor was adopted by the House of Assembly and the people. "If," said they, "he be the officer of the Imperial Government, they must answer for his misdeeds, and must restore to us the money he has robbed us of." But, no; the argument was never intended to cut two ways. Not only has the money never been restored, but the delinquent is screened, and even rewarded for his evil doings. Judges, Attorneys-General, Sheriffs, and even the Governor himself, all unite to protect him. He is permitted to enjoy the great estates he once owned, at a trifling rental of £2000 a-year, though they are known to be worth three or four times as much, and would probably yield it, if submitted to public competition. Here, then, is a bribe of £4000 or £5000 a-year, to secure Sir John Caldwall's influence and co-operation with his order. No wonder he is instinctively strenuous in procuring the rejection of "a bill for the surety of money in the hands of the Receiver-General." We may add, that Sir John is supposed to have grown rich since his "misfortune." Sir John has the reputation of giving capital dinners, including the best *Johannisberg* in the colony.

The last instance of the nullifying propositions of the Council, which we shall mention, is the constant rejection of education bills. No less than four were thrown out, or "amended," in the session of 1834; and there are generally one or two in every session. While we are upon this subject, we may mention, that the misappropriation of the funds of the Jesuits' Estates, and the inability of the Assembly to procure any accounts or explanations on the subject, has been complained of in every petition from Canada, and still holds a place in the one just presented. The Jesuits, previous to the conquest, held considerable estates in Canada, and occupied an extensive college in Quebec. The college is now a barrack! and the estates are squandered by the officials. Cormorants, under the name of commissioners and managers, fatten upon them; and what becomes of their leavings, no one knows. Ever since 1800, these estates have been a subject of dispute. That year the Assembly asked for certain papers connected with the estates: the Governor refused them: he did more—he told the Assembly that he should consider them "wanting in respect to the King,"* if they renewed their importunate demands. "The House has certainly been *wanting in respect*," says the author already quoted, "on several occasions since that period, if renewing its demands in the most submissive and respectful terms, deserves to be so considered." The people of Canada look upon the revenues of these estates as diverted from their lawful application; and, had it not been for the excellent conduct of the priests of the seminary, who threw open their school to the public generally, though it was originally designed for the purpose of educating candidates for the priesthood only, the Canadian population would have been left entirely without the means of instruction.

Now, for this complicated mass of evil, the Canadians demand a very simple remedy. They pray "That the Legislative Council, as at present constituted, be abolished, and that the people of the province be permitted to elect the second branch of the legislature, as the only means of producing that harmony, without which, internal peace and good government cannot exist."

There cannot be a doubt that all the evils which we have described, would, in the event of a harmonizing legislature, be susceptible of remedy within the colony. Moreover, the remedies chosen would be precisely such as each case might demand. It is equally certain that no other mode of removal would be good, inasmuch as, were the system which generated the evils permitted still to remain, a new crop of evils would immediately succeed those which, by the supposition, were rather mowed down than uprooted. The Canadians, as we have seen, call the council "an impotent

* Probably one of Sir William Alexander's (Earl of Stirling) Nova Scotia Baronets; there is no Baronet of the United Kingdom of the name of Caldwell.

* It is a favourite Colonial theory, that the dignity of the Crown is damaged by any attempt to curtail the profits of the officials.

screen between the Governor and the people;" and such it is. We have seen how the official class can influence, indeed compel, the Governor to counteract the will of the British minister. It is for the purpose of making that will effective, that the utter destruction of the colonial oligarchy is to be desired. The people of Canada desire no "screen" between themselves and the good intentions of the Colonial Office. They cannot conceive that the Ministry can have an interest, or a desire, opposed to their happiness. They are not only willing, they are most anxious, that the mother country should exercise that degree of authority over the affairs of the colony, which is necessary to the maintenance of the general welfare of the whole empire; but they maintain, and justly, that, under the present system, that supreme authority does not and cannot exist. The colonial oligarchy is omnipotent. It is maintained in all its irresponsibility; and the moment any effort is made by the Colonial Minister to break in upon any abuse involving the interest of the official class, there is an immediate threat held out of a determination "to seek about for a new state of political existence;"* and yet this class is ever boasting of its "loyalty!" In fact, they plainly perceive that their destruction would call into existence a real and effective intercourse between the imperial government and the people of Canada—an intercourse which has never yet existed. We have seen, in the case of Gale, how the good intentions of the Colonial Office were stopped, *in transitu*, by the officials. Like a Jew money broker, they have a distinct interest in keeping "the principals" from talking together, and understanding each other, and hence, they represent an elective council, as fraught with danger to the colonial connexion; and so it would be if the officials did but possess power sufficient to bring about that "new state of political existence" which they occasionally threaten us with. No fears need, however, be entertained, as the result of weakening this obnoxious *clique;* while, on the other hand, there is really very strong reason to fear that a denial of the very reasonable demand of the people of Canada will urge them, as one of their popular newspapers very aptly expressed it—"to do *that* they should be sorry for"—a result to be exceedingly deplored.

It is, therefore, especially desirable that the instructions given to Lord Amherst be such as to require, at his hands, a careful investigation of the radical causes of all the difficulties, disputes, misunderstandings, abuses, or by whatsoever name they may be called, which exist in Canada, with a view to the application of a radical remedy. It must never be lost sight of, that the colonists, in exhibiting a list of their grievances, do not demand that this or that particular grievance should be remedied. They understand their own case too well to expect any good from such patch-work, tinkering measures. They bring forward their formidable list, merely as so many striking illustrations of "the system," and they distinctly say that no remedy will be effectual, short of the *complete* reform of that system. On the granting or the denial of this reform, then, we affirm, doth the existence of the colonial connexion depend. Grant it, and we create a grateful and attached ally; and, as neither party would have an interest in separation, so neither would have the desire. Refuse it, on the other hand, and no sound politician would grieve at a separation, however much he might deplore the means by which it might be brought about, and the feelings by which it would necessarily be accompanied.

There are some few other complaints made by the people of Canada, which will only demand a short notice, inasmuch as, in case of a formal recognition of non-interference in the internal affairs of the colony, the grievances in question would be redressed, or cease, as matter of course. We allude to those few cases wherein the mother country has very unwisely legislated for the colony, and to those where the Governor has helped himself to the public moneys, in consequence of the failure of a supply bill.

The only cases of the legislative interference of the mother country of any great importance, are the Canada Tenures Act, and the British American Land Company's Charter.

The Canada Tenures Act was passed in the sixth year of the late King, and, at the time, created such manifest dissatisfaction, that the obvious policy was to repeal it immediately. So obnoxious are its provisions, so utterly adverse to the state of opinion in the country, that it could never be carried into more than partial effect. Its great evil, therefore, is in creating doubts as to the security of certain rights and titles—doubts which a wise legislature should seek to allay rather than create. The rights of minors and of dowered women, the security of *hypothéquecs*, all were shaken by this act. New customs of conveyance, new rules of descent were introduced, and, among other "blessings," that of primogeniture came as a natural concomitant of the English tenure. Now, this rule of English law is as repugnant to the state of opinion in Canada, as it is to the spirit of civil law which there prevails. Even in the townships, where all lands are held in free and common soccage, the inhabitants, chiefly Americans, view with singular abhorrence and disgust the law in question. If it be decided to do justice to the people of Canada, by adopting, in its fullest extent, the principle of non-interference—of course, this act would be given up.

The act granting a charter to the British American Land Company, is certainly not less, and, perhaps, even more obnoxious than the Tenures Act. The lands of Canada are, of course, vested

* Such was the language used by that portion of the press in the interest of the colonial oligarchy, when one of their order was dismissed by order of Lord Goderich. Language, too, was flung at his Lordship by the officials of Upper Canada, quite shocking to English ears. Mr Stanley was also attacked in the most virulent strain—not by those who had most reason to complain of his mal-administration, but by the officials, because, on one occasion, he did not espouse their cause with due zeal.

in the Crown; but no one, surely, pretends that they are to be considered as the private property of the Crown. They are held in trust for the benefit of all his Majesty's subjects, who are or who may hereafter become inhabitants of the country. Like all other "internal concerns," they should be subject to the control of the local parliament.

Throughout North America, the public lands afford a ready means of raising wherewith to supply the exigencies of the government, without imposing any burthen upon the people. In the United States, not only is a considerable portion of the expenses of the local state government paid in this way, but a fund is created for education, by the annual sale of a portion of the public lands set apart for the purpose. In this way is taxation avoided. The obnoxious act robs the people of Canada of this invaluable resource, and compels them to find other modes of supplying the public exigencies. But this is not all: even the moderate price agreed to be paid by the Company is unlawfully disposed of. The first instalment has been paid into the military chest, for the service of the imperial government, instead of being paid into the civil chest, and placed at the disposal of the provincial legislature; and the Canadians contend that the act of the 18, Geo. III. c. 12, which confirmed to the colonial assemblies the sole control over all moneys, has been thereby violated.

As a picture of the feeling with which this act is viewed, take the following paragraph, extracted from a Montreal paper, edited by a member of the House of Assembly, and considered as a representative of the opinions of the liberal portion of the British population:—

As this is the season that old country people generally write to their friends and relations, and invite them to emigrate to this country, it is well that they should put them on their guard against purchasing any of the public lands from the *Land Company* established in this province, as it is most probable that the House of Assembly will declare the Company's title to those lands *null*; and the earliest opportunity will, no doubt, be taken to *confiscate* the lands, *in whose possession soever they may be found*. Emigrants ought, therefore, to be warned against the certain risk they run in purchasing property, the title of which is so uncertain, and so liable to be disturbed.

We hope the above WARNING will not be thrown away. It will spare much trouble and discontent hereafter.

The bill in question was, in a manner, smuggled through the House as a private bill, through the agency of an honourable member, who has a direct pecuniary interest in the speculation. The Canadians, however, regard not the manner of its passage; they object to the act itself, and to its principles; and, in their petition, they pray urgently for its immediate repeal.*

And now about the money question—"the seizure of the revenues" by the Governor-in-chief. We have already spoken of the efforts of the Assembly to enforce economy; and the constant, and, under the circumstances, the very natural opposition of the Council to their praiseworthy efforts. This opposition is that of a small minority; but it has always been made to prevail, by the willingness of the Governor to play the game of the official party. Unfortunately, too, the Colonial Minister has not unfrequently taken the same side. The case stands thus:—

The declaratory act, of the 18, Geo. III., c. 12, (1778,) guaranteed to all colonial assemblies—1st, That no taxes should be imposed by the Imperial Parliament; and, 2d, That the proceeds of all taxes then levied should be placed under their control. This guarantee was further confirmed by an act of the 1st and 2d of the present reign. The manner in which the Assembly of Lower Canada exercises this control has already been shewn. To aid the colonial oligarchy in nullifying this control, Mr (now Lord) Stanley, when Colonial Secretary, proposed the repeal of the last-named act, intending, probably, to violate that of 1778. When Mr Rice came into office, the repeal in question was not pressed. This was received as a good omen by the Canadians. Subsequently, however, both acts were violated, and about £31,000 was seized in December last, and distributed among the officials. Thus is the irresponsibility of the official class rendered perfect. It may be said that some of the officials suffer great hardship. This is true; but it should be remembered that the Assembly are contending for a principle, the defeat of which inflicts hardship upon a whole people. The officials ask, "Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?" To which the people reply, "Yes; but that is no reason for paying the labourer *two hires*." The conduct of the Assembly in this matter has never exceeded the bounds of reasonableness. Take one example:—The judges now hold office during the pleasure, nominally, of the Crown, but really of their own class. The Assembly, in effect, says—We will place them on the same footing as the English judges, provided their places are during good behaviour. This is, of course, resisted; and the Governor, the weak tool of an odious party, gives effect to this resistance of the minority, by seizing the funds of the province, paying the judges and others, and so destroying all responsibility. Can any system be worse? But, bad as it is, it would necessarily fall to the ground, were the people permitted to elect the Council, the principle of non-interference being at the same time recognised.

One point, and a most important one, may be considered to have been gained to the popular

* This disgust at Land Companies is not confined to Lower Canada. One of the last acts of the Assembly of Upper Canada, previous to the close of its session, was to pass a resolution against the Land Company of that province. This resolution declares it to be "Unconstitutional in the British Parliament or Government to lay any tax on that province, or to dispose of any revenue arising therein, unless with the consent of the Assembly, whether such revenue arise from the sale of public lands, or from direct taxation." The resolution, further, characterises the sale of land to the Company as *an improvident transaction*, which, "as it is unsanctioned by any domestic enactment, ought to be held invalid." Lastly, the charter of the Company is declared to be "a violation of the declaratory act, 18, Geo. III., c. 12, and of the constitutional act (31 Geo. III., c. 11) of the province.

cause, by the appointment, first, of Lord Amherst, and, on his resignation, of Lord Gosford,* as Governor of Canada. The absurd custom of sending military men to govern the people of our colonies is broken in upon, never, we trust, to be again taken up. The education of military men has a strong tendency to incapacitate them from governing. They have been accustomed *to rule*, but not *to govern*. They are not prepared for the slightest mark of disobedience; and they treat as disrespect that which is merely legitimate dissent. The most bitter animosity against the people is created in their breasts by any opposition to their will, on the part of those who are considered as speaking the people's voice. Military men, especially those of rank, are the spoiled children of society, and should not be called upon to fill an office requiring much forbearance and temper, together with a certain abandonment of the prejudices of class, to the opinions and feelings of the majority. But, even the least objectionable of an objectionable class have not hitherto been selected as governors of our colonies. Appointments, with us, are very seldom made on the principle of fitness for the office undertaken. Generally, aristocratic connexion is the rule. Sometimes a colony is bestowed as a reward for service in the field: in other words, half a million of people are delivered over to a man's tender mercies, merely because it pleased God to make him physically brave. On many occasions, we are sorry to add, such appointments are given for service of a less honourable character. The salary is a tempting bait, and the happiness of the people is held at nought.

Whether the new Governor be or be not a man of talent, his nomination is a reform in principle. The people of Canada have already expressed their opinion on the point. They think that a civil governor would not be so apt to give way to such petulance as we have described; that he would hesitate before he substituted his own will for the will of the legislature. A reverence for the constitutional privileges of a popular assembly they believe to reside in the breasts of most Englishmen educated in civil life; hence, they will hail the appointment of a civil governor, with powers to conciliate, as a step towards a better state of things.

Having said this much on the state of Canada, we shall close the article, already, it is to be feared, too long, with a few words on the state and strength of parties in the colony.

In a country where two languages are spoken, it must be evident that language must be a powerful bond of union; when, however, it is shewn to what a trifling extent that bond is operative, compared with the political principle of the struggle, the influence of the latter must be admitted to be remarkable.

A general election took place not long since in Canada. Just previous to the election, a report went forth, that Mr Rice's opinion touching the expediency of making the council elective, would be considerably influenced by the result of the elections. What was the consequence? "An elective council—the elective principle," became the rallying cry all over the country; and, when the elections were completed, it was found that, out of eighty-eight members, of which the Assembly consists, only ten were returned in opposition to the said principle. Taking the population represented, the triumph—and, we may add, the lesson to this government—is still more striking. Taking the last census of the population, the proportion exhibited by the returns is as follows:—

Population represented by the seventy-eight members favourable to the elective principle,	479,484
Ditto represented by the ten members unfavourable thereto,	32,433
Total, according to census of 1831,	511,917

To counteract the influence of the popular rallying cry, a strong appeal was made by the Tory party to national prejudice, origin, and language; but it failed most signally. The largest county inhabited by persons of British origin, namely Stanstead, returned two members favourable to the popular cause, and that, too, by a majority of three to one. Other British counties followed the example of Stanstead. In the county of Sherbroke, the headquarters of colonial Toryism, and of the Land Company the "British" rallying cry prevailed only by a trifling majority. Hence, the larger the British population is represented to be by the Tory party, the worse does it make for their cause.

A statement has lately been put forward to the following purport:—That the population consists of four hundred thousand "of French origin," and of one hundred and fifty thousand "not of French origin;" and that, therefore, the latter should have twenty-four members in the Assembly "of their own choice." Now, admitting, for the sake of argument, the truth of the statements,* it does not appear how this could be brought about. Many of the persons "not of French origin," find it convenient to scatter themselves among the French people, with whom they live on terms of brotherly love; but, supposing it were otherwise, how could their will have effect? They are in the position of all minorities, and, as such, should be—as, happily, the majority of them are—content.

In the next breath, the authors of this absurd and untenable doctrine accuse the "people of French origin" of the very act of which they themselves are guilty. They accuse them of returning members of French origin only, and so ordering matters, that "to be an Englishman is made an incapacity for a seat in the Assembly." Now, it happens, unfortunately for this argument, that the French counties repeatedly return persons of British origin, whilst the "British counties" have never returned persons of French origin, to the

* The first portion of this article was printed off before the resignation of Lord Amherst. Hence his name appears at p. 446, col. 1. The observations, however, are of general application.

* The true proportions are 150,600 British out of 620,000, the total in 1835. Of these 150,600, a majority are opposed, in principle, to the "Constitutional" party.

House of Assembly. No fewer than six British names are on the list of members of the Assembly, as representing counties with a French majority; and it is this political liberality of the French inhabitants which has given to the "persons of other than French origin" a greater number than they can claim, though not of "their own choice." Divided as to origin, the following is the state of the Canadian representation:—

Americans, (originally British,) .	9
English, ...	4
Scotch, ...	3
Irish, ...	3
German, Dutch, Swiss, and Jersey, .	6
	25

—being just one more than the number claimed, and four more than their just proportion.

Twist it and turn it which way they may, the sore point is the overwhelming majority in favour of an elective council, and more especially the failure of their "British" rallying cry, in those parts of the country where they thought it would prevail.

It is not in Lower Canada alone that this cry is heard. Nearly every one of the British American Colonies has discovered, at the same moment, the same defects in their constitutions. In Upper Canada, a Committee of the Assembly on Grievances has reported in favour of an elective council, which report has been adopted by the House, and an address prepared thereon, as the only remedy for the evils referred to them. In Nova Scotia, the question was fully discussed in the session of 1834. In Prince Edward's Island, the measure is constantly being agitated; as it is also in Newfoundland. In New Brunswick, there is no "harmony" between the two branches of the legislature, the Commons having refused supplies in opposition to the Council. Should not this unanimity without concert materially influence the opinions of the legislators on the subject?

The Canadians are, in an especial manner, the victims of other men's dishonesty. Those who are now most conspicuous as their enemies—those who are most ready to accuse them of revolutionary designs in their proceedings against their odious oligarchy—are the very men who first aroused them to a due sense of the obstructive nature of the body in question. Among these ci-devant colonial agitators, we find Mr Stanley. In 1829, he addressed a letter to one of the Upper Canadian Liberals, from which the following is an extract:—

> Upon the subject of the constitution of the Council, which, I do not hesitate to say, without any disrespect to or reflection upon the individuals who compose it, is at the root of all the evils complained of in both provinces, &c. &c.

Not content with the mere statement of an opinion, Mr Stanley instructs the Radicals of Upper Canada how to attain their ends:—

> A constitutional mode (writes Mr Stanley in 1829) is open to the people, of addressing for the removal of the advisers of the Crown, and of *refusing supplies*, if necessary, to enforce their wishes.

Notwithstanding these unequivocal words of *Mister* Stanley—words which, from Mr Hume or Mr Roebuck, would be "seditious," and so forth—we find *Lord* Stanley opposing all change in the constitution of the Council, to the full extent of his little power.

In 1828, we find *The Times* newspaper urging the people of Canada to demand not the mere reformation, but the abolition of the Council. We are not disposed to quarrel with *The Times* for that extreme opinion; but we do think it somewhat hard that the people of Canada should be attacked for constancy to a principle which *The Times* had a large share in impressing upon the said people. On the 5th of May 1828, *The Times* wrote as follows:—

> Unless we can make the Canadians more anxious to remain under British sway than to shake it off, and more attached to Great Britain than to a nearer neighbour, it is futile to fancy that we can ever continue to rule them. If their interests would, in their own eyes, be better consulted by quitting this country than by adhering to her—if they can gain anything by the separation—if they see an English minister attempt to make out a case for England *versus* Canada, or for a British Governor *versus* a Canadian Parliament, it is all over; the colony takes fire, and will not be worth the expense or bloodshed of a contest (an unsuccessful contest) to preserve her. The Legislative Council must be remodelled or abolished.

The agent of the "constitutional" party to this country, a Mr John Neilson, was agent to the popular party in 1828. He is now employed to oppose all, or nearly all, he then advocated. He then advocated the assimilating of the Canadian legislature to those of the United States; putting in merely a feeble doubt concerning the wisdom of offering the "food" before the "appetite" had been generated. Since 1828, the "appetite" has been generated; and yet this same man now demands of government, that the "food" to which he alluded be withheld.

The appointment of Mr Roebuck as agent for the colony, will, doubtless, be attended with beneficial results. Mr Morin, upon bringing forward the measure, stated that Mr Roebuck was named "at the request, and at the suggestion of the Hon. Mr Viger," who declined to proceed again to England in capacity of official agent. The bill was supported by the Speaker, Mr Papineau, on the ground, "That the nomination of Mr Roebuck would be nothing more than an act of gratitude due for the eminent services he had rendered the colony. They did not require an agent in England who should incessantly trouble his Majesty's Ministers with details and petitions in themselves useless. They required a man who could appeal to the people of Great Britain for justice, and *not* to the Ministers, in whom they ceased to repose further confidence." —"Their best course was to oppose to the Ministry a person, who, in his quality of Member of Parliament, stands upon a footing of equality with, and who, when occasion requires it, can bring accusations against them." Mr Papineau also complained that, for the last twenty years, the government had prevented the nomination of an agent, and had even rejected "the name of so venerable a person as Sir James Mackintosh," who

had agreed to act for the colonists. The importance of having an agent is greater than it may at first appear. The Canadians have no person to whom their public documents can be confided, or with whom any correspondence can be carried on. The government endeavours to prevent the nomination of any person by the House of Assembly—which, in Canada, really means, by the people—as his business would be the exposure of acts of misgovernment. The consequence of not having such an organ for the expression of opinion has been, that the abuses of the Canadian government have gone on increasing from year to year; no check has been offered to them, by the influence of opinion in this country; until at last they have arrived at such a magnitude as to threaten the separation of the Canadas from Great Britain. The sending out of a commissioner is merely for delay, and is certain to prove ultimately a useless measure. Mr Roebuck, in the responsible and highly honourable position of agent and correspondent of the Canadian Provincial Parliament, will, both from his position and from his ability, be able to direct that public attention to their affairs which is alike necessary for the interests of the colonists and for those of the mother country itself.

ERRATA in page 441, column 1, line 6, *for* 1771 *read* 1791; and in page 442, column 2, line 16, the point of interrogation should be *after* the word "recommends."

A VISION OF FIRE.

"Ηρακλιτος αρχην των ολων το πῦρ, εκ πυρος γαρ τα παντα γινεσθαι, και εις πῦρ παντα τελευταν λεγει."
Plutarch. de placitis Philos. L. 1, *Cap.* 3.

——"This shall be with burning and fuel of fire."
Isaiah, c. 9., v. 5.

ANOTHER dream vexed my devoted sleep.
The signs which shall be, they, methought, had been:
Pale expectation was in every heart
Fearfully crouching;—for the powers of heaven
Had long been shaken. The accomplished hour
Of worlds and planets—which had been set down,
Ere the first dawn of pre-eternity,
In the Creator's book—was coming now.
The universe fore-felt its agony,
And nature shuddered from the scorching doom.

The seasons bowed beneath it. Winter flung
Off from his ancient heart its ragged vest;
Spring had no dewy nurture for her rose—
It perished in the opening; Summer dropped
His fruits and flowers amid the sweltering sky;
And the rich harvest-wreath of Autumn's brow
Shrank into worthless stubble. The blue vault
Glowed like a brazen furnace; and its clouds
Heaved with the rare distension, till their store
Was spent in scalding showers upon the earth's
Scathed bosom.
Eagles which had dared the sun,
Declined their vanquished gaze; and, with parched wing,
Dropped through the vaporous void. All Afric gave
Her monsters to the day: issuing, they came
To its fierce luxury, in shapes and swarms
Which never yet the shrunken Nile brought forth
Of its engendering slime. Even they, whose life
And food were heat, the angry serpent tribe,
Cerastes, Scorpion, Asp, and Dipsas—he,
The fanged and fiery plague of thirst—ere long
Felt the enlarging torment; and uncoiled
Their many-coloured spires along the sand,
And gasped and hissed for air. The lion lashed
His panting sides; and the vexed tiger howled
O'er breathless deserts.
Rivers from their bed,
Gulphs, seas, and oceans, were exhaled; till all
The yet unvisited abyss was bared
To the broad day-beam. Huge Leviathan,
Spoiled of his element, o'er rock and strand
Cumbered the boiling shallows.
Ætna raised—
A moment—the volcanic cup; pealing
Its latest, loudest, revelry; and sank
On her own stony bosom. Appenine,
And Alp, rushed downward to their deepened vales.
Then snapped the bone of the disjointed world;
As the long Andes heaved, and burst in twain,
Under the rivelling heat. Trembled the north
Through all her rifted fields; whose molten ice
Swayed from its balanced seat the swerving Pole.

No guiding light remained: the stars had fled
Their spheres; the moon had faded from the sky;
The sun was lost—or all was now the sun,
Dark with the depth of universal fire.
Anon, the plighted Bow, whose sign assured
Earth from another deluge, vanished in
That ministrant flame—sad proof of visitation,
More fearful than the old o'erwhelming flood!—
Till all its dolphin hues were blent together
In blank and sightless uniformity.

MAN was the last to perish. On the flat
Of the crushed globe, waveless and mountainless,
He wandered. Wo, the heaviest wo, was on
Them who survived the death-throes of the world.
Life could not leave the wretched, doomed to meet,
Living, the judgment-hour. The pure of soul,
The faithful, and the penitent, had died;
Spared from the terrors of the wrath to come.

Then brother against brother sternly strove—
Child against parent; dearest lovers lost
Their sympathy, and on each other scowled
Adverse; grey-headed comrades, soul-sworn friends,
As in their wandering wretchedness they met,
Unkindly grappled; at the daughter's throat
The pitiless father clutched; the mother's breast,
Disnatured, shook away her son new-born.

Fear, famine, fever, seized and maddened all;
Till, one by one, they dropped—yet died they not.

Then from earth's centre fled the depth of fire,
In its primeval fusion, still uncooled;
The fountains of her flame were broken up,
And streamed through all her outward orb——
Till through
That universal death, THE TRUMPET rang;
And, in the final darkness of our world,
The avenging TOPHET was for ever sealed.

Wonder not, if the terror of that sound
Upwakened me from such oppressive dream!

E. L. L. S.

MERCHANT SAILORS.

No class of people have been more lauded than British sailors; none, as far as a manly endurance of severe suffering goes, have deserved laudation more. But, amid all this praise, "mere sound and fury signifying nothing," their actual condition has been little inquired into, and few attempts made at ameliorating it.

I shall pass by those doomed to the dire discipline of a man of war, where impressment, like a greedy tyrant, seizes and strikes down his victims—where the boatswain, brutalized and brutalizing, holds the cat, against which pity, patriotism, and reason, equally cry aloud—and where the system of "starting," as it is called, keep some of the worst feelings in perpetual action. I will pass this crowd of the abused brave, the beloved of many a paternal, fraternal, conjugal, and friendly heart, and turn to the sailors of the merchants' service.

How much is society indebted to those men, who traverse that uncertain element, the sea, and brave that "chartered libertine," the wind —who risk the effects of various climates, and the thousand contingencies connected with their hazardous mode of life! Is it fair to receive, at their hands, all the advantages we do, and not, in return, look into their condition, to ascertain whether it is the best which can exist for them, and, if not, to do something towards making it such?

The character of the sailor, formed, principally, like that of all other people, by the influence of his peculiar circumstances, certainly presents a fine picture for the dramatist and the novelist. The consequence of the equalization of knowledge is to spread a sameness over the surface of society, which those who love to see social life diversified by strong contrast must regret. But the great object of life is happiness; and the greatest duty and highest purpose of each, is, as far as possible, to promote that happiness. To one, *this* path is open—to another, *that*. If each took the path presented, with a purpose of exercising practical usefulness, how many might rejoicingly meet at the same point, however various those points from which they originally set out!

It is among the most beautiful of the characteristics of the present time, that the spirits of inquiry and improvement are everywhere abroad, the one acting as pioneer to the other. Never was it felt as now, that progression is the principle and purpose of human action; yet, with all this, there are many thousands willing to work, besides those who actually do so. Many remain inactive, because their opportunities for exertion are few, and their influence and sphere of action circumscribed: thus, a large portion of society are unjust to the world and to themselves. Every aggregation is composed of parts: if every brick of a building, or grain of a granite rock, could be suddenly indued with voluntary power, and, under an impression of individual insignificancy, could break the law of cohesion, where would be the mansion or the mountain? Let every being bring his moral capital, be it what it may, into action—let each feel it a duty and delight to give what good he has to the general stock—and the aggregation of such moral good *must*, of necessity, be great.

These thoughts regarding a large and interesting portion of my fellow-countrymen have not been originated, but they have been strengthened and confirmed by Mr Nicholson's plan to rescue the sailors of his ship (the George the Fourth) from the sordid grasp of the *crimps*. The account of his exertions for this purpose I read in his *Commercial Gazette and Canton Register*, which accident threw into my hands.

It appears that the manner in which sailors have hitherto been supplied with the necessary articles of clothing has been by a class of men called *crimps;* but who, judging from their procedure, should rather be called *screws:* they have been, and are, in the practice of charging the careless and unfortunate sailor from two hundred to five hundred per cent. more than they ought. These crimps are Jews; there are a few Christians who profess the same *commercial* faith, and they are called *guys*. These crimps and guys prey like sharks on the unfortunate sailors, and do incalculable injury to the service every way. Mr Nicholson, by slopping his own ship, as the phrase is, has cast off this mischievious medium between himself and his ship's crew. He furnishes the sailor with a cap for a shilling, for which the Jew would have charged him two shillings and sixpence; and every article of clothing in the same proportion. He has not only done this, but he directed his attention to another plague-spot, in the matter of "absent bonds."

"I believe," said Mr Nicholson, addressing his crew, "that there are fixed prices for these bonds, varying according to the ignorance and necessity of the sailor and the tender mercies of the crimp. I have not been able to learn the extent of their liberality in the purchase of your bonds. Perhaps some of you sailors can tell me the price?"

One of the sailors answered that he sold his last bond for £1, 17s. That is, a bond for £4. A Jew who chanced to be present said he gave £2. Mr Nicholson promised every sailor the full value for every bond he gave.

These bonds are for two months' pay, which becomes due after the ship reaches her destination. These bonds, called "absent bonds," are sold to the crimps at any price the sailors can get; so that a hundred sailors may leave bonds at £4 each, to the amount of £400, and perhaps they may not receive more than £150 or £200.

The intention of shipowners, it seems, in giving these bonds, was to benefit the wives and rela-

tives of the sailors. "But," proceeds Mr N., "I believe that not one bond in fifty ever got into the hands of those who ought to have them. In the case of the George the Fourth, not a single bond shall go into the hands of the crimp. I will pay them only to the persons *they are intended for;* and of the money paid in advance for two months' wages, amounting in this ship to £600, not one single shilling shall go to the crimp. The first thing which the sailors have to do is to pay for their clothing, which I have provided. The next thing is to transmit the balance, not so employed, to those it is intended for. I have carried this into effect. I have paid the money to the fathers, mothers, and wives—into their own hands; and transmitted it to distant parts of the country myself."

This practical philanthropist did not stop here: his next measure was to establish a SAILORS' BANK. Who can forbear to wonder that this has never yet been done *for* or *by* sailors—especially when we recollect how familiar to every one are stories of the returned sailor, homeless and friendless as too many of these men are, cast ashore with their hard-earned wages among publicans and profligates—the money actually a burden to the amphibious being possessed of it? In the best cases, it was intrusted to some Wapping landlady, who had an interest in making the tar drain the can, that she might drain his purse. If such was his *best* refuge, what were those which were worse?

"You shall place your money, if you please," says this sailor's friend to his crew, "in that Bank; and it shall be paid you at a pound a-week, that you may live like rational men—that you may walk about the streets in good clothes—that you may visit your fathers, mothers, and sweethearts, in any part of the kingdom—that you may enjoy your holyday until you are ready to start to sea again, and leave your money in the Bank for those you wish to receive it."

It is ardently to be hoped that Mr Nicholson's example will be followed by all shipowners: the advantage will be no less great to themselves than to the sailors.

"I now," says Mr Nicholson, "call on the shipowners, merchants, the insurance offices, the members of Lloyd's, for their support in perfecting the work I have begun. If every shipowner will do what I have done, there is an end to this long established system of injustice, cruelty, and fraud, which has been perpetrated upon that meritorious class of our fellow subjects, the merchant seamen. * * *

"I believe that merchant ships will, within twelve months, be insured at one to three per cent. *less* than the premium now required to indemnify the underwriters against the risks occasioned by *bad crews;* because every sailor will be made to feel a deep personal interest in the safety of the ship."

An instance, exposing the effects of the present system, is stated:—"The General Kid, Captain Aplin, was manned by a Jew crimp. She sailed a month ago; eleven of the men, after receiving two month's wages in advance, and their bonds, were kidnapped by crimps at Portsmouth; and thus the owner was defrauded of his advances, and the ship was disabled from proceeding on her voyage until she was provided with a fresh crew. These sailors were sent to Plymouth or some other port, and resold by the crimps."

I cannot close this article without turning to the rich and intelligent among the Jews, a class of people partaking of the improvement now in general progression, to give their aid in arresting the causes of effects so deplorable as those which Mr Nicholson has endeavoured to remedy, and, we will hope, in some measure succeeded in remedying. There is little doubt that the influence of the higher orders of the Jews over the other orders of their singular and distinct people is immensely great. The manner in which they extend to them *pecuniary* aid is well known. Let these benefactors now add a *moral* munificence, and hasten the time when the stigma which now too justly attaches to the character of all Jewish trading transactions shall be no longer merited.

There are Jewish names which, were I privileged to write them here, would shew that there is redeeming light amid the darkness. But isolated or individual excellence is not enough. This is the age of diffusion. The practice of accumulation is, in many cases, fatal in its effects; since those who think they may be saved by the hoarded wealth or virtue of another will make little effort to have any of their own.

M. L. G.

THE BEGGAR'S WALLET.—No. IV.

THE SCRAP-STALL.

THE spectacle of human misery is, at all times, painful and humiliating; but local contrasts are not without effect in diminishing or aggravating its influence on the compassionate. A hamlet of hovels, for instance, lying on the outskirts of a sandy heath or Irish bog, looks as if Nature's self were at enmity with the land and its inhabitants; and a German village—some relic of feudal barbarism—knee-deep in mud and mud-deep in ignorance, seems as fitly appropriated to its bare-footed boors, as the squalid suburb of an English manufacturing town to its worn, sallow, ill-grown, unshorn population. Our hearts are, for a moment, wrung as we pass the cheerless refuge of these Paria tribes of Christendom; but, right or wrong, we accustom ourselves to regard such wretchedness as a species of providential condemnation, persuaded that we can do nothing

to alleviate misfortune on so vast a scale—misfortune apparently linked with the moral order or disorder of the universe.

But there are times and places where the sores of Lazarus, although doubly loathsome to the eye, seem to possess a sort of fascination for the soul; where we stand, and gaze, and shudder, and turn away, and gaze again; with our hearts heavy within us, and the tears congealed in our eyes: such as the cottage in some fertile country, some land flowing with milk and honey—a cottage hard by the park, where mottled deer are seen basking in the sun, and the lordly hall of freestone looks protectingly over the landscape—a cottage from whose door the broken-hearted labourer is ejected, whose one poor field has failed in yielding its annual rent-paying crop—his goods seized—his wife and babes driven forth to hunger by the way; while the minions of the law pounce on his hard pallet—his wicker chair—his broken crockery—his tattered Bible—as greedily as on the emblazoned goblets and silken hangings of some aristocratic defaulter; or such as the object of our present contemplation—the *Scrap-Stall* of the *Marché St Honoré*.

Every body knows that there exists, in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace of the Tuileries, a quarter called by most people, the Quartier Rivoli, by many, the *Quartier Anglais*—from being the resort of all wealthy English travellers visiting Paris—the buildings of which are the handsomest, most lofty, and most regular of the whole city; and, like the majority of its modern improvements, the creation of that very despotic Reformer—Napoleon Buonaparte. It is difficult, indeed, to fancy a more charming residence than the Rue de Rivoli. Overlooking the massive chestnut-groves of the gardens of the Tuileries, with their twenty avenues of orange-trees, crowded with gay and gaudy loungers, having, on the basement story, a noble arcade to shelter pedestrians from all changes of weather, lined by brilliant shops and tempting *cafés*—these mansions present a vast *façade* of regular frontage, forming a splendid object from the windows of that palace, from which, during the last forty years, such a variety of sovereigns have looked down upon their motley and most ungovernable, because most governable, subjects. From this noble street branch off several equally inviting; such as the Rue Castiglione—another monument of Buonapartian triumph—looking towards the Place Vendôme, and its memorable column; and the Rue du 29 Juillet—a monument to the triumph of the Three Days—looking towards the Marché St Honoré, *and its Scrap-Stall*. The column and the fame of Napoleon have formed, and form, the theme of poets, preachers, and philosophers; the Scrap-Stall of the Marché St Honoré belongs to ourselves.

That market obtains, however, in the mouths of the people, another designation. It is called the *Marché des Jacobins*—a name fraught with thrilling associations—and occupies the site of the very gardens of that very convent, where assembled that very club, the cradle of the Revolution, the Areopagus of Mirabeau and Marat, Robespierre and Danton—those moral Frankensteins, who manufactured a monster, while seeking to organize a divinity! As if to atone for the human blood sprinkled in libation to the infernal gods on its desecrated earth, Napoleon devoted the spot—when "human statutes" had purged once more "the general weal"—to the useful purposes of life, and better service of the people, by constructing there an airy and commodious market; and, although it has been rendered once again the arena of fruitless butchery, by the barricades erected to expel Charles X. and fortify Louis Philippe—as one might exchange the rhinoceros that gores, for the elephant that tramples down—the market still remains, to supply the daintiest fish, flesh, and fowl, for the Dives of the *Quartier Rivoli*.

There dwells the *Verdurier du Roi*, with his luscious exhibition of pine-apples and pomegranates; his musky truffles from Perigueux, during the winter season; his emerald-tipped asparagus, and tiny baskets of strawberries, during the early spring; his peaches from Montreuil, and chasselas from Fontainebleau, during the summer and autumn. There hangs the fat capon or *poularde*, from Le Mans; the plump ortolan or beccafico, from the South; the slender *chevreuil;* the early lamb, with its snowy fur; the aristocratic pheasant, in his golden plumage; the homely guinea-fowl; the red-legged partridge. Hard by, piles of cray-fish—baskets of oysters, from Cancâle or Ostend—the spotted trout—the silver smelt—the shapely salmon—the mottled mackarel—the opaque turbot, flat and heavy as a conservative member—the sharp-nosed pike, preserving, even on its leaden tray, the lean and hungry look of a place-hunter. Of grosser viands, we sing not: Homer might have described, though we shall *not*, stalls of fat beeves—veal from Pontoise, and mutton from the salt marshes. We shall not even touch upon the heaps of snowy cauliflowers, white and compact as a bishop's wig; amethystine brocoli; green pease, like globules of chrysophrase, at a guinea a-quart; melons plenty as pumpkins; pumpkins large enough for Cinderella's coach; faggots of chardrons; cartloads of artichokes; *pommes d'apis;* Crezanne pears, the counterfeits of reigning royalty; medlars, mushrooms, and other of its appropriate appendages. For the Market of the Jacobins, be it observed, situated in one of the most thriving and wealthy quarters of the city, surrounded by palaces, hotels, and coffee-houses, addresses itself especially to the factitious wants of the rich. There, early in the morning, may be seen the white night-caps ministering to the epicurism of all the opulent upstarts of the Place Vendôme; the *maitres d'hôtel* of princes and ministers; and, above all, of the *restaurateurs*, whose vocation it is to tickle the satiated palate of your travelled English lord—the Udes of the Café de Paris—the Carêmes of the Hotel de Bristol and Meurice's Hotel. The fattest of poultry, the freshest of fish, the earliest and latest of fruit, are sure to

be found there; *there* they are pre-assured of purchasers. *There* jingles the golden Napoleon, or clanks the heavy five-franc piece! In the *Marché des Innocens,* (commonly called *Les Halles,*) in the markets, St Eustache, St Joseph, D'Aguesseau, and others, brown money prevails; and you hear wrangling for a *liard,* and see fighting for a *gros sol.* But, in the Marché St Honoré, every bargain is politely carried on. The knight of the carving-knife bows, while he insinuates to the fishwife, that her lobster is pale of complexion, and stinketh in the nostrils; and not so much as a pennyworth of lentils is measured out with an ungracious hand. There is no trace of Billingsgate or Covent Garden; the Marché St Honoré is of the courts, courtly: and yet it contains *the Scrap-Stall.*

We do not affect fastidiousness. Others may turn daintily aside, when the dog's-meat man and his barrow approach some obscure alley; while we, professing, with the philosopher, Wordsworth, in his "Hartleap Well," that the great Master of all

> "Maintains a deep and reverential care
> For the unoffending creatures whom he loves,"

rejoice to behold the confidence testified by the domestic animals committed to the charge of mankind, in the tenderness of their keepers—the prick-eared excitement of the capering cur—the purring joy of waving-tailed grimalkin, on scenting her approaching dinner. We can look at the barrow without disgust—for it contains dog's-meat prepared for dogs; but we cannot look without loathing at the Scrap Stall—for it contains dog's-meat prepared for Christians!

The Market of the Jacobins has been described as situated in the midst of fashionable coffee-houses and opulent abodes; and it is merely from these that the broken meat is collected, which furnishes the booth in question. Fragments of the whitest bread—a hotch-potch of morsels of truffled turkies—rich ragoûts—salmis, which twelve pheasants have been pounded to compose, united with half-picked bones—strings and rags of gravy meats—game half decomposed—drumsticks of ganders, or the rank and fishy remnants of a wild duck, or teal—the scum of the greasy pots—the crumbling crust of the mouldy pâté—the refuse leaf of rank bacon, which once screened the tender breast of a roasted quail—the mould of sour paste, which formerly covered the fat of a saddle of *Pre salé* mutton—"Take physic, Pomp!"—Hold not thy nose as thou readest!—*these* constitute but the finer elements of the feast. *These* have again a refuse of their own. *These,* set forth on a wooden platter, with a knife and fork of pewter, or *métal d'Alger,* are for the Seftons and Warrenders of the poor; *their* leavings are again made up to furnish forth the Scrap-Stall, and feed the ragged mendicant who crawls there, farthing in hand, in the dusk of the evening;—for the infirm—the aged—the friendless—the orphan—the widow—and, worst of all, for the needy of better birth, who cannot dig, and to beg are ashamed.

There was a time—and the custom, we suspect, was one of the few regrettable observances of the feudal era—when the poor had a sort of prescriptive right to the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table: pilgrims and way-farers, the feeble and the old, were fed, by daily custom, at the gates of religious and noble houses, with the fragments of the feast devoured within. If the *très haut et très puissant Seigneurs,* of seigneurial times, looked upon the poor as upon the beasts that perish, at least they threw them a bone or two in compensation; instead of saying, as now—"My cook is one of the greatest rogues and first artists in Europe; God forbid that I should interfere with the fellow's perquisites! He realizes a handsome competence out of the *restes* of my table; and so much the better for us both." For how should such a man, rolling in his blazoned chariot, from his hotel in the Rue St Honoré, to pay his court in the throne-room of the Tuileries—supported on air cushions, or balancing himself with caoutchouc suspenders—become cognizant, as his gay equipage traverses the market, of the very existence of a scrap-stall? Were it, indeed, to arrest his eye, he would probably ejaculate, after a purifying pinch of Bolongaro, "The police should suppress the thing as a nuisance! What right have they to carry on so filthy a commerce, under the very nose of the most civilized portion of the community? I shall speak to Thiers, to get the Scrap-Stall suppressed." He knows not—he would not believe, were it asserted to him—that hundreds seek there their daily bread; that it is a land of Cocaigne to them that perish for lack of food; that hungry mouths water when they do but think of that olio of gastronomic abominations; that many a mother, gazing upon her lean and craving children, lets fall a bitter tear that her young ravens must still lack meat—that she has no longer wherewithal to visit the Scrap-Stall! No, no! *Monsieur le Duc!* be not too curious in your legislations! Leave to the beggar his luxuries—leave to the poor their consolation. They hunger, they thirst, they toil; the sweat of their brows is derided by a festive crown of thistles, where yours is graced with vine leaves or with roses. The sweets of life are not for the helots of your land. Labour and care are their portion, between the swaddling clothes and the shroud. Grudge them not your broken victuals, which they purchase by the miserable coin of their own earning. Banish them not forth—oh! banish them not from the Scrap-Stall! They have "a lean and hungry look," and the eye of God is upon them! See that He judge not between ye; see that He demand not a scathing account of the good things, which the man clothed in purple and fine linen hath received at his hands!

But we must generalize no longer. We have a story—and our story a hero—that must not be overlooked.

It was on a glowing midsummer evening of last year, that the idleness, which is our life's sweet business, directed our wandering course towards the gay gardens of the Tuileries—the murmur of whose cheerful voices might be heard

from afar—across the Jacobin Market Place; and, on reaching the stone fountain forming its centre, we paused to contemplate the glowing pyramids of strawberries, pines, and hautboys; of raspberries red as the ruby fruits of Aladdin's subterranean garden; of green figs—of transparent currants—of early apricots; enticing as the feast spread forth by Eve, in her innocence, for her husband and his angel guest. On a sudden, we were struck by an unsavoury odour—by the sound of harsh disputation; and, glancing between the thronged fruit-stalls, caught a glimpse of an emporium of broken meats, and recollected our vicinity to the Scrap-Stall. Turning across the *Place* towards the surrounding houses, we immediately stationed ourselves at the window of the neighbouring herborist, as if to gaze upon its heterogeneous adornments—its garlands of fresh ivy leaves, dried hyssop, camomile flowers; bunches of *chien dent*, horse radish, poppy heads, millet seed; its fine lively leeches, gold-fishes, birds' nests, marine shells, and stuffed birds; its split-peas, dried violets, marsh mallows, and other elements of diet drink; but, in reality, to fix our observations upon the adjoining booth. It would have been cruel to approach nearer. We love to play Apemantus at the banquets of the rich; but would, on no account, run the risk of damping the appetite of the poor.

The motive, however, of our especial coyness, on the present occasion, was, that we had noticed, advancing from the corner of the Rue de la Corderie, a remarkable looking individual, who appeared to be directing his indirect route towards the *Café de la Misère*. It was the wreck of one of the finest of fine forms; displaying, even amid the gauntness of famine and despair, that air of distinction which nature confers in her bounty, when she would create a noble of her own. But the stranger's hat was pulled so closely over his eyes, that we could by no means catch a view of his countenance; and the lower part of his face, which alone was visible, was covered by a beard of a week's growth, leaving to view only two parched lips, scarcely discernible from the sallow visage. Nevertheless, around that mouth lurked a singular expression of mingled good and evil—of tenderness blended with ferocity—of the lion and the lamb. For some minutes, he walked leisurely, but uncollectedly, along the line of stalls; as if contemplating the rich display of summer fruits still remaining unsold. Yet ever and anon he returned towards a certain spot, watching to see if any were on the watch, and circling round and round, like a hawk on the eve of a stoop, ere he ventured to settle at the Scrap-Stall.

At length, little suspecting that the spectacles through which we were pretending to examine the glass-cases of shells and minerals stuck up in the herborist's window, were in truth fixed upon his movements, he made a sort of dart at the stall, whispered a word to the old woman presiding over its unctuous compter, seized the bowl of miserable morsels she presented, emptied it into a handkerchief, and throwing down in return a sum, (it were vain to guess how pitiful,) hurried back towards the obscure street from whence he had issued. Scarcely, however, had he reached it, when some sudden idea appeared to strike his mind, probably in repentance of the haste of his bargain; for, having groped to the corner of his pocket and discovered some unexpected store, an odd halfpenny or farthing ensconced in its farthest corner, he retraced his steps, unfolded the handkerchief, examined the quality of its revolting contents, demanded the price of a plate of choicer viands set apart from the rest, tendered his last coin, and was so fortunate as to obtain an exchange of commodities: and now he appeared grown bolder in his vocation, from having obtained a momentary triumph over his pride; for, on returning once more towards the Rue de la Corderie, his steps were no longer hurried, nor his face so studiously concealed. It is true the twilight was growing duskier every moment—*so* dusky, that even through our spectacles his features were no longer distinguishable.

Something in the air of decayed nobility investing his person, and a sort of self-disdain, or disdain of his pitiful position, interested our feelings; and having thus admitted a sympathy with the sorrows of life wholly at variance with an editorial nature, let us fling aside the magniloquent "WE" of our ordinary diction, and admit ourselves—nor more nor less—a man!

I resolved, then, to follow the stranger compelled to furnish his meals at a scrap-stall; feeling convinced that the food thus painfully procured was not intended to appease his solitary hunger, but that the daintiness of the afterthought, urging the proud man to return and mend his cheer, avouched that the sacrifice was made to some being dearly loved—some companion—a wife, a darling child—whose delicacy might be revolted by the coarseness of the viands which the haste of shame had made his own. I assured myself, in the first instance, that my purse was in its right place in my pocket, (I knew that my heart was in its right place in my bosom!) and making my stealthy way after the stranger, made up my mind to ascertain the exact place of his abode, and learn as much of his character and habits as might warrant me in becoming his benefactor. It seemed an act of injury, however, to misdoubt him; his every look and motion gave token of a superior nature struggling with the woes of adversity.

To follow him closely enough for my purpose was, however, no easy matter; for, no sooner had he cleared the open area of the market place, and entered the adjoining dark and narrow street, than he stepped out with gigantic strides; and it required my utmost exertions to overtake him as he reached one of those miserable streets, the abode of vice and infamy, crossing from the neighbourhood of the Rue de Richelieu to that of St Roch, where he turned into a low filthy gateway and disappeared. But I was already close upon him. A glazed box, situated on one

side the entrance, and recognisable by the sliding pannel in the window, as intended to represent a *loge de concierge*, presented itself, to remind me that I needed a pretext for my intrusion.

"I want to speak to the gentleman who has just gone up stairs," said I, confronting the effluvia of leeks, tobacco, and *soup aux choux* sure to emanate from the porter's lodge of every house of even secondary condition in the French metropolis.

"To Monsieur Jean?"

"Yes, to Monsieur Jean," I replied, glad to have obtained even so much intelligence of my unknown friend; "on which floor does he lodge?"

"But, if Monsieur be an acquaintance, surely he should know as well as myself?" observed the surly dirty old woman, evidently disposed to close her window against my interrogations.

"I have not visited him since he lodged here," was my evasive reply.

"Then, Monsieur cannot certainly pretend to be his friend, since he has been in the house two years and half a term;" and she muttered something about my "friend" not being likely to lodge there much longer, unless his two last terms were speedily accounted for.

"Monsieur Jean lodges, then, still on the fifth floor?" said I, willing to try the hazard of a supposition.

"Does he, indeed! I am your humble servant!" cried the woman; "I would have you to know that the *cinquième* of my master, Monsieur Courvoisin's house, (three comfortable chambers and a kitchen, to say nothing of closets!) was never let to persons of *his* class, or the likes of them."

"Of his *class?*" I involuntarily reiterated.

"I mean, to beggars wanting a coat to their back, and a meal to their table," added she; subjoining, with great *hauteur*—"No, Sir! if you grope your way up to the *mansarde*," (Goldsmith's "first floor down the chimney," thought I, *par paranthèse!*) "taking care not to miss the steps of the ladder in the dark—you may chance to find your *friend*" (again she laid a malicious emphasis on the word) "gnawing a mouldy crust, and as proud over it as a lord!"—And, with a significant jerk, Madame la Portière closed the window, evidently disdaining further colloquy with the friend of "Monsieur Jean!" I had, therefore, only to follow the stranger up stairs and ladder, with the provoking certainty that, having now got so long the start of me, he must, by this time, be engaged in feeding on the wretched provisions of which I had seen him become the purchaser.

The miserable staircase creaked under my footsteps; and, as not a ray of daylight or candlelight penetrated its foul recesses, it was only by a compound of villanous smells that the filthiness of the place revealed itself. By sad degrees, I climbed the first, second, third, and fourth floors, even to that honourable eminence of the fifth, so ostentatiously advocated by the porteress. There was still a sixth intervening betwixt me and the *mansarde;* nor was it till I had reached the ladder's foot, that I began to contemplate the hazards that might be connected with my intrusion into the den of one so opprobriously designated by the only person from whom I could obtain intelligence of *him* or his whereabout. Whispering to myself, that persons of *very* suspicious character are seldom to be found lodging, for nearly three years together, in a quarter so strictly under the *surveillance* of the police, as that in which I found myself, I determined to persevere; and having attained the *mansarde*, or loft, boarded off, as in all Paris houses, out of the sloping of the roof, I peeped through a pane of glass, forming the ventilator in the door of the first of the two rooms composing the apartments, and, by the light of a rush-light burning within, beheld my friend, Monsieur Jean, in the act of arranging, on a platter scrupulously clean, the most choice morsels of his wretched repast. Ude himself could not have shewn greater fastidiousness in his mode of placing them to the best advantage. A fresh roll, and some salt screwed in a cornet of paper, lay beside the plate.

"The fellow cannot surely be taking all these pains for his own supper?" was my involuntary notion, as I marked the gleam of satisfaction—of anticipated enjoyment—irradiating his wan, sunken face. "He cannot be playing the Lucullus over his scraps?"

But, while I was thus cogitating, the ear of the stranger was startled, probably by the rustling of my coat against the boards of the partition; for, flinging over the preparation of his meal, the handkerchief in which it had been transported, and thrusting into his bosom a table knife with which he had been arranging them, Monsieur Jean turned to the door, impetuously drew aside its rusty bolt, and fiercely demanded, "Who was there?"

"*A friend!*" was my instantaneous reply, the knife not having failed to produce a certain effect upon my feelings.

"I have no friend!—Name yourself!" persisted Monsieur Jean.

"You would not recognise my name," I replied, with as much calmness as I could assume; "and I would willingly prove my pretensions by deeds, not words;—suffer me to enter your room and hold a few minutes' conversation with you."

"You are a spy of the police!" cried he, adding an ingenious invective, and evidently disposed to make me descend the ladder in a mode far more summary than that of my ascent.

"I am no spy, Monsieur Jean," said I, "and I could easily make you ashamed of your mistrust."

Evidently startled at hearing himself addressed by name, he exclaimed, "And what, then, is your business here, that you come in this stealthy manner, and at this unseasonable hour?"

"I followed you home, Sir," I replied, judging it better to be explicit with an individual holding me on the brink of a six-foot ladder, with a sharp pointed knife concealed in his breast—"I

watched you from the Marché St Honoré; I observed the nature of your purchase, and, forming my own conclusions, that"——

But he did not suffer me to conclude. "You *watched* me—you dogged my steps—you come to pry into the nakedness of my home, and exult over my misery!" interrupted he, with a furious burst of indignation. "Meddling fool! I should do but justice on your miserable person, were I to precipitate you headlong from the retreat you have invaded. Know you not that the home of affliction is sacred as the Temple of God?—Away with you! Be off!—Disappear! or, as Heaven is above us, I will spurn you with my foot from hence to the stair-foot, as a lesson to such base, eavesdropping intruders!"

I saw that he was about to suit the action to the word; and, as neither the man nor his mood were to be argued with, I profited by his exhaustion of breath, and crept down the ladder with as much alacrity as I could muster; and saw him pursue me from landing to landing, till I attained the second floor; from the window of which, overlooking the entrance, he probably assured himself of my exit from the house.

And thus ended my errand, though not my projects! Harshly as my good intentions had been negatived, I was only more persuaded than before, of the necessities of their object, and determined to minister to their alleviation. It was not too late to visit the Scrap-Stall; nor did the sense of degradation urge any motive to myself to shrink from its humiliating vicinage. Ten minutes carried me back to the market-place, already deserted by the venders of fresh provisions. But there was light at the miserable mart of broken victuals; for this was the hour most convenient to the waiters and lackeys, the habitual purveyors of the establishment, for conveying to the booth of La Mère Urs'line, the pilferings and perquisites supplying the elements of her commerce; and when I made my way to her wooden chair of state, there stood waiting around it a circle of *commissionnaires*, errand-boys, and the *garçons* of the *garçons* of the cafés of the Rue di Rivoli; some bearing tureens of gravy meats; some, sallad bowls piled with trencher scrapings; some, a china-dish containing choice morsels; and some, pitchers and other uncouth utensils of *grès*, laden with pickings and stealings of a most miscellaneous nature. It resembled a procession of marriage gifts in an English Easter-piece; but the wooden platter supplied the place of the goblet of gold, and the bride was evidently daughter to the King of the Beggars!

Nor was the booth wholly cleared of its customers. A *gourmét* of the first water—from the silver plate on his breast and glazed hat on his head, evidently a hackney coachman—(cunning rogue!) was culling the *choice* bits of the newly furnished larder; the carcasses of capons and ribs of lamb, freshly purloined from the sideboards of Laiter and Morinot. He was either a favoured friend—the fancy man of *La Mère Urs'line*—or a caitiff deeply studied in the *Code Gourmand*.

"Hark ye, Persper!"—cried he, to a sallow lad, whom I had often noticed as a sort of deputy's-deputy of a hanger-on to the waiters of Meurice's hotel—"your *chef* at Meurice's is not what he used to be. All last winter I did myself the honour of boarding with *La Mère Urs'line*, instead of frequenting a wholesome *Cuisine bourgeoise* for my *soupe* and *bouilli*, like No. 301, No. 74, and No. 200, my particular cronies. I condescended to come scrap-hunting here to the Jacobins, like the driver of a cab or a *coucou*—induced by the capital *morceau truffés*, it was now and then my fortune to fish up out of yours and Laiter's remnants. But, by the bones of St Magloire, I would as soon have to dine off the whitings' heads and lobster shells of the *Poissonnerie Anglaise*, as depend on anything you have furnished for the last three months."

"'Tis no fault of mine!" cried the lad sullenly; for his basket was just then under the scrutiny of *La Mère Urs'line*. We have had such wretched low company of lodgers in the hotel this winter—not so much as a Milor!—Nothing like the plenty and waste of last season. They say that all the mischief arises from the change of ministry in England; that the moneyed people are now in place, and cannot come to Paris to amuse themselves; while the pitiful fellows we have at Meurice's, at present, will pick you a fowl to the very drumsticks, and were never known to leave so much as a truffle or cockscomb of the *vol à vent* in the dish, for manners!"

"The beggars!" cried *La Mere Urs'line*—"they deserve to be made ministers for their pains!"

"*Quels dinés,*
Quels dinés
Les ministres m'ont donnés!
Oh! que j'ai fait de bons dinés!"

sang out No. 109;—for such, I perceived, by the silver plate on his blue coat turned up with red, was the familiar designation of my friend, the *fiacre*. "*La Mère Urs'line!—La Mère Urs'line! si c'est l'effet de vot' complaisance—la carte payante!*" And, taking from his pockets a long leathern bag, he proceeded to tell over his twopenny pieces—favouring us, during the operation, with another gay *refrain* of Béranger's—

"*Oui, dans ton Empire*
Cocagne, on respire—
Mais qui vient détruire
Ce rêve enchanteur?
Amis, j'en ai honte—
C'est quelqu'un qui monte
Apporter le compte
Du Restaurateur."

A long flourishing cadence concluded his song; for No. 109 had evidently imbibed more than was good for his reputation as a charioteer, of the red gargle, sold, under the name of wine, at the nearest *cabaret*, before he had done justice to the dainty viands of *La Mère Urs'line*.

"*Après nous s'il en reste, not' bourgeois!*" was his parting apostrophe to myself, plucking me familiarly by the sleeve, as he staggered

away from the compter, evidently mistaking me for a fellow-customer, or, perhaps, for a bottle-companion; and the attention of *La Mère Urs'line* thus directed towards me, she forthwith addressed me with an explicit "*Qu' est ce qu'il y a pour le service de Monsieur?*"—to which I was forced to reply with an entreaty for a few words of private audience. A remonstrance immediately rose to her lips; for the withered hag probably anticipated a request for credit, or, perhaps, for an eleemosynary meal. But, her greasy hand once crossed with silver, her apprehensions subsided, and she invited me to follow her a few steps apart from the wooden chair forming her throne of empire; so that, while answering my interrogatories, she might still keep an eye upon the Scrap-Stall.

"You are acquainted with Monsieur Jean?" said I, coming at once to the point.

"And if I am, I know no harm of him!" was her tart reply. "If you have no better business, friend, than to ask idle questions about my customers, prythee let me proceed with my own, that yonder lads may be off to theirs."

"In a minute—in a minute!" cried I. "I have no idle demand to make. I would only fain acquaint myself what are Monsieur Jean's pursuits and habits, before——"

"A *mouchard!*—as I live, a spy of the villain Gisquet!" cried *La Mère Urs'line*, recoiling from me as from a viper, while I, aware to what unsatisfactory treatment so degrading an accusation might subject me, in a place such as I was then frequenting, silenced her outcries by the summary measure of covering her mouth with my hand, while I assured her, with considerable vehemence, that I was no *mouchard*, but merely a well-wisher to Monsieur Jean, desirous to learn from her whether he were not in necessitous plights, and had not other mouths than his own to supply from her stores.

"More, poor fellow, than he has well wherewithal to satisfy," replied the old woman. "Either the sick or aged, I suspect, are dependent on his providing; for 'tis always the tenderest of food he chooses at my stall. Poor as he may be—no bargaining—a question, and down with the money!—or his hat pulled over his eyes, and away at once—as much as to say, 'I have not so much to give.' And, all the time, such a grand look with him, that one darn't venture to say, 'Take it, and much good may't do ye; pay me when ye can."

"Poor Jean!"

"Ay, poor indeed! Every day poorer—every day weaker and more wasted. It will not last long, I'm thinking. 'Tis now near a year since he first furnished himself here, always with the ready penny. But his visits and his pence grow rare. More's the pity that a noble heart, like his, should ever want."

"You think, then, that he is in trouble?" I inquired. "You think money would relieve him?" And, by the flaring of the lamp suspended over the stall, I could perceive that La Mère Urs'line grinned a grin, which plainly inferred, "*What* cares *are* there that money will not relieve?"

"Take this, then," said I, tendering her a small sum. "When Monsieur Jean presents himself, you will, for the future, be careful to provide him with your best, and in sufficiency. Tell him a friend has paid his *écot*, and will pay it through the summer." And, without waiting to listen to the flattering epithets with which the old lady seemed disposed to qualify my conduct, I made off again towards the street inhabited by my protégé, in order to inquire of the porter, whether her employer, Monsieur Courvoisin, lived in his own house, and was to be spoken with.

"Where had I lived," she roughly demanded, answering my query with another—"not to be aware that Monsieur Courvoisin inhabited the second floor of his residence in the Rue Pavée St André? He did not so much as visit his possessions in the *quartier St Roch* above once in two months; all his arrangements with his lodgers being managed by herself—his confidential *concierge*."

"You can inform me, then," said I, "exactly what sum Monsieur Jean is indebted to your master for the two terms already expired; or, rather, the exact rent, per year, of the *mansarde* he inhabits?"

"Ten crowns per annum, and not a franc overpaid," cried she; "even including the five-franc-piece of *étrennes*, which it is the custom of all the lodgers in the house to present to Monsieur Courvoisin's *concierge* on New Year's Day."

On this hint, I could do no less than stand reminded that the two terms owing included this memorable epoch of annual largesse; and, without inquiring whether Monsieur Jean had already fulfilled a similar act of justice, placed the specific coin in her hand, with the six others of similar value necessary to make up a year's rent for the lodger of the *mansarde*. Having pointed out to the woman, who already began to overpower me with civilities, that "my friend" was now Monsieur Courvoison's tenant till the ensuing Christmas, she insisted on writing me out a receipt for the money, probably in the hope of making herself acquainted with my name; but having requested her to substitute that of Monsieur Jean, I desired that the paper might be presented to him on the morrow, with the best wishes of his late visiter.

And thus, having purchased a good night's rest at the expense of little more than a couple of guineas, I cheerfully resigned myself to the loss of my walk in the gardens; and went home with the flattering unction laid to my soul, that, although debarred from the exercise of philanthropy on a very extensive scale, I might flatter myself with the hope of having now and then somewhat Macadamized the flints scattered along the rugged pathway of my fellow pilgrims of the world.

It was my serious intention to take an opportunity of revisiting La Mère Urs'line, and inquiring further into the prospects of my *protégé*.

But the summer heats brought illness, and illness necessitated my removal to Montmorency, for change of air; and, on my return, to the shame of my humanity be it written, I had forgotten Monsieur Jean; and, lodging near the Barrière du Roche for the benefit of a purer atmosphere, I ceased to traverse the Marché St Honoré; so that the reeking steam-pots of the Scrap-Stall, and the broken victuals of its *buffets*, totally escaped my recollection.

One evening—one of those heavy evenings in November, when the chilly fog clings round one's limbs, like a shroud glued by the death-damp—it happened that I was alighting from one of the better order of hackney coaches, known by the name of *citadines*, at the door of Borel's celebrated *restaurant*, the *Rocher de Caneale;* when the pleasing contrast of the bright lamps within, or, perhaps, the still more agreeable anticipation of the excellent dinner I was about to digest, warmed my heart to the point of bestowing an extra franc upon my civil driver. But the man, instead of pocketing my gratuity, stood twisting the coin between his finger and thumb, smiling in my face, and giving me no opportunity to extricate myself from his vehicle.

"I fancy *not' bourgeois* does not recollect me?" quoth he, at last. "I am Gregoire, sir—the same who used to drive No. 109, at your service; but my old master is lately dead, and my good certificates have promoted me to the coach-box of a *citadine*. It was but t'other day, *not' bourgeois*, we were talking of you at the Jacobins, and La Mère Urs'line said, she would give her best copper stew-pan to see your face again; for 'twas not often she had set eyes on such, or so warm-thoughted towards the poor. You see, sir, Monsieur Jean has been in trouble."

"Aha!" cried I—the name of Jean bringing at once to my mind the whole scene of the Marché St Honoré—the Scrap-Stall, and gastrophilite hackney coachman. "And why did they not let me know? But I forget; I gave them no address—no name. I am in fault—I must repair it. In trouble, say you? Of what nature?"

"The common nature of human trouble, *mon bon Monsieur!*" cried No 109, casting a significant glance towards the resplendent windows of the café: an empty stomach, or rather empty stomachs, and nought to put into 'em. Methinks Madame Urs'line said something, too, of sickness and affliction in his family," pursued he, assigning a very secondary influence to all but the disappointments of the appetite. "But I scarcely know what"——

"We will go and see, Grégoire," said I. "I retain you by the hour. In twenty minutes or so, I shall have dined, and we will set off and make inquiries."

"Twenty minutes for a dinner at Borel's?" cried 109, with a knowing smile; "a thousand pardons, *not' bourgeois*; but your oysters alone (the small *Murenes* sort are in season now, sir,) will take you half the time! But *n'importe!* Here I am, and I shall be at your service; and if you miss me at coming out, I shall be no farther off than the sign of the Golden Quince at the corner of the next street. They have *cassio* there of a quality that I make it a point never to come so far as the Rocher, without tasting."

Grégoire was, however, better than his word. When I issued forth at the close of one of those exquisite dinners of Borel's which sit as lightly on the digestion as a good action on the conscience, I found him watching through the window the antics of Madame Borel's three celebrated Angora cats; and, on perceiving me, he whistled to his horses, who advanced a few yards at the signal; down went the steps of the citadine—up went my noble self—the steps—the glasses; and off at a long trot along the Rue Montorgueil towards the Palais Royal. I had directed Grégoire to stop a few doors from the dwelling-house of Monsieur Jean; and this time, at least, I found no difficulty in procuring admission from the surly *concierge*. "God bless you, sir," cried she, on recognising me—"You are come late; but, I trust, not *too* late; poor Monsieur Jean has had much need lately of his friends." She even deigned to lend me her candle, (she could not quit her post to give me the honour of her attendance,) to secure me from the perils and dangers of a second escalade in the dark.

Nor, on this occasion, had I much to apprehend from the surliness of Jean. The door of the outer garret was unbolted; that of the inner one wide open, as if to ventilate the chamber. And truly, even cold as was the weather, the precaution was needed; for, within that narrow space, were crowded four living individuals, and a corpse!

Foremost in the melancholy group that met my eye as I entered the room, was Monsieur Jean, the mere shadow of his former shadowy self—a hectic flush upon his cheek—a wild glare of desperation in his eyes—hanging over and intently regarding a sick infant, which a pale, miserable-looking young woman was soothing and striving to pacify on her knees, lest its cries should disturb some person apparently asleep, on a field-bed placed against the wall—the only one which the denuded chamber seemed to contain. Nearer to the sloping window of the roof, with a tall taper burning on a chair at its feet, lay the body of a young child, stretched on a table covered with a linen-cloth; and, ever and anon, between the peevish shrieks of the sick infant, the young mother cast wistful looks towards the remains of her first-born—beside which she longed to weep—beside which she longed to pray; and, perhaps, could her heart have spoken, longed to die.

I was standing by the side of Jean, before he noticed my approach; but, when our eyes met, he seemed very little startled by my intrusion; not that he recognised my person, but he cared for nothing now. All the world might come s. they pleased, and pry into his wretchedness The man was heart-broken.

"Have you had medical advice?" whispered I, touching him on the sleeve.

"Where was I to get it? What doctor climbs up to the beggar's *mansarde*. Are you, Sir, a physician?"

I shook my head in reply.

"A nurse, who lodges in the *entresol* of the house, came to look at the other," said he; "but she told me it was too late for the reach of skill. My boy died of want of proper air and nourishment; and this one is going, too, and of the same fever. I know not why we weep: God judges better than we judge for ourselves! Why should we wish our children to survive to a life of hunger and wretchedness?" And the proud man clasped his hands over his face, and wept aloud.

I did not attempt to console him; but instantly and silently quitted the room, betook myself to the concierge, to inquire whether there were no wholesome chamber untenanted in the house; and, on learning that the front apartment of the fourth floor was disposable, begged her to make a fire there at my cost, and prepare beds in the two chambers of which she stated it to be composed. I next visited Grégoire, and despatched him in search of a medical man of my acquaintance, residing at no great distance; and, having re-ascended to the attic, Jean looked round as I entered, and seemed to welcome my second coming as that of a friend.

"I know you *now*," said he, in a hoarse whisper. "You are the good man who secured us food and lodging at the height of our distress in the summer."

"Let us not talk of that now," said I; "I am much to blame in having so long forgotten you. Unhappily, you still need the consolation of friendship—trust to mine."

"It is too late," faltered he, again clasping his hand. "Some of those dear ones are gone—others are going—what further need have I to live and suffer?"

A low tap at the door now attracted my notice, though lost to the ear of Jean; and, going towards it, I found a neat-looking little girl of about twelve years old, waiting without, with an earthen pitcher in her hand.

"Madame Urs'line sends her best respects to Monsieur and Madame Jean," said she, placing it under my care; "and hopes they will find this *bouillon* good; for she made it for them with her own hands; and she begged me to say she should be able to shut up her stall in an hour or two; and, if it could be in any wise comfortable to them, she would come and sit up; and to send back word by me, if there be anything wanting, that she may bring it with her."

Eager to benefit by the good old woman's assistance, my orders were promptly given, and liberally reinforced; and by the time the porter arrived with intelligence that the apartment below was warm and ready for the reception of its new tenants, my quondam friend, Madame Urs'line, had also made her appearance, charged with those necessaries of life which seemed so miserably deficient in the sick household. One arrival, however, was still indispensable. The sanction of my friend, Dr Dubois, was necessary, ere we attempted the removal of Jean's aged father and dying infant. But this having been at length promised, with an assurance, moreover, that the change of air would be highly beneficial to both, we managed, with no small difficulty, to accomplish the translation. Dubois and myself aided in transporting the poor old man, insensible to our interference; but I overheard the young wife whispering an entreaty to her husband that no hands but his own might be laid on the dead body of her darling child. With a woman's instinct, she still yearned towards the wasted, frail, inanimate remains, stretched beneath that miserable sheet, more than towards all else this world contained! *La Mère Urs'line* was of material service in forwarding our measures; suggesting when *we* should have been ignorant how to suggest, supplying, when *we* were ignorant what was needful. There was no great stock of goods to create confusion. Within an hour all were installed in peace; the old man resting in a clean and comfortable bed, a nurse recommended by the porter stationed by the fireside, and, in the other room, the mother and her babe reposing in an easy chair, with Jean beside her, watching the effects of the potions administered by Dubois. Already hope shone in their faces. They had found a friend; heaven had not deserted them. It was only the mother who still murmured through her falling tears—"He has done wonders for us; but he cannot call back the dead!"

Thus comforted, *La Mère Urs'line* and myself agreed to leave them to their rest. Grégoire was still in waiting to convey us home; and when I remembered that she alone, herself necessitous and laborious, had continued to minister to the wants of the needy family I had forgotten, I felt proud of being seated in my citadine, driven by No. 109, and side by side with the mistress of the Scrap-Stall.

On the morrow I was early at my post; for I had promised Jean to bear him company in following his child to the grave; who, but for the timely intervention of Grégoire, would have been consigned to the *fosse des pauvres*, or paupers' grave. I had not courage to witness the anguish of the mother in parting from the body of her child, for to *that* I could bring no alleviation; but waited with the priest and his silver cross beneath the black serge draperies of the gateway, which the *concierge*, having received my orders for the arrangements of the funeral on a decent scale, had judged it due to the credit of the house to see appended. A bitter winter's wind, mingled with sleet, blew in our faces as we quitted the house to carry forth the human clay unto its parent dust. All was cheerless, all in consonance with the darker realities of life—with want, with wo, with the cutting off of the young, with the lingering life of the helpless and decrepit.

But it is not now my purpose to retrace, pang by pang, the sorrows of the afflicted family, or their gradual restoration to a happier frame of

mind and body. Suffice it that every hour of the day I devoted to their service, tended to elevate the kind husband, the devoted son, in my estimation. All that I saw, all that I heard of Jean, displayed him in a noble light; and, within a week of my first re-introduction, he imbibed sufficient faith in my good will to confide to me his eventful history. To relate it with the wild eloquence of feeling that characterised his own narrative, is impossible; but even briefly and simply told, there is a lesson worth a thousand homilies in the life of the hero of the Scrap-Stall.

Jean was the only son of a man of high integrity and moderate abilities—a Marquis; but ennobled by a mere *noblesse de province;* whose family interests had procured him, at the restoration of the Bourbons, a place in the administration, with a salary of some twelve thousand francs per annum, a considerable income in France. The Marquis, as it may be supposed, was, or *became*, a stanch royalist; while Jean, who, at the arrival of the Allies, had been on the point of entering the Ecole Polytechnique, preparatory to a soldier's career, could by no means reconcile himself to his auspicious change of prospects. As an *Etudiant en Droit*, (the profession now chosen for him by his family,) he remained an enthusiastic Buonapartist, associated himself with turbulent and disaffected companions, and, although a tender and devoted son, could not be induced to believe that the political intemperance which, at twelve years' old, was regarded as the folly of a boy, might, at twenty, tend to endanger the social position of his parents. His father grew anxious—more, however, for the prospects of his enthusiastic and talented son, than for his own; and, in his eagerness to break off certain connexions formed by Jean among the leading liberals of the times, rashly accepted the proposal of a near relative, opportunely nominated to a high diplomatic appointment in the United States, that Jean should accompany him to his destination in the capacity of private secretary.

Five years did he pass in the capital of the free country, chiefly occupied in familiarizing himself with its laws and institutions, a study which did not tend to deliberalize the principles of the youthful patriot; and when, at length, a change of ministry, causing the removal of his kinsman, afforded him a pretext for returning to his native country, shortly after the accession of Charles X., the Marquis had the mortification to discover that time, which had so notably matured the mind and improved the person and address of his son, had done nothing towards moderating the ardour of his political atheism. Jean returned to Europe a decided Republican.

During his absence, the Marquis had become a widower; and all his hopes and affections were now concentred in the one beloved son, over whose noble qualities and endowments he still rejoiced with trembling. But the old man clung with eagerness to his official dignities. The very name of "*fonctionnaire public*" was to him, as to most Frenchmen, a title of honour. He loved to pass the day over his desk, to take his early station at his *bureau*, and retain it late; to attend the weekly levees of ministers; and twice or thrice a year, ensconce his embroidered suit, and perform his Ko-tou before the face of royalty. His three bows of ceremony in the circle at the Tuileries, stood, in the estimation of the foolish old gentleman, as an act of loyal devotion, perfuming and embalming his days—past, present, and to come. His son, meanwhile, smiled at his infatuation; but smiled apart, so as to give neither pain nor offence to the parent by whom he was so well beloved, so ill appreciated.

But the administration of Polignac was already exercising its withering influence over the land; and Jean, leagued with the high intelligences of the times, a favoured guest in the circles of Manuel and Foy, Lafitte and Lafayette, and the hand-in-hand companion of Béranger, Benjamin Constant, Jouy, Chevalier Delavigne, Lebrun, Hugo, and other chosen ones of the heirs of Fame, became loud among the discontented, and, at length, active among the disaffected. Young as he was, his voice possessed as much influence as his arm vigour.

The result of all this, under a government watched for by the Argus eyes, and administered to by the Briarean hands of the police, may readily be conjectured. The Marquis, on a slight pretext, was dismissed from his office; and, although he conducted himself on the occasion with more dignity than might have been anticipated, in the conviction that he had been deprived of his beloved place for the sake of his beloved son, and that, in retiring to live upon his scanty patrimony, he should be supported by the noble character and strength of mind of Jean, happiness was thenceforward banished from their little household. The young patriot had already attached himself to a lovely and accomplished girl, to whose hand his sudden reverse of fortune forbade him to aspire; while the Marquis, deprived of his mechanical occupation, and banished from his daily haunts and ancient neighbourhood, became peevish, sickly, and hypochondriac.

Jean had, however, too much occupation, and of too serious a nature, on his hands, to lose time in fruitless discontent. The oppressions and exactions of a most unpopular government were daily lending strength and activity to the Republican party. The gradually increasing murmurs of the press, like the progressive growlings of a volcano, gave tokens of a coming eruption; and Jean, leagued only with the pure in intention and lofty in spirit, rejoiced in the approach of an hour of danger—a sublime crisis, promising regeneration and tranquillity. He saw that the blindness of the king, and the madness of his counsellors, would accelerate the already inevitable national revolution; and, although incapable of so small an exercise of power as to restore his father to his desk, or reconcile the old man to its loss, he flattered himself that he could assist in reversing the destinies of a mighty nation,

and controlling the historical fatality which, from age to age, engrafts despotism upon civilization, and bases that most wooden of stools, the throne of royalty, upon all that is noble in the world of refinement and of art! He blinded himself to the fact, that a social pyramid, with the people for its basis, and a gradually ascending aristocracy for its superstructure, cannot be complete in symmetry without an autocrat for its apex. Clever as he was, Jean retained unlimited faith in the existence of the self-denying republican principle, in vain, frivolous, and egotistical France.

The day of trial came. The Ordonnances appeared—the people resisted; and Jean, already guilty of the imprudence of a clandestine marriage, rushed from the blessed retreat of his tranquil home, to defend the cause of his fellow-citizens. A tender-souled and blood-abhorring man, he felt himself under the necessity of serving the good cause, even unto trampling upon the lives of those who spoke his language, and had been reared in the lap of the same mother-country. It was a trying hour! But the cry of "Liberty" and "Liberation" was loud in the land—overpowering even the cries of nature and humanity. Jean, participating in the labours, the dangers, and triumphs of the Three Days, won, and not ingloriously, the cross of July; and witnessed with joy the banishment of the Vampire Bourbon, and the incarceration of his official administration. But, lo! where *one* graven image had been thrown down and stamped into dust, another was reared in its stead;—and, on recovering from the brief intoxication of his triumph, the baffled patriot beheld an Orleans seated on the throne of Charles the Tenth, and his young wife mourning for the loss of her father and brother—victims in that sanguinary struggle. Others had recanted in their creed: but *he*, from that moment, became a thrice-republicanized Republican. A place was offered to him, a pension, an audience, a personal acknowledgment of his services in the thanks of the new monarch; but Jean was inflexible.

"*Oiseau timide, fuyant le glu des Rois*"—he saw nothing but corruption within the gilded saloons of the Palais-Royal, or haunting the crime-engrained *parquets* of the Tuileries. He had struggled in vain—sacrificed himself in vain—in vain embrued his hands in the blood of his fellow-creatures. Blind instrument of a political intrigue, he had only been the means of seating one Bourbon more upon the desecrated throne of France.

It has been said of the death of Benjamin Constant, that a man "may survive the loss of friends or relatives, such being the order of nature; but that it is difficult for a patriot to outlive the loss of a revolution!" Jean retained *his* life—it was his *doom* to live; for he had now an aged father, a young wife, and soon a younger child to maintain, by the sweat of his brow; or, worse still, by the labour of his brains. In his obscure retreat, he toiled by day—he watched by night—to purchase the scanty means of affording daily bread to these helpless ones. The poor old Marquis never reproached him—his wife, bringing forth children in her sorrow, never reproached him—his elder babe soon learned to entwine its little arms round his neck, and thank him for its frugal meal: and all this gave him strength to live, and courage to labour!

It was only when he had leisure to note the gradual abandonment of the liberal system adopted as a temporary measure by the citizen monarch in his new monarchy, that Jean grew really desperate. His writings soon became tinged with the bitterness of his feelings; he was arrested, imprisoned, tried, condemned; and all that remained of property to the little family was speedily absorbed in the payment of a heavy fine to secure his liberation. They removed to the *mansarde* of Courvoisin's house; they fed on scraps; they encountered disease—*death*; for Jean had been convicted of having publicly torn from his bosom the polluted cross of July, and appealed to the memory of its martyrs as having suffered in vain!—He was now under the *surveillance* of Gisquet's police; a mark for the accusations of Jeffreys Persil—for the scorn of the apostate Thiers. For Jean was true to his principles. Half perishing with cold—half famishing for lack of food—half maddened by the sight of his grey-headed father's tears, his wife's privations, *he* envied not Mordecai the Jew sitting in the king's gate; *he* spat not upon the symbol of the good cause—*he* deserted not the cause of the people!

Such was he when I beheld him first, skulking under the cover of night, to procure food for his starving family. Such, alas! is he no longer!—Removed from Paris to a secure retreat in the country, his doting father, his wife, his babe soon experienced the benefit of June air and nutritive diet. But for *him*, the relief came too late. Vigils, wants, broken-heartedness, had undermined his constitution; and it soon became evident that another victim was doomed to perish. The insurrection and massacre of the Rue Frausersnain in April last, served to shake the few tremulous sands yet remaining in his glass. At the very moment when engaged in the composition of an eloquent defence of the prisoners implicated in that fatal affair, a sudden convulsion overpowered his feeble frame, and all was over.

You may visit the grave of Jean, marked out by a solitary cypress, at the corner of the little cemetery of Passy. His father already lies beside him—his wife will soon be there—for, since the death of her beloved, the poor soul has been gradually sinking under her accumulated sorrows. But already I have adopted the little orphan baptized in the life-blood of so many martyrs; and, should it be my fate to be summoned hence, in my turn, before he grows to manhood, and achieves the independence denied to his unhappy father, I call upon my readers, I call upon all lovers of heroism—of virtue—to prevent the child of Jean, the champion of liberty, from becoming a pensioner of the SCRAP-STALL.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAMLET.

PRETTY Streamlet! singing, dancing,
While through meadows green you stray,
In morning beams your beauty glancing—
Say, whence come *you*, young Runaway?

Ay—from the foot of yonder mountain,
On whose brown side the mist ascends;
You were nursed beside the fountain,
Which to the sward fresh beauty lends.

And there—a child—you learned to prattle
As you might, in hidden dells;
To crowds of rushes to give battle,
Or play at bo-peep with harebells.

So, you have left your loves of childhood,
Round whose necks you fondly curled;
And come hither, in some wild mood,
To sport a while, and see the world.

Eh! you have got a roguish twinkle;
They say you Streams are fond of Flowers;
Well, here they all your path besprinkle;—
Bright Flora! you'll have gleesome hours.

They say you kiss the flowerets, Streamlet—
Or so some tattling poets feign;
Or, is it only but a dreamlet
Of some flower-enamoured swain?

I rather think 'tis *they* steal kisses;
When you glide, all slow and meek,
They bathe their glowing lips and tresses
On your cooling dewy cheek.

Well! 'tis between you—happy union!
Long and constant may it prove!
STREAMS and FLOWERS!—a bless'd communion—
Beauties, ye were made for love!

Giddy streamlet—ever changing—
You are not framed for days nor hours;
Wanton streamlet—ever ranging
'Mong varied scenes and fairy bowers.

Anon, you'll dart to yonder coppice,
And there some love-lorn birks beguile;
Which, gently drooping, all their hope is
That there you'll linger for a while.

But I must leave you, though with sorrow;
I'd love to trace the waltz you led;
Pray, give my compliments to *Yarrow*,
Remember, ere you go to bed. A. M.

SCOTCH JUDGES AGAINST SCOTCH JURORS.

THE Scotch criminal Judges have sometimes been accused of indulging in the practice of converting their CHARGES to Juries into arguments FOR the *Crown*, AGAINST *the prisoner*. This, we conceive, is unconstitutional and dangerous to liberty. Not contented with thus outraging propriety, some of them have proceeded the length of occasionally insulting Jurors who have returned verdicts contrary to the opinions of the Bench. Every man who has been in the habit of attending Justiciary trials, whether in Edinburgh or on the circuits, could furnish many instances. We shall record a few, of a very recent date, for the benefit of Jurors and the public, and also of *certain* Judges, if they be *corrigible*. We are thankful that the men we allude to have never been guilty of the very slightest approach to liberal sentiments; but have, from their youth upwards, exhibited nothing but proofs of the rankest Toryism. The cases we refer to are the following:—A young lad was, on the 2d February last, brought to trial before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, on the accusation of having stolen some articles of silver plate from Craiglockhart House, in the neighbourhood of the city. The identification of the accused was doubtful, and the evidence was chiefly *circumstantial*—the counsel for the crown, however, demanded, at the hands of the Jury, a verdict of guilty. The subsequent procedure in the case is thus detailed in *The Edinburgh Courant* (a CONSERVATIVE Journal) of the 5th February 1835:—"The Lord Justice Clerk then charged the Jury and *expressed* his *opinion* that the evidence brought the guilt home to the prisoner." Every man, who is at all acquainted with our criminal court, understands this to mean, that the case was not only *warmly* but *laboriously* argued *for* the Crown. We should rejoice to see an enumeration of the cases in which Judges have been constrained to plead *for* the accused, against the arm of power. They would, we apprehend, bear, in this part of the country, about the proportion of a drop to the ocean. We could even, and may, perhaps, at some future period, point to some Judges, who, in their zeal for *justice*, forgot their station, and PROMPTED a certain Tory Solicitor General, who was blundering and breaking down like a schoolboy, in his address to the Jury, for a verdict of Guilty.

In the case to which we are adverting, the Jury, after the Judge's charge, retired, and, upon *deliberation*, returned a verdict of *not proven*, by a majority of nine voices to six. For the benefit of our English readers, we may state that, in criminal cases in Scotland, fifteen Jurymen are requisite to try, and a majority sufficient to convict; and that, where they are doubtful, they may return an intermediate verdict of "*not proven*," which involves a stigma. This is certainly an anomaly; for the plea, or issue, both on the part of the crown and prisoner, results into *guilty*, or *not guilty*. On the return of the above verdict of "*not proven*," the *Courant* says that the Lord Justice Clerk, addressing the Jury, observed, "I am certainly VERY MUCH *surprised* at this verdict; but it is YOUR verdict, and *not* MINE." Lord Meadowbank said, "I am of the

same opinion, and I am not sure that I EVER heard a *more extraordinary verdict in my life.*" With the exception of the individual Judges now specified, we are not aware of any others who, in recent times, have presumed to hold such language to Jurors, and we never recollect of hearing that *they* ever expressed similar surprise on the *conviction* of a prisoner.

The following instances of judicial impertinence are also recorded in the *Courant*:—Four individuals were placed at the bar on Wednesday, 18th March last, accused of rioting and obstructing Sir George Murray's voters in Perthshire, at the late general election. The trial lasted the whole day, and a great deal of exculpatory evidence was led, after which, the Lord Justice Clerk, in his USUAL *manner*, charged the Jury; who *unanimously* found a verdict of *not proven* for one of the pannels, and also, by a *plurality* of voices, for the other three. On hearing this, the Lord Justice Clerk, bristling up, said, "Gentlemen of the Jury, in now discharging you from any farther attendance, I feel it my BOUNDEN DUTY in this case, to state that, while I should not have differed from your verdict in the case of M'Innes, I would *undoubtedly* have *felt* it my SACRED *duty* to have concurred with the minority in the latter part of their verdict." Lord Meadowbank observed, He also would not do his duty, if he did not state in the STRONGEST TERMS, that he agreed with the minority in the latter part of their verdict." On Thursday, 19th March, a woman of the name of Stewart, accused of theft, was tried, and the Jury, by a great majority, returned a verdict of *not proven;* upon which the same Lord Meadowbank, in dismissing the prisoner from the bar, told her, "It was only a verdict of *not proven*, and *not* of *not* guilty: but he was not sure that he was *not* as *much surprised* by the one verdict, as he would have been by the other."

Trial by Jury, in political and criminal cases, is undoubtedly one of the most protective bulwarks that has been raised in defence of our lives and liberties, against the power of the Crown, whether arrayed in the person of the Judge or of the public prosecutor. But, to obtain from this institution its legitimate results, Jurymen must not only exercise their important duty with *purity and wisdom*, but with a *firmness and independence* which will neither be swayed to the right nor the left, by the opinions or dictation of Judges. The cases before us suggest two topics for animadversion—viz., The charge of the Judge, in which he expressed his opinion of the conclusiveness of the proof as to the prisoner's guilt; and, 2*dly*, His treatment of the verdicts when returned. Blackstone* lays down the duty of a presiding Judge in these words:—"When the evidence is gone through on both sides, the Judge, in the presence of the parties, the counsel, and all others, sums up the whole to the Jury; omitting all superfluous circumstances, observing wherein the main question and principal issue lies, *stating what evidence* has been given to support it, with such remarks as he thinks necessary for their direction, and giving them his OPINION in *matters* of *law*, arising upon that evidence." The province of the Judge, then, is to expound the law of the case, and decide upon the admissibility, or non-admissibility of the evidence brought forward. He has no right to *give any opinion whatever as to whether the facts have been proved or not.* "It would be (says Blackstone,† on the authority of Sir Mathew Hale,) "a most unhappy case for the Judge himself if the prisoner's fate depended upon his direction;—unhappy also for the prisoner; for, *if the Judge's opinion must rule the verdict, the trial by Jury would be useless.*" The Jury are constituted Judges of the *facts* of the case before them, and also of the *import* and value of the evidence adduced in support of them. Hence, we reprobate, as unconstitutional and tyrannical, every attempt on the part of the Bench to influence their minds in forming their decisions on these questions. A Judge's charge to the Jury should be such an *impartial recapitulation* of the evidence as to leave it doubtful to which side his views incline. We have heard such charges from Lord Moncrieff and Lord Chief Commissioner Adam. The weight and authority of the charging Judge's opinion, in swaying the minds of ignorant and unpractised men, may be gathered from the humiliating fact, that too many Jurors wait till the summing up of the Judge, before they make up their own minds. As his speech is the last delivered, it may be easily conjectured what a powerful effect it must have *for* or *against* the prisoner, when it degenerates into the form of an anxiously argumentative harangue. But, if the Jury are to be guided in forming their opinions on the import of the evidence, and whether the facts at issue are proved, it is degrading them into puppets, and making Jury trial a mere mockery. It were far better, if such is to be the case, that the services of Jurors were dispensed with, and that the Judges alone should weigh the evidence and find the facts. This arrangement would protect the consciences of Jurors, and save them from the commission of perjury, as they are solemnly sworn to return a verdict, according to the evidence, as they shall answer to the God at the great day of judgment.

As to the second point—the Judge's animadversions upon the verdicts in the cases adduced—we denounce them as unwarrantable; and, when we reflect upon the tone and emphasis which might be given to the words "surprise," "astonishment," "*your*," and "*mine*," we think such conduct is calculated to bring Jury trial into disrepute and contempt. What does it amount to, but to this—that, in the opinion of the Bench, the majority of the Jurors were unworthy, or unfit for the exercise of the office—in short, that they were fools or knaves! Suppose, as is frequently the case, that the Jury, so treated, had been retained to try a few more cases, with how little comfort to themselves could they have

* Vol. III. 374

† Vol. IV. 361.

performed their duty after having been thus treated by the Bench! and with how little confidence on the part of the prisoner and the country, that they would not be induced to surrender their right of weighing the evidence, and deciding upon the facts, to the guidance of an overbearing Judge!

Blackstone* says, "The practice heretofore in use, of fining, imprisoning, or *otherwise punishing* Jurors, merely at the discretion of the Court, for finding their verdict *contrary* to the *direction* of the Judge, was *arbitrary, unconstitutional,* and illegal." If such be the law, it is not stretching the analogy too far to say, that *sneering* at the verdicts of Juries on the part of the Bench is also an "illegal and unconstitutional" mode of "punishing" Jurors.† It is painful to think that Scotsmen, who have shewn such a proud example to the empire, in the late election struggle, should allow their courage to fail within the walls of a court. When their verdicts are animadverted upon by Judges, they ought to rise in the box to a man, and tell them that they consider such behaviour as an insulting encroachment on the rights of Jurors. What an uproar would be created among the Judges, and the macers, and other underlings of court, if the Jurors were to usurp the privileges of the Bench, and either lay down law, or tell their Lordships that the exposition given of it was arrant nonsense, and not fit to be acted upon by men of commonsense! The case supposed, and the conduct of the Judges reprobated, are completely parallel. We may thank God, that, in political and criminal matters, our lives and liberties are in the hands, *not* of Judges, but of Jurors, chosen under a better system than when certain judicial murders and crimes, not yet forgotten, were perpetrated. Political storms are evidently on the horizon, and, therefore, we call upon our countrymen, who may be summoned as Jurors, to be firm, and as determined to resent everything in the shape of dictation or upbraiding on the part of Judges, as they ought to be in defying and resisting all attempts at bullying on the part of public prosecutors. Whether Whig or Conservative, we trust that such unwarrantable interference with Jurors, on the part of the Bench, as we have now animaverted upon, may soon be made the subject of reprobation in Parliament.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

* Vol. IV. p. 369.

† We cannot forbear noticing one mode of "punishing" Jurors, which, though it may seem trifling, tends to frustrate the important ends of Jury trial, by wearing out the bodies of the Jurors, and, consequently, dissipating and impairing their powers of attention. There cannot be too rigid an observance of gravity and decorum in the Criminal Courts; and it may be exceedingly proper, that, before the Judge begins his charge, as it is improperly termed, the Jury should be requested to rise and shew respectful deference, or courtesy, to the Bench; but that Jurors should, as in Scotland, be compelled to stand throughout an address that may last from one half hour to two or three hours, while the Judge sits at his ease on the Bench, is improper, and worse than useless; and is, besides, a complete reversal of the decent usages which prevail everywhere else—in the pulpit, at the bar, and in all public assemblies. If the Jury must be placed in the posture of criminals receiving sentence, the Judge should also stand up, which might tend to cut short, or concentrate his summing up, without any essential loss to public justice. We would then, after the Jury have made as many reverences and obeisances to the Bench as the macers or their Lordships may dictate, have the Jurymen quietly seat themselves in an attitude much more favourable to the exercise of fixed, unwearied attention. Nor is it easy to see what objection the Court could have to men making some distinction between the attitude in which they address their Creator for a few minutes in prayer, and that in which they listen to, perchance, the long, loose, rambling charge of a criminal Judge.

E. T. M.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE'S AMERICAN JOURNAL.

"WHAT's your opinion of this 'ere *gal*?" said a Kentuckian to a gentleman, after seeing Miss Fanny Kemble exhibit one evening at the New-York theatre. The gentleman hesitated, like ourselves, and evaded the interrogatory, which the inquirer answered satisfactorily to himself by rejoining, "I guess she's a *gal* of some account." It is exactly so. First and last, Miss Kemble has been "a *gal* of some account." The preliminary flourish of trumpets, which, for about three years, has been announcing the appearance of her travels in the United States, is only secondary to that more skilfully played flourish which proclaimed that a young girl had arisen in the Kemble family with genius, powers, and accomplishments such as the world had never before dreamed of; and what was more wonderful still, was to "sacrifice herself"—for that was the current phrase—in some most unexampled and extraordinary manner; and, in so doing, to redeem the acting drama, with certain lesser advantages to the London patentees and her immediate family connexions. The thing took remarkably. The inherent gullibility of John Bull and his wife was practised upon "with pretty considerable" success; and a naturally clever and spirited girl, with such early advantages of training in her art as no actress ever enjoyed before her,—who did well, and who, with time, diligent study, and, above all, a little graceful diffidence, might have done better, and admirably at last,—was, by various means—her own character of mind consenting—petted, flattered, praised, fretted, and checked, until fairly spoiled into the flippant, petulant, conceited, and very amusing individual revealed in every page and paragraph of this Journal. There never was, among our numerous theatrical memoirs and autobiographies, so complete a delineation as we find here, of the factitious being into which the theatre tends to convert its female favourites. Other causes may have ope-

rated in stimulating the manifold affectations, and—to speak it frankly, though humbly—the presumption of this lady.

The Journal is all written before Miss Kemble became Mrs Butler; so that we have no more concern with that lady than belongs to a few notes given in correction, confirmation, or explanation of her maiden opinions. In the opinion of many critical persons, Miss Kemble possesses, we believe, great literary talents, or rather possesses that higher quality named *genius*, in an original form, and in no limited degree. To dispute this point against some six or seven editions of "Francis the First," all with beautiful wide margins and gilt edges, is so hopeless a task, that we should scarce undertake it, although it lay in our way. Before a proof like this, Milton in former, and Wordsworth in present times, must succumb, and Shakspeare himself vail his cap. Yet, notwithstanding her great poetical and dramatic genius, we may venture to affirm that the character of Miss Kemble's mind is essentially such as is likely to be formed by her theatrical profession, and the equivocal and fluctuating position in society which she has derived from it. It may, however, be from her combined qualities of actress and writer, that Miss Kemble is enabled to pronounce, boldly and decidedly, without hesitation or shadow of doubt, upon religion, forms of government, poets, poetry, taste, dress, decoration, women, wine, and horse-flesh; the green-room, where she is at home—and the church, where she is equally critical. All this is so much in the natural course of things, that there could be no objection, were it modestly accomplished:—but it is done with an affectation of eccentricity, an alternation of vehement sensibility and *nonchalance*, genuine womanly vanity, and a vehement desire of public admiration, with an assumed scorn for things and persons around her, and so ample a measure of professional jealousy and spleen, as makes Miss Fanny's "fantastic tricks" before the reading public exceedingly diverting. The soreness of the stage-heroine is breaking out continually in contemptuous censure of the American audiences, who stupidly ventured to applaud inferior performers, even in presence of the London Star of the first magnitude, and the green lustre. She can apprehend no motive originating in generous feeling, in sympathy or pity for "the poor players," though the applause she derides had often, in all probability, no worse foundation. The leading players often appear unkind, and even insolent, to their less fortunate brethren; and, in some cases—as in Miss Kemble's—they proclaim their contempt of the profession itself by which they live. Miss Hannah More relates, to the praise and honour of Garrick, at the time she vouchsafed him and his wife so much of her own pious society, that she had never seen one of his own profession at his table. Miss Kemble expresses a contempt for the theatre, as well as for the ordinary players, which, in an actress, is most edifying.

If this Journal abounds in faults, caprices, littlenesses, extravagances, and all sorts of affectations, it possesses the merit of a certain kind of frankness, however alloyed by half-affected *brusquerie*, amounting to something resembling *swagger*, if such be possible in a well-educated woman. Miss Fanny tells her mind of things and persons—save, indeed, that all proper names are decorously erased—and, "pure in its last recesses," occasionally employs a freedom of speech, which might not have misbeseemed her good-hearted predecessor, Mrs Nelly. We can remember no female author, who, in her own person, has so much to do with the "Devil," or who sees things so "bedevilled." If poor Lady Morgan had ventured but half as far, how would the outraged decorum of Tory criticism have borne down upon her! But this is, after all, but a pardonable fault of manner—but want of feminine grace and an intuitive sense of propriety; and it is only natural and reasonable that the style of an actress, in her private journal, should savour more of the freedom of the green-room, than of the decorums or hypocrisies of the drawing-room. We should only wish to see general rules, in morals and manners, of more general application; as we rather approve even that bravadoing absence of prudery which distinguishes Mrs Trollope and Miss Kemble. It is, at all events, in this age of hollowness, going to the best extreme.

Freedom of remark is challenged to Miss Kemble's Journal, (she is displeased at being called Miss Fanny,) by the excessive freedom which it assumes, and by the time and deliberation whch have preceded its publication, and the expunging visible in every page. It was written two years back: no excuse of haste or inadvertence can, therefore, be pleaded.—With the more weighty matter to which we have adverted, much that is silly, frivolous, and childishly absurd, is repeated to nausea. We can tell nearly how many cups of coffee, and glasses of lemonade, Miss Kemble sipped between Liverpool and the Falls of Niagara, in her stroll through New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Albany; how often she missed her supper, and how angry she was in consequence; and how many, and what colour, of gowns and stockings she bought. Princesses, and those who personate them, have a prescriptive right to imagine mankind particularly interested in their creature-comforts; and, if it be true, as Miss Kemble, in her philosophic sections, says, that the character depends so much upon digestion, we can see the propriety of every writer letting us know under what gustatory and epigrastick circumstances any particular chapter was composed. Many portions of the Journal, in which Miss Kemble has condescended "to chronicle small beer," remind us of the lady's journal in *The Spectator*:—"Tried on my new cherry-coloured hood: fancied I looked pale in it. Mem., Martha says something is faulty with my toilette glass: gave her my Pompadour sack. Drank three cups of chocolate. Lady Bickerstaff says it plumps and improves the complexion. Lay on the settee, and superintended Martha washing and comb-

ing Veny. Worked a half violet-leaf in my scarf, &c. &c. Said my prayers—slept and dreamt that Mr Mostyn was a French *friseur*, and dressed my hair." We are not sure about the exact words, but can swear to the substance of the above.

Miss Kemble embarked in "The Pacific," New-York Packet, upon the 1st August 1832, and in that same day commenced her Journal, or continued it, for it appears a continuation of one kept in England, which this gives one curiosity to see. Thus it sets out on the first day:—

Worked at my Bible cover till dinner time. We dined at half-past three.—The table was excellent:—cold dinner, because it was the first day—but everything was good; and champagne, and dessert, and every luxury imaginable, rendered it as little like a ship-dinner as might be. The man who sat by me was an American; very good-natured and talkative. Our passengers are all men, with the exception of three; a nice, pretty-looking girl, who is going out with her brother; a fat old woman, and a fat young one. I cried almost the whole of dinner-time.

Another young woman might have at least tried to cry out her cry before she had an audience. But we dare say nobody's dinner was spoiled, either with sorrow or sympathy. Miss Fanny Kemble is, by the way, exceedingly easily moved to tears; and that same evening she cried again over a dinner speech of Washington Irving's. Things come round again, and Miss Kemble diversifies her day with singing, dancing, a little Dante, a few stitches of the Bible cover, and public readings in Byron. One day may stand for nearly all; but here are three:—

Thursday, 16*th*.

Another day, another day! the old fellow [by the OLD FELLOW, Miss Kemble means Time, to whom she gives such encouraging fillips as "Go it, old fellow!"] posts as well over water as over land! Rose at about half-past eight, went up to the round-house; breakfasted, and worked at my Bible cover. As soon as our tent was spread, went out on deck; took a longish walk with Mr ——. I like him very much; his face would enchant Lavater, and his skull ecstasise the Combes. Lay down under our rough pavilion, and heard the gentlemen descant very learnedly upon freemasonry.

Gossiped till lunch time; afterwards took up "Childe Harold"—commend me to that! I thought of dear H——. She admires Byron more than I do; and yet how wildly I did, how deeply I do still, worship his might, majesty, and loveliness! We dined up stairs; and after dinner, I and Mr —— took a long walk on deck; talking flimsy morality, and philosophy; the text of which were generalities, but all the points individualities. I was amused in my heart at him and myself. He'd a good miss of me at ——: Heaven knows, I was odious enough! and therein his informer was right. The day was bright, and bitter cold—the sea blue, and transparent as that loveliest line in Dante,

"Dolce color di oriental zaffiro,"

with a lining of pearly foam, and glittering spray, that enchanted me. Came and sat down again:—wrote doggerel for the captain's album, about the captain's ship, which, when once I am out of her, I'll swear I love infinitely. Read aloud to them some of Byron's short poems, and that glorious hymn to the sea, in "Childe Harold:"—mercy, how fine it is! Lay under our canvass shed till nine o'clock:—the stars were brilliant in the intense blue sky, the wind had dropped, the ship lay still—we sang a song or two, supped, and came in; where, after inditing two rhapsodies, we came to bed.

Friday, 17*th*.

On my back all day: mercy, how it ached, too! The ship reeled about like a drunken thing. I lay down and began reading Byron's life. As far as I have gone (which is to his leaving England) there is nothing in it but what I expected to find—the fairly sown seeds of the after-harvest he bore. Had he been less of an egotist, would he have been so great a poet?—I question it. His fury and wrath at the severe injustice of his critics reminds me, by the by, of those few lines in the *Athenæum*, which I read the other day, about poetical shoemakers, dairy-maids, ploughmen, and *myself*. After all, what matters it?—"If this thing be of God," the devil can't overthrow it; if it be not, why, the printer's devil may. What can it signify what is said? If truth be truth to the end of reckoning, why, that share of her, if any, which I possess, must endure when recorded as long as truth endures. I almost wonder Byron was moved with criticism: I should have thought him at once too highly armed, and too self-wrapped, to care for it;—however, if a wasp's sting have such virtue in it, 'tis as well it should have been felt as keenly as it was.—Ate nothing but figs and raisins; in the evening some of our gentlemen came into our cabin, and sat with us; I, in very desperation and sea-sickness, began embroidering one of my old nightcaps, wherein I persevered till sleep overtook me.

Saturday, 18*th*.

Rose at about half-past eight, dawdled about as usual, breakfasted in the round-house—by the by, before I got out of bed, read a few more pages of Byron's life. I don't exactly understand the species of sentimental *galimatias* Moore talks about Byron's writing with the same penful of ink, "Adieu, adieu, my native land!" and "Hurra! Hodgson, we are going." It proves nothing except what I firmly believe, that we must not look for the real feelings of writers in their works. * *

Our company consists chiefly of traders in cloth and hardware, clerks, and counting-house men—a species with but few peculiarities of interest to me, who cannot talk pounds, shillings, and pence, as glibly as less substantial trash.

If any mere ordinarily gifted person had, ostentatiously and of set purpose, given the public the puerilities we frequently find here, it might have been saucy and have sneered; but it will doubtless receive with thankfulness such crumbs as the following:—

Finished my work, and then, tying on sundry veils and handkerchiefs, danced on deck for some time;—I then walked about with ——, by the light of the prettiest young moon imaginable. . . . . Afterwards sat working and stifling in the round-house till near ten, and then, being no longer able to endure the heat, came down, undressed, and sat luxuriously on the ground in my dressing-gown, drinking lemonade. At twelve went to bed; the men kept up a horrible row on deck half the night; singing, dancing, whooping, and running over our heads. . . . . .

The captain brought me to-day a land-swallow, which having flown out so far, came hovering exhausted over the ship, and suffered itself to be caught. Poor little creature! how very much more I do love all things than men and women! I felt sad to death for its weary little wings and frightened heart, which beat against my hand, without its having strength to struggle. I made a cage in a basket for it, and gave it some seed, which it will not eat—little carnivorous wretch! I must catch some flies for it.

Thursday, 29*th*.

My poor little bird is dead. I am sorry! I could mourn almost as much over the death of a soulless animal, as I would rejoice at that of a brute with a soul. Life is to these winged things a pure enjoyment; and to see the rapid pinions folded, and the bright eye filmed, conveys sadness to the heart; for 'tis almost like looking on—what indeed is not—utter cessation of existence. Poor little creature! I wished it had not died—I would but have borne it tenderly and carefully to shore, and given it back to the air again! . . . . . .

I sat down stairs in my cabin all day; the very spirit of doggerel possessed me, and I poured forth rhymes as rapidly as possible, and they were as bad as possible.—

Wrote Journal; in looking over my papers, fell in with the "Star of Seville"—some of it is very good. *I'll write an English tragedy next.* . . . Saw the sun set, which he did like a god, as he is, leaving the sky like a geranium curtain, which overshadowed the sea with rosy light—beautiful! Came down and sat on the floor like a Turkish woman, stitching, singing, and talking, till midnight; supped—and to bed. My appetite seems like the Danaides' tub of credible memory. . . . . .

Friday, 30*th*.

On soundings. A fog and a calm. Sky yellow, sea grey, dripping, damp, dingy, dark, and very disagreeable. Sat working, reading, and talking in our cabin all day. Read part of a book called "Adventures of a Younger Son." The gentlemen amused themselves with fishing, and brought up sundry hake and dog-fish. I examined the heart of one of the fish, and was surprised at the long continuance of pulsation after the cessation of existence. In the evening, sang, talked, and played French blind man's buff:—sat working till near one o'clock, and reading Moore's "Fudge Family"—which is good fun.

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Saturday, 31*st*.

Becalmed again till about two o'clock, when a fair wind sprang up, and we set to rolling before it like mad. How curious it is to see the ship, like a drunken man, reel through the waters, pursued by that shrill scold, the wind! Worked at my handkerchief, and read aloud to them Mrs Jameson's book. . . . . .

Set my foot half into a discussion about Portia, but withdrew it in time. Lord bless us! what foul nonsense people do talk, and what much fouler nonsense it is to answer them!

There are pages in Mrs Jameson's said book, which, were they to write, might, we guess, be modified in some points.

New York was reached by the 4th of September, and some days of observation elapsed before Mr Kemble and his daughter appeared in the theatre. This was managed as prudently as possible, to whet public curiosity. First the gentleman appeared alone; then the lady; and, lastly, their attractions were combined. At landing, Miss Kemble "cried too bitterly to see anything;" but she found that the houses are almost all painted glaring white or red, straw colour or grey, with green Venetian blinds, which give an idea of coolness; and almost every house has a tree or trees near it. Let us now have another specimen of the pleasant humours and varying moods of a spoiled actress. The fellow-passengers, as is customary, kept together on this day of landing.

We reached our inn—the gentlemen were waiting for us, and led us to our drawing-room. I had been choking for the last three hours, and could endure no more, but sobbed like a wretch aloud. . . . . .

There was a piano in the room, to which I flew with the appetite of one who has lived on the music of the speaking-trumpet for a month; that, and some iced lemonade and cake, presently restored my spirits. I went on playing and singing till I was exhausted, and then sat down and wrote Journal. Mr —— went out and got me Sir Humphry Davy's "Salmonia," which I had been desiring, and he had been speaking of on board ship.

At five o'clock we all met once more together to dinner. Our drawing-room being large and pleasant, the table was laid in it. 'Tis curious how an acquaintanceship of thirty days has contrived to bind together in one common feeling of kindness and good-fellowship persons who never met before, who may never meet again. Our dinner was a favourable specimen of eating as practised in this new world; everything good, only in too great a profusion; the wine drinkable, and the fruit beautiful to look at—in point of flavour it was infinitely inferior to English hothouse fruit, or even fine espalier fruit raised in a good aspect. Everything was wrapped in ice, which is a most luxurious necessary in this hot climate; but the things were put on the table in a slovenly, outlandish fashion; fish, soup, and meat, at once, and puddings, and tarts, and cheese, at another once; no finger glasses, and a patched tablecloth—in short, a want of that style and neatness which is found in every hotel in England. The waiters, too, reminded us of the half-savage Highland lads that used to torment us under that denomination in Glasgow—only that they were wild Irish instead of wild Scotch. The day had cleared, and become intensely hot, towards evening softening and cooling under the serene influences of the loveliest moon imaginable.

* * * * * *

We were recommended to this American hotel as the best and most comfortable in New York; and truly the charges were as high as one could have paid at the Clarendon, in the land of comfort and taxation. The wine was exorbitantly dear; champagne and claret about eleven shillings sterling a bottle; sherry, port, and Madeira, from nine to thirteen. The rooms were a mixture of French finery, and Irish disorder and dirt; the living was by no means good; the whole house being conducted on a close scraping system of inferior accommodations and extravagant charges. On a sudden influx of visiters, sitting-rooms were converted into bed-rooms, containing four and five beds. The number of servants was totally inadequate to the work; and the articles of common use, such as knives and spoons, were so scantily provided, that, when the public table was very full one day, the knives and forks for our dinner were obliged to be washed from theirs; and the luxury of a carving knife was not to be procured at all on that occasion: it is true that they had as many as two hundred and fifty guests at the ordinary. The servants, who, as I said before, were just a quarter as many as the house required, had no bed-rooms allotted to them, but slept *about* anywhere, in the public rooms, or on sofas in drawing-rooms, let to private families. In short, nothing can exceed the want of order, propriety, and comfort in this establishment, except the enormity of the tribute it levies upon pilgrims and wayfarers through the land. And so, as I said, we departed therefrom nothing loath. . . . . This hotel reminds me most extremely of our "iligant" and untidy apartments in dear, nasty Dublin, at the Shelbourne. The paper in our bed-room is half peeling from the walls; our beds are without curtains; then, to be sure, there are pier looking-glasses, and one or two pieces of showy French furniture in it.

This want of *style* is a frequent complaint made by Miss Kemble; and, indeed, her account of the hotels of the leading cities of the United States is much less favourable than those of some of the most fastidious of late English travellers, Captain Hamilton included. The fish is coarse and ill-cooked, and there are no turbot nor soles; the wine bad, the fruits very inferior to those of England; but the freedom of manners among the shopkeepers was, to our fair Star, the most intolerable nuisance of all. One morning, after rehearsal, the celebrated actress

Walked into a shop to buy some gauze: the shopmen called me by my name, entered into conversation with us; and one of them, after showing me a variety of things which I did not want, said, that they were most anxious to show me every attention, and render my stay in this country agreeable. A Christian, I suppose, would have met these benevolent advances with an infinitude of thankfulness, and an outpouring of grateful pleasure; but, for my own part, though I had the grace to smile and say, "Thank you," I longed to add, "but be so good as to measure your ribands, and hold your tongue." I have no idea of holding parley with clerks behind a counter, still less of their doing so with me. So much for my first impression of the courtesy of this land of

liberty. I should have been much better pleased if they had called me "Ma'am," which they did not.

Worse things befell. The tradesmen and women of New York would walk unceremoniously into Miss Kemble's apartment; sit down, without leave asked, and without either "a Sir or a Ma'am," and start off, "Well, now, I am come to speak to you about so and so."

Went into a shop to order a pair of shoes. The shopkeepers in this place, with whom I have hitherto had to deal, are either condescendingly familiar, or insolently indifferent in their manner. Your washerwoman sits down before you, while you are *standing* speaking to her; and a shop-boy bringing things for your inspection, not only sits down, but keeps his hat on in your drawing-room. The worthy man to whom I went for my shoes was so amazingly ungracious, that at first I thought I would go out of the shop; but, recollecting that I should probably only go farther and fare worse, I gulped, sat down, and was measured.

This is the New Yorkians: the trades-people of Boston and Philadelphia are rather more civilized; but everywhere they do their work badly. The female artists, at least, could make nothing to fit either Miss Kemble or Mrs Butler, and for three years spoiled her gowns and waistcoats, and altered and re-altered. Now, this is a more serious affair than the uninitiated are aware of; for no actress can play well, it seems, in a gown that does not sit well in the arm-hole. A shoemaker, with whom Mrs Butler has since "dealt largely," would not give himself the trouble to keep her measure; but this should not be set down to republican manners, but slovenliness, as keeping the measure would, we opine, have been very convenient to the republican shoemaker himself. Some vices are in course of correction in America, but there is no amendment in the making of Mrs Butler's clothes. This that follows is quite as fine-ladyish as if Miss Fanny had been a Duchess:—

Left a card at Mrs ——'s, and then marched down to the tailor's to upbraid him about my waistcoat, which is infamously ill made. During a three years' residence in America, almost every article, of every description, which I have had made, has been ill made, and obliged to undergo manifold alterations. I don't pretend to account for the fact, for fear the obvious reasons might appear to find their source in that very small jealousy of which England is guilty towards this country, in the person of her journal-scribbling travellers; but, to the fact, there is, and can be no denial. Coming home, met that very odious Mr ——, who is the perfection of genteel vulgarity. He walked home with us. Dressed for dinner. Mme. —— did not send my gown home in time—abominable sempstress!—so put on my blue, and looked rather dowdy. Found sundry that we knew: Colonel ——; Mr ——; my favourite aversion, Mr ——; that signal fool, Mr ——; Miss ——, who looked like a hair-dresser's wax-block; a Miss ——, with lovely feet, and a terrified Bacchante-looking head, *cum multis aliis*. . . . . Mrs —— looked lovely to-night. Dr —— says very true—she has a thoroughbred look, which reminds me a little of our noble English ladies. . . . . On my return home, found my black satin gown; every atom of which will have to be unpicked—pleasant! The tradespeople here are really terrible; they can do nothing, and will take no pains to do anything: 'tis a handsome gown spoilt. When you carry your complaint of careless work, or want of punctuality, to the tradespeople whom you employ here, the unfortunate principals really excite your sympathy by their helpless situation with regard to the free republicans whom they employ, and who, with the utter contempt of subordination which the cheapness of living, and the spirit of licence (not liberty) produce among the lower classes here, come when they please, depart when they like, work when they choose, and, if you remonstrate, take themselves off to new masters, secure of employment in your neighbour's house, if your mode of employing them displeases them.

This statement supposes such complete employment, and absence of all competition, that, in a city like New York, we cannot understand it. Were it but for the love of rarity, however, one could enjoy one city or one country that is an exception to the general rule, of the tolerated caprice of the rich, and the necessary subservience of the *workies*.

In America, the curious but easily understood phenomenon of republican institutions and social *exclusivism*, is as amusing in its daily working as the aristocracy of monarchical states is odious. A certain order of the Americans have quite a passion for a lord or a count. They name their omnibuses "Lady Washington" and "Lady Clinton," and "are as title-sick as a banker's wife in England." They talk of the lower orders "finding their level." Miss Kemble is, of course, very aristocratic in her own feelings, and most anxious to proclaim it; and, moreover, prophesies that America will be a monarchy before she is a skeleton: but she takes the liberty to laugh at these feelings in the Yankees, and she is fairly entitled to do so. A gentleman, named by his friend, (a lawyer,) at every word, "his honour, the recorder," called Miss Kemble "a female," and was himself called the *Chesterfieldian* of New York. The lawyer claimed kindred with the Duke of Montrose and Lady Loughborough, and probably may *not* have his claim allowed. But all this is the growth, it would appear, of that system of universal suffrage which Mrs Butler considers "a political fallacy," and a stumbling-block in the path of America; which may, on this system, have a government "just, honest, and rational; but that it ever will be enlarged, liberal, and highly enlightened," she "does not and cannot believe." These are Mrs Butler's deliberate opinions, appended in notes to her original journal, while Miss Kemble.

Ladies, the manners and usages of polite society, and the habits of the young men of "the better order," are so closely connected, that, although Miss Kemble's remarks are scattered wildly and widely through her two volumes of journal, we shall endeavour to collect a few of them. The ladies, who, it seems, resent being called "women," which Miss Kemble, to shew her "thorough-breeding," makes a point of calling every mother's daughter of them, "dress very much, and very much like French women gone mad; they all of them seem to me to walk horribly ill, as if they wore tight shoes." They are extravagant hussies too; and Mrs Butler has known them give twenty, thirty, sixty dollars, for a bonnet to parade the streets in. If this example spread, America will be cured of early marriages. Here is a sample:—

Mr —— and his daughter called; I like him; he appears very intelligent; and the expression of his counte-

nance is clever and agreeable. His daughter was dressed up in French clothes, and looked very stiff; but, however, a first visit is an awkward thing, and nothing that isn't thoroughbred ever does it quite well.

This is proof enough of their bad taste in dress; but we have many more. A "woman," for example, was seen riding in a "*beret*—a black velvet beret!" which enormity was surely enough to put all the women of the Union to the ban;—and they ride like "wretches, in flaunting bonnets with feathers." Miss Kemble astonished the natives, with her own smart riding cap, and daily asserted the equestrian supremacy of the English habit, over the flowing calico skirts of the American ladies; but we fear they keep to their own customs. They have faults of deeper dye:—

The women's voices here distract me; so loud, so rapid, and with such a twang! What a pity! for they are, almost without an exception, lovely-looking creatures, with an air of refinement in their appearance, which would be very attractive, but for their style of dress, and those said tremendous shrill loud voices.

This was in 1832; and, in 1835, the American women have not turned their attention to "that excellent thing in woman," a voice "sweet and low"—the "still small voice" of English drawing-rooms. Mrs Butler, in one of her notes, says—

I was in a society of about twelve ladies, the other evening, and the *uproar* was so excessive that I felt my eyebrows contracting from a sense of perfect bewilderment, occasioned by the noise all round me, and more than once was obliged to request the person with whom I was conversing to stop till the *noise* had subsided a little, that I might be able to distinguish what he was saying to me. Were the women here large and masculine in their appearance, this defect would appear less strange, though not less disagreeable; but they are singularly delicate and feminine in their style of beauty; and the noise they make strikes one with surprise as something monstrous and unnatural—like mice roaring. They frequently talk four or five at a time, and directly across each other; neither of which proceedings is exactly according to my ideas of good breeding.

But even this is not all.

I think it has not been my good fortune, in more than six instances, during my residence in this country, to find ladies "at home" in the morning. The first reason for this is, the total impossibility of having a housekeeper; the American servants steadfastly refusing to obey *two* mistresses; the being subservient to any appears, indeed, a dreadful hardship to them. Of course this compels the lady of the house to enter into all those minute daily details, which with us devolve upon the superintendent servant; and she is thus condemned, at least for some part of the morning, to the store-room or the kitchen. In consequence of this, her toilet is seldom completed until about to take her morning promenade; and I have been a good deal surprised, more than once, at being told, when I called, that "the ladies were dressing, but would be down immediately." This is French; the disorderly slouching about half the morning in a careless undress being, unluckily, quite compatible with that exquisite niceness of appearance with which the Parisian ladies edify their streets so much, and their homes so little. Another very disagreeable result of this arrangement is, that, when you are admitted into a house in the morning, the rooms appear as if they never were used.

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The manners of the young girls of America appear singularly free to foreigners; and, until they become better acquainted with the causes which produce so unrestrained a deportment, they are liable to take disadvantageous and mistaken impressions with regard to them. The term which I should say applied best to the tone and carriage of American girls from ten to eighteen, is boyish; laughing, gig[illegible], romping, flirting, screaming at the top of their voices, running in and out of shops, and spending a very considerable portion of their time in lounging about in the streets. In Philadelphia and Boston, almost all the young ladies attend classes or day schools; and, in the latter place, I never went out, morning, noon, or evening, that I did not meet, in some of the streets round the Tremont House, a whole bevy of young school girls, who were my very particular friends, but who, under pretext of going to, or returning from school, appeared to me to be always laughing, and talking, and running about in the public thoroughfares.

Shyness appears to me to be a quality utterly unknown to either man, woman, or child in America. The girls, from the reasons above stated; and the boys, from being absolutely thrown into the world, and made men of business, before they are sixteen, are alike deficient in anything like diffidence.

The American gentlemen are hard drinkers, or rather they are drunkards; and "they are the worst judges of wine in the world," excepting of Madeira; and "they mix their wines in a vinous hotch-potch," take quantities of "strong whisky punch," and "brandy in a way that would astound people of any respectability in England," and swallow continually "mint julaps, gin slings, brandy cocktails, (what are those?) and a thousand strong *messes*, even before breakfast." Their hock is "utterly undrinkable," their "champagne tastes of sugar," and Miss Kemble never saw Burgundy at any table in the Union. Moreover, though the gentlemen exceed in strong potations, the common people are reported as much more temperate than our home folks, which is some consolation; but all this is foreign to our present purpose.

At the baths in New York, one day, I saw the girl who was waiting upon the rooms, carry mint julaps (a preparation of mint, sugar, and brandy) into three of them. I was much surprised, and asked her if this was a piece of service she often performed for the ladies who visited the baths? She said, "Yes, pretty often." Bar-rooms are annexed to every species of public building.

There will be news of this, we guess! The alleged bad tone of American manners is attributed by Miss Kemble to the domestic habits of the matrons, who give up the leading of society to the girls.

Married women are either house-drudges and nursery-maids, or, if they appear in society, comparative ciphers; and the retiring, modest, youthful bearing, which, among us, distinguishes girls of fifteen or sixteen, is equally unknown. Society is entirely led by chits, who, in England, would be sitting behind a pinafore; the consequence is, that it has neither the elegance, refinement, nor the propriety which belongs to ours; but is a noisy, rackety, vulgar congregation of flirting boys and girls, alike without style or decorum.

We shall now have a peep indoors.

When my father came home, went with him to call on Mrs ——. What I saw of the house appeared to me very pretty, and well adapted to the heat of the season. A large and lofty room, paved with India matting, and furnished with white divans, and chairs, no other furniture encumbering or cramming it up; it looked very airy and cool. Our hostess did not put herself much out of the way to entertain us; but, after the first "How do you do," continued conversing with another visiter; leaving us to the mercy of a very pretty young lady, who carried on the conversation at an average of a word every three minutes.

The Americans were not particularly hospitable to Miss Kemble and her father. They brought letters of introduction, and some of the New

Yorkians called civilly, and invited them out; but the people of Philadelphia *cut* them altogether; which Mrs Butler resents, for her father, in these terms:—

As for myself, I have no inclination whatever to speak upon the subject; but it gave me something like a feeling of contempt, not only for the charities, but the good taste of the Philadelphians, when I found them indifferent towards one whose name alone is a passport into every refined and cultivated society in Europe.

Philadelphia must bear this shaking off the dust of her slippers against it, as it can. Perhaps its citizens have the same dislike to players that Mrs Butler has to them herself, and to newspaper editors and critics—or "the press-gang," as she, with originality and elegance, names them. Of all her many aversions, the editors of newspapers are her especial aversion. Of how many *white lies*, bits of innocent puffery, and exaggerated praise, must this proscribed race have been guilty upon her account; and that not without "gentle spiriting," direct and indirect, in the mode quite well understood upon such occasions? Verily, they have their reward. How much of the early vogue of every player that ever trod the boards is owing to the efforts, merited and unmerited, of the abused press? But Miss Kemble is well entitled to despise the folly, or the meanness, bordering on dishonesty, by which those gentle censors good-naturedly gull the public, and vamp up the Star. If her boldly expressed contempt for the "gang" tend to correct a disgusting habit of nearly universal undiscriminating panegyric of the Stars, or the worse fault of insolent, mischievous, senseless criticism upon unfortunate beings struggling for the fame which is bread, and often children's bread; it is well bestowed, however ungraciously it may come from this lady.

It was, of course, in England and Scotland, that Miss Kemble learned thus heartily to loathe and contemn all "newspaper-press hacks." She is perfectly astonished to find that "newspaper editors and writers are admitted into good society in America;" observing—"Except where they have been made political tools, newspaper writers have never, I believe, been admitted into good society in England." Miss Fanny resolved to *admit* none of them, so far as she was personally concerned. At a New-York party, one evening, a gentleman

Asked if I would allow him to introduce to me one Mr ——, a very delightful man, full of abilities, *and* writer in such and such a paper. I immediately called to mind my resolution, and refused. In the meantime, Mrs ——, less scrupulous, and without asking my leave, brought the gentleman up, and introduced him. I was most ungracious and forbidding, and meant to be so. I am sorry for this, but I cannot help it: he is ——'s brother, too, which makes me doubly sorry. As he is an agreeable man, and ——'s brother, I esteem and reverence him; but, as he belongs to the press-gang, I will not know him.

This was a cruel determination, no doubt, for the poor editor; though there was no help for it. But she was not always thus cruel. At Boston, or somewhere, *one* was received; and at Albany one made his way to her at rehearsal—"a fat, good-humoured, rosy, lead-eyed, wet-haired, shining-faced man," who entreated Miss Kemble to write him something in eulogy of the anniversary of the 4th July, as she had done in the previous year for *The New-York Mirror*. "Great was the fat man's surprise, and his evident contempt for me, when I disclaimed the authorship of that document. * * * Mr —— told me the man was a newspaper editor; but he looked too fresh, and fat, and good-tempered for that." *The New-York Mirror* found some favour in Miss Kemble's eyes. There was some theatrical squabble or another one day, and Miss Kemble "could hold no longer." Here she obliterates what she could not hold; and, again, goes on:—

Came to bed in tremendous dudgeon. The few *critiques* that I have seen upon our acting, have been, upon the whole, laudatory. One was sent to me from a paper called *The Mirror*, which pleased me very much; not because the praise in it was excessive, and far beyond my deserts, but that it was written with great taste and feeling, and was evidently not the produce of a common press-hack. There appeared to me in all the others *the true provincial dread of praising too much*, and being *led* into approbation by previous opinions; a sort of jealousy of critical freedom, which, together with the established *nil admirari* of the press, seems to keep them in a constant dread of being thought enthusiastic. They need not be afraid; enthusiasm may belong to such analyses as Schlegel's or Channing's, but has nothing in common with the paragraphs of a newspaper; the inditers of which, in my poor judgment, seldom go beyond the very threshold of criticism, *i. e.* the discovery of faults.

We have seen, in our day, newspaper criticisms with errors the very reverse of this—the discovery and the imputation of beauties that never existed, and an extravagance of laudation of well-patronised players that was absolutely absurd and ludicrous. And here, again, is a bit of Journal:—

Practised for another hour, read a canto in Dante, and dressed for dinner. After dinner, worked and practised. Came to my own room, and tried to scribble for *The Mirror*, at my father's request; the editors having made an especial entreaty to him, that I might write something for them, and also sit to some artist for them. I could not accomplish anything, and they must just take something that I have by me. . . . . A gentleman of the press, by name ——, paid us an evening visit. He seems an intelligent young man enough; and, when he spoke of the autumnal woods, by the Oneida lake, his expressions were poetical and enthusiastic; and he pleased me. He seems to think much of having had the honour of corresponding with sundry of the small literati of London. *Je lui en fais mon compliment.*

This must have been one of the mirrors of editors. Miss Kemble, at first, vowed never to be painted again; but she yielded. What follows is charming:—

The people make me mad, by abusing Lawrence's drawing of me; nor will I let any unhappy painter again get abused for painting me as I am, *which is anything but what I look like.* Lawrence alone could do it; there is no other that could see my spirit through my face; and as for the face without that, the less that is seen of it the better.

Miss Kemble is either astonished or compassionate, that ordinary eyes cannot perceive how like Lawrence's *beau ideal* of her is to *her real self*, "her embodied spirit," if not to the Miss Fanny Kemble of vulgar eyes. The American artist painted her picture with so

marked a resemblance to a portrait of Mrs Siddons, painted by Harlowe, as Lady Macbeth, that Miss Kemble thinks this likeness to her aunt, which is for ever breaking out in her countenance, quite wonderful.

"After rehearsal, called at Mr ——'s; saw and carried off his head of me in Juliet. Certainly the resemblance between myself and Mrs Siddons must be very strong."

In New York she meets some distant kinsman, who discussed the Kemble pedigree with her father. "We are an old family, they say, but *the direct line is lost* after Charles the Second's reign. He makes it out that we are originally Italian people, pirates; by name Campo Bello; the same family as the Scottish Campbells; the same family as the Norman Beauchamps. How I wish it were true!"

With the exception of the newspaper editors, there is no class Miss Fanny despises so much as the players; with a reservation, of course, for the whole Kemble family, and even for Garrick; and, though it be, as she hints, a heresy in her house, for Kean and Pasta. Her profession is the subject of utter scorn. It must be owned, that scenes she has sketched behind the curtain do not tend to exalt it. The professional part of her journal is, perhaps, the most important. It is certainly the most complete. We can from it obtain a tolerably fair idea of the strange female character which the stage tends to form; and we do not consider it peculiarly amiable or enviable. Miss Kemble is often sad, and weary of life, wishing to die, &c. &c., like other great geniuses. She says—

When I first recited Juliet to my mother, she said I spoke the balcony scene almost sadly. Was not such deep, deep love, too passionate, too pervading, to be uttered with the light laughing voice of pleasure? Was not that love, even in its fulness of joy, sad—awful? However, perhaps, I do but see through my own medium, and fancy it the universal one. My eyes are dark, and most things look darkly through them.

One morning, she "cried a good deal over the verses of a Mr Willis; and, we believe, she cried over Bryant's verses too; but, indeed, she has a gift of tears, and "thinks all things sad—sad to hear sweet music—sad to read fine poetry—sad to look upon the face of a beautiful woman," and so forth; but there is another mood of hers, which, to ordinary people, will prove, at least, more entertaining; she, who had first recited the balcony scene "sadly," one night went to the theatre; "the house not good." The Romeo, we conclude, was still worse. Miss Kemble "acted like a wretch, of course," she says; and she exclaims—

How I do loathe the stage! these wretched, tawdry, glittering rags, flung over the breathing forms of ideal loveliness; these miserable, poor, and pitiful substitutes for the glories with which poetry has invested her magnificent and fair creations—the glories with which our imagination reflects them back again. What a mess of wretched mumming mimicry acting is! Pasteboard and paint, for the thick breathing orange groves of the south; green silk and oiled parchment, for the solemn splendour of her noon of night; wooden platforms and canvass curtains, for the solid marble balconies and rich dark draperies of Juliet's sleeping chamber, that shrine of love and beauty; rouge, for the startled life-blood in the cheek of that young passionate woman; an actress, a mimicker, a sham creature—me, in fact, or any other one—for that loveliest and most wonderful conception, in which all that is true in nature, and all that is exquisite in fancy, are moulded into a living form. To *act* this! to *act* Romeo and Juliet! horror! horror! how I do loathe my most impotent and unpoetical craft!

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In the last scene of the play, I was so mad with the mode in which all the preceding ones had been perpetrated, that, lying over Mr ——'s corpse, and fumbling for his dagger, which I could not find, I, Juliet, thus apostrophised him—Romeo being dead—"Why, where *the* devil *is* your dagger, Mr ——?" What a disgusting travesty! On my return home, I expressed my entire determination to my father to perform the farce of "Romeo and Juliet" no more. Why, it's an absolute *shame* that one of Shakspeare's plays should be thus turned into a mockery. I received a note from young Mr ——, accompanied by a very curious nosegay in shells; a poor substitute for the breathing, fresh, rosy flowers he used to furnish me with, when I was last here.

Now, all the previous declamation would be very fair, if Miss Kemble were not so unreasonable as to condemn people for preferring small theatres, where they can hear and see, and to denounce the whole "good society" of England as deficient in imagination from, of all things, its extreme "refinement." We should be apt to impute the growing dislike of theatres among cultivated people to an excess of imagination—to the impossibility of the players longer representing the dramas of Shakspeare in a manner to be tolerated. The reign of the theatre is, indeed, past; but not exactly for the causes here assigned. With all her admiration of the thoroughbred English aristocracy, Miss Kemble declares that she would far rather act Juliet or Ophelia "to a set of Manchester mechanics, than to the most select of our aristocracy; 'for they are nothing if not critical.'" Her own work will aid in dispelling whatever of illusion remains about the stage. John Kemble and Mrs Siddons had that sense of propriety which enjoined strict decorum and gravity in their performances. Garrick burlesqued; Kean scoffed, and talked gibberish, in his very agony; Miss O'Niel wept real tears, *ad libitum;* and Miss Kemble did sometimes one and sometimes the other. She has, however, poisoned *Juliet* on the stage to ten thousand imaginations. The sketch which follows, is true, clever, and unaffected, and that is a great deal:—

At half-past five, took coffee, and off to the theatre. The play was Romeo and Juliet; the house was extremely full: they are a delightful audience. My Romeo had gotten on a pair of trunk breeches, that looked as if he had borrowed them from some worthy Dutchman of a hundred years ago. Had he worn them in New York, I could have understood it as a compliment to the ancestry of that good city; but here, to adopt such a costume in Romeo, was really perfectly unaccountable. They were of a most unhappy choice of colours, too—dull, heavy-looking blue cloth, and offensive crimson satin, all be-puckered, and be-plaited, and be-puffed, till the young man looked like a magical figure growing out of a monstrous, strange-coloured melon, beneath which descended his unfortunate legs, thrust into a pair of red slippers, for all the world like Grimaldi's legs *en costume* for clown. The play went off pretty smoothly, except that they broke one man's collar-bone, and nearly dislocated a woman's shoulder, by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not

made in time; and, when the scene drew, half-a-dozen carpenters, in patched trowsers and tattered shirt sleeves, were discovered smoothing down my pillows, and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim:—

ROMEO. Rise, rise, my Juliet,
And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms.

Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me.

JULIET. (*aside.*) Oh, you've got me up horridly!—that'll never do; let me down, pray let me down.

ROMEO. There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!

JULIET. (*aside.*) Pray put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly.

In the midst of "cruel, cursed fate," his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end.

ROMEO. Tear not our heart-strings thus!
They crack! they break!—Juliet! Juliet! (*dies.*)

JULIET. (*to corpse.*) Am I smothering you?

CORPSE. (*to Juliet.*) Not at all; could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me?—it has fallen off.

JULIET. (*to corpse.*) I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

(*Corpse nodded.*)

JULIET. (*to corpse.*) Where's your dagger?

CORPSE. (*to Juliet.*) 'Pon my soul, I don't know.

This is capital; but what will the lady critics say to it? This performance took place in Philadelphia. We trust the critics will no longer rail, if people of any taste and imagination are contented to read their Shakspeares by their comfortable firesides, and in their quiet closets. Sometimes we fancy Miss Kemble herself would grant us this indulgence; but again she bolts and raves.

At Boston, theatricals are discussed with Dr Channing:—there is no use in concealing a name that will not hide. As there is considerable curiosity in Britain about a man who is, to say the least, not underrated either here or among his own people, we shall give the passage at some length:—

I have finished ——'s sermons, which are most excellent. I think he is one of the purest English prose writers now living. I revere him greatly; yet I do not think his denial of the Trinity is consistent with the argument by which he maintains the truth of the miracles.

I have seen ——, who, in his outward man, bears but little token of his inward greatness. Miss —— had prepared me for an exterior over which debility and sickness had triumphed now for some years; but, thought I, there must be eyes and a brow; and there the spirit will surely be seen upon its throne. But the eyes were small grey eyes, with an expression which struck me at first as more akin to shrewdness of judgment, than genius and the loftier qualities of the mind; and, though the brow and forehead were those of an intellectual person, they had neither the expanse nor conformation I had imagined. The subject of our conversation, though sufficiently natural for him to choose, addressing one of my craft, did not appear to me to be a happy one for his own powers—perhaps I thought so because I differed from him. He talked about the stage and acting, in as unreal, and, in my opinion, mistaken, a manner as possible. Had he expressed himself unknowingly about acting, that would not have surprised me; for he can have no means of judging of it, not having frequented the theatre for some years past: and those who have the best means of forming critical judgments upon dramatic subjects, for the most part talk arrant nonsense about them. Lawrence was the only man I ever heard speak about the stage who did so with understanding and accuracy. I have heard the very cleverest men in England talk the greatest stuff imaginable about actors and acting. But to return to ——: he said he had not thought much upon the subject, but that it appeared to him feasible and highly desirable to take detached passages and scenes from the finest dramatic writers, and have them well declaimed in comparatively private assemblies—this as a wholesome substitute for the stage, of which he said he did not approve; and he thought this the best method of obtaining the intellectual pleasure and profit to be derived from fine dramatic works, without the illusion and excitement belonging to theatrical exhibitions. My horror was so unutterable at this proposition, and my amazement so extreme that he should make it, that I believe my replies to it were all but incoherent. What! take one of Shakespeare's plays bit by bit, break it piecemeal, in order to make recitals of it?—destroy the marvellous unity of one of his magnificent works, to make patches of declamation! If the stage is evil, put it away, and put away with it those writings which properly belong to it, and to nothing else; but do not take dramatic compositions, things full of present action and emotion, to turn them into recitations—and mutilated ones, too. Get other poems to declaim, no matter how vivid or impassioned in their descriptions, so their form be not dramatic. It is not to be supposed that the effect, proper and natural to a fine dramatic conception, can be preserved when the language is merely declaimed, without the assistance of distance, dress, scenic effects—all the appertainings that the author has reckoned upon to work out his idea. —— mentioned the dagger soliloquy in Macbeth, as an instance which would admit of being executed after his idea; saying that that well read by any person in a drawing-room would have all the effect necessary or desirable. I remember hearing my aunt Siddons read the scenes of the witches in Macbeth; and, while doing so, was obliged to cover my eyes, that her velvet gown, modern cap, and spectacles might not disturb the wild and sublime images that her magnificent voice and recitation were conjuring up around me. If a man professes to tell you a story, no matter what—say the story of Romeo and Juliet—and sits in a modern drawing-room, in modern costume, it matters not—*he* is is no part of his story—you do not connect him with his narrative—his appearance in no way clashes with your train of thought—you are not thinking of him, but of the people he is talking about. But, if a man in a modern drawing-room, and in modern costume, were to get up, and begin reciting the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet, I think the case would be altered. However, never having heard such a proposal before, I had not thought much about it, and only felt a little stunned at the idea of Shakspeare's *histories* being broken into fragments.

So much for Channing's judgment in theatricals; and we do think Miss Kemble has the best of it. At New York, another clergyman was more fortunate in converting her from the iniquity of the German waltz. Her journal affords a fair estimate not only of her own devotional character, but also of the state of religion in "good society." She is religious; indeed, we presume one irreligious individual is no longer to be found in fashionable life. This is highly edifying; and we charitably hope that no man or woman may deceive themselves. The first Sunday on shipboard, prayers were read, and Miss Kemble was almost *rapt*. Next Sunday, "Pelham" is read for a second time, and is found "amazingly clever." Now, we do not mean to make any possible objection to this mingling of amusement and devotional exercises; only we consider it worthy of notice.

Sunday, 23d.

After breakfast, went to church with D—— There is no such thing, I perceive, as a pew-opener; so, after

standing sufficiently long in the middle of the church, we established ourselves very comfortably in a pew, where we remained unmolested. The day was most lovely, and my eyes were constantly attracted to the church windows, through which the magnificent willows of the burial-ground looked like golden-green fountains rising into the sky. . . . . The singing in church was excellent, and Dr ——'s sermon very good, too: he wants sternness; but that is my particular fancy about a clergyman, and by most people would be accounted no want. It was not sacrament Sunday; D—— was disappointed, and I mistaken. . . . Mr —— walked home with us. I played all through Mr ——'s edition of Cinderella.

Miss Kemble is in the habit of duly criticizing the sermon, receiving the sacrament when it happens to be administered, like a dutiful daughter of the Church, and returning home to such exercises as the above, or the study of a new part; such, for example, as that of Violante, in that moral play, "The Wonder." Now, all this is set down with perfect simplicity and good faith, and is, therefore, blameless: and is produced here merely as a fair sample of the religion of the fashionable world. How easy is this Christian life! Who will call it one of conflict, struggle, and trial? What singular notions—singular for deep ignorance as well as perversion—do possess many of "the educated classes," like Miss Kemble, for example, upon religious subjects! Her novel reason for approving of Unitarianism in America, is because "it suits the state of society and the taste of the people." It is not whether this form of Christianity be *true* or *false;* but if, like their silks or thick stuffs, light muslins or heavy cloths, it be adapted to the climate. A note, connected with this subject, by Mrs Butler, will, we fear, in certain quarters, lose her much of whatever Miss Kemble's ridicule of American manners may have gained; for she audaciously says, "There here are no rich benefices or over-swelled bishoprics to be hoped for, by the man who devotes himself to the service of God's altar: the pecuniary remuneration of the clergy depends upon the generosity of their congregations." Of Unitarianism she remarks:—

Throughout all the northern states, and particularly those of New England, the Unitarian form of faith prevails very extensively. It appears to me admirably suited to the spiritual necessities of this portion of the Americans. They are a reasoning, not an imaginative race; moreover, they are a hard-working, not an idle one. It therefore suits their necessities, as well as their character, to have a religious creed divested at once of mysteries at which the rational mind excepts; and of long and laborious ceremonies, which too often engross the time without the attention of the worshipper. They are poor, too, comparatively speaking; and were they so inclined, could little afford either the splendid pageantry which the Romish priesthood require, or the less glaring but not less expensive revenues which the Episcopalian clergy enjoy. Their form of religion is a simple one, a short one, and a cheap one. Without attempting to discuss its excellence in the abstract, it certainly appears to me to be as much fitted for this people, as the marvellous legends and magnificent shows of the Romish church were to the early European nations.

The daily private life of a favourite actress is truly depicted in almost every page here, and the individual character at least as faithfully in such passages as the following:—"The play went off very well—I played well, and my dresses looked beautiful. . . . . Found a most lovely nosegay awaiting me from Mr ——. Bless it! how sweet it smelt! and how pretty it looked! Spent an hour delightfully in putting it in water." These nosegays, long anonymous, but, like every other anonymous thing, sure to be discovered in the end, bloom in almost every page, until the reader gets fairly tired of their fragrance at last. "Rose late—after breakfast went to rehearsal. What a mess I do make of Bizarre! Ellen Tree and Mrs Chatterly were angels to what I shall be; yet I remember thinking them both bad enough. Played Bizarre for the first time. Acted so-so—looked very pretty—the house was very fine. . . . . It seems the blessed people here were shocked at my having to hear the coarseness of Farquharson's 'Inconstant.' Humbug!" This passage must not be suffered to go until we have entered our protest against unfair inferences, which Mrs Butler does herself in a *lengthy* note. With a somewhat over-zealous contempt for prudery, she has the merit of virtuously contemning that form of hypocrisy in substance and in seeming. In this respect she is only second to Mrs Trollope; from whom American ladies, and ladies nearer home, may learn to despise the cant and positive indelicacy of a certain spurious quality of delicacy. The American audiences are even more chilly than those of Scotland. Miss Kemble frequently complains of their frigidity. "The audience here (in Philadelphia) are, without exception, the most disagreeable I ever played to: Not a single hand did they give the balcony scene, or my father's scene with the friar: They are literally immovable. They applauded vehemently at my draught scene, and a great deal at the end of the play; but they are, nevertheless, intolerably dull, and it is all but impossible to act to them. . . . . Found another beautiful nosegay waiting for me from my unknown furnisher of sweets. I would give my lovely flowers to find out who sends them to me. Distributed them all over the room, and was as happy as a queen. Mr —— called. . . . He seems to have a wonderful veneration for a parcel of scribblers, whose names were never heard of in England beyond the limits of their own narrow coteries. But he speaks like an enthusiast of the woods and waters of his glorious country, and I excuse his taste in poetry. Now, isn't this strange that a man who can feel the amazing might, majesty, and loveliness of nature, can endure for a moment the mawkish scribbling of these poetasters? Verily we be anomalous beasts." Whereupon, with singular modesty, or by way of contrast with the indigenous poetasters of this unhappy land, Miss Kemble gives us a specimen of her own verse, entitled AUTUMN, which is pretty enough; though, of the native number of poetasters, one thousand and one, upon a very low estimate, would surpass, and one in every parish equal it. "After breakfast, went to rehearsal. Came home; put things out for the theatre; made my-

self a belt; received a whole bundle of smart annuals from Mr ——. My gown looked very handsome, but my belt was too small; had to make another. The house was good, but not great. I played only so-so. The fact is, it is utterly impossible to play to this audience at all; they are so immovable, such very stocks and stones. . . . . A Mr, Mrs, and young Mr ——, called upon us: they are the only inhabitants of this good city who have done us that honour. . . . . Play, 'Hunchback'—played so-so—the audience are detestable. . . My benefit—the 'Provoked Husband;' the house very good. I played so-so, and looked very nice. What fine breeding this play is, to be sure! it is quite refreshing to act it; but it must be heathen Greek to the American *exclusives*, I should think. . . . . Play—'Much Ado about Nothing.' I played well; but what an audience it is! . . . . Found a most exquisite nosegay waiting for me at home—so sweet, so brilliant, so fragrant and fresh. . . . . Found nothing for supper, I could fancy. . . . . House very full; play, 'The Stranger.' I did not play well: I'd a gown on that did not fit me, to which species of accident playing is marvellously subservient, for a tight arm-hole will mar the grandest passage in Queen Constance, and too long or too short a skirt keep one's heart cold in the balcony scene in Juliet. Came home; supped: finished marking the 'Winter's Tale.' What a dense fool that fat old Johnson must have been in matters of poetry! His notes on Shakspeare make one swear, and his summing up of the 'Winter's Tale' is worthy of—a newspaper critic of the present day—in spirit I mean, not in language; Dr Johnson always wrote good English. What dry, sapless, and dusty earth, his soul must have been made of, poor fat man!" This is a surpassing bit of journalizing. Johnson always despised the players—some folks fancied he envied "Davy Garrick." What would he have said to lively Fanny Kemble's notions of himself. Upon this severe judgment of the man, for whom even the genius of the author of "Francis the First" might have felt or *feigned* some deference, there follows immediately an imitation of an old Scottish ballad—very *so-so-ish*, to use one of the author's phrases. In other pieces of literary criticism, Miss Kemble discusses the phrenological writings of Combe, which she finds wonderfully like the "Contarini Fleming" of that modern stalwart hero, Mr Benjamin D'Israeli, his "physiological principles being the bosom friends of Combe's phrenological ones." "Contarini Fleming" almost cost the fair reader her supper one night. It was read by snatches, and finished one day as the servants were carrying in the luggage. It served to draw forth the native rudeness of American manners. In a steam boat, one day, she relates:—

After breakfast, returned to my crib. As I was removing "Contarini Fleming," in order to lie down, a *lady* said to me, "Let me look at one of those books;" and, without further word of question or acknowledgment, took it from my hand, and began reading. I was a *little surprised*, but said nothing, and went to sleep. Presently I was roused by a pull on the shoulder, and another lady, rather more civil, and particularly considerate, asked me to do her the favour of lending her the other. I said, by all manner of means, wished her at the devil, and turned round to sleep once more. . . . . Arrived at the Delaware, we took boat again; and, as I was sitting very quietly reading "Contarini Fleming," with the second volume lying on the stool at my feet, the same unceremonious lady who had *borrowed* it before, snatched it up without addressing a single syllable to me, read as long as she pleased, and threw it down again in the same style when she went to dinner. Now, I know that half the people here, if they were to read that in Mrs Trollope, would say, "Oh, but you know she could not have been a lady; 'tis not fair to judge of our manners by the vulgar specimens of American society which a steam-boat may afford." Very true; but granting that she was *not* a lady, (which she certainly was not,) supposing her to have been a housemaid, or anything else of equal pretensions to good breeding, the way to judge is by comparing her, not with ladies in other countries, but with housemaids, persons in her own condition of life; and it is most certain that no person whatsoever, however ignorant, low, or vulgar, in England, would have done such a thing as that. But the mixture of the republican feeling of equality peculiar to this country, and the usual want of refinement common to the lower classes of most countries, forms a singularly felicitous union of impudence and vulgarity, to be met with nowhere but in America.

But suppose these ladies, or *not* ladies, had imagined that "Contarini Fleming" belonged to the vessel as common property, for the entertainment of passengers, it might not have been unreasonable to appropriate one or two of the volumes. Yet this might have certainly been done more civilly. Other singular traits of manners are recorded; but we think they are not without parallels at home. Mr Charles Kemble was invited to a turtle feast, by a billet worded as follows:—

"Sir, the Hoboken Turtle Club will meet at the grove, for *spoon exercise*, on Tuesday, the 11th inst., by order of the President."

One day, a gentleman joined Miss Kemble and her female companion, who were shopping.

He came into Bonfanti's with us, and afterwards insisted on escorting us to our various destinations; not, however, without manifold and deep lamentations on his slovenly appearance and dirty gloves. The latter, however, he managed to exchange, *chemin faisant*, for a pair of new ones, which he extracted from his pocket and drew on, without letting go our arms, which he squeezed most unmercifully during the operation. We went through a part of the town which I had never seen before. The shops have all a strange fair-like appearance, and exhibit a spectacle of heterogeneous disorder.

We went into a shop to buy some stockings, and, missing our *preux chevalier*, I turned round to look for him, when I perceived him beautifying most busily before a glass in a further corner of the shop. He had seized on a sort of house brush, and began brooming his hat: the next operation was to produce a small pocket comb, and arrange his disordered locks; lastly, he transferred the services of the brush of all-work from his head to his feet, and, having dusted his boots, drawn himself up in his surtout, buttoned its two lower buttons, and given a reforming grasp to his neckcloth, he approached us, evidently much advanced in his own good graces. We went to the furrier's, and brought away my dark boa.

The curiosity of the gentlemen, we consider more intolerable than the *spitting*, and the ignorance of all good wine, and propensity to all potent and coarse liquors, here brought home to them.

A gentleman whom you know (as, for instance, in my case) very slightly, will sit down by your table during a morning visit, turn over every article upon it, look at

the cards of the various people who have called upon you, ask half-a-dozen questions about each of them, as many about your own private concerns, and all this as though it were a matter of course that you should answer him; which I feel greatly inclined occasionally not to do.

The spitting stories are really too much for us; let it suffice that the lover spits in the boudoir, and the priest at the altar. We have here the somewhat stale story of the *public* comb, and the public tooth brush; but Mrs Butler observes, in her notes on Miss Kemble's lively text, that they must have belonged to a *Western* steamboat. She has furnished, we can perceive, an anecdote, which the *Quarterly Review* lately embellished, about the Yankees fancying the *pattern* of an Englishman's coat-of-arms, and ordering it for their own equipages.

The negroes appear to engross nearly all the high breeding of America, the cause of which may, perhaps, be found in their condition of slavery. This anecdote deserves a place in an Irish jest book:—

While we were riding, Captain —— told me sundry most exquisite native morceaux, and one thing that half-killed me with laughing. Mr ——'s negro servant and Mr ——'s conversing together about me, one asked the other if he had seen me at the theatre, to which Mr ——'s man replied, "No, sir; I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Kemble in private society:"—he brings my horse down every morning for me!

A most extraordinary sequence, directly following this joke, is thus worded:—

Perhaps, after all, life is worth no more than a laugh, and all its strange mysteries of sin and suffering, its summer dreams of excellence, innate and to be acquired, its fond yearning affections, its deep passions, its high and glorious tendings—all but jests to make the worldly-wise smile, and the believers in them despair. God keep me from such thoughts!—they are dreadful!

More, we suspect, than upon acting or writing tragedy, the love of nature and sun-sets, and nosegays everlasting, and judgment in dress, and criticism and taste in everything, does this fair journalist pride herself upon her skill in horse-flesh and "witching horsewomanship." All the American horses are as ill-bred, or no more thoroughbred than the women; who, by the way, ride as ill as they walk. She is never done denouncing the ill-taught horses. Her first visits everywhere are paid to the riding-school, and her cortege must have had the effect of a very clever equestrian advertisement, in the different cities of the Union.

Away we rushed down Broadway, to the infinite edification of its gaping multitudes. Mr —— had gotten me an enchanting horse that trotted like an angel. So, in spite of Major ——'s awful denunciation of "disgusting," I had a delicious hard trot all through the streets, rising in my saddle like a lady, or rather, a gentleman. My habit seemed to excite considerable admiration and approbation, and indeed it was *great*.

* * * * *

The men here are never happy unless they are going full speed. 'Tis no wonder their horses are good for nothing; they would ruin any horses that were good for anything. Such unskilful horsemanship I never saw.

* * * *

After rehearsal, came home, habited, and went to the riding-school to try some horses. *Merci de moi!* what quadrupeds! How they did wallop and shamble about! poor half-broken dumb brutes! they know no better; and, as the natives here are quite satisfied with their shuffling, rollicking, mongrel pace, half trot, half canter, why it is not worth while to break horses in a Christian like fashion for them.

But the carriage horses and racers are allowed to be famous; and, if the private equipages of the Americans are so far behind England as to merit frequent abuse, the plebeian hackney coaches of New York are acknowledged to be superior in all respects to those of London itself. At Philadelphia Miss Kemble was accused of affronting the aristocracy.

He read us a paragraph in one of the Philadelphia papers, upon me, and all my good parts; there was actually a column of them. It was well written, for I was absolute perfection; excepting, indeed, in one respect, the hauteur and disdain with which I had treated the "*rank* and fashion of Philadelphia." Now, this was not true, for, to speak candidly, I did not know that there were such things as rank and fashion in all America. However, the article made me laugh extremely; for, as I could not help observing, "There are *real* lords and ladies in my country."

This is very tolerable in a young woman seeking her bread from those same lords and ladies; for she assures us it is for bread she goes upon the stage; and no harm done either; though this idle bravado is as insolent as foolish. At Washington, an unlucky misunderstanding arose, from a very frivolous cause, of horse-borrowing or riding, which subsequently threatened a theatrical row. At New York, on their second visit there, she had affronted all America! The whole matter seems to have been the mystification of some officious personage, as the result proved. But the affair is worth telling, were it but for the violent indignation of the heroine of the tale.

Appointed Mr —— to come down directly and ride with me. Drove with my father and Mr —— to leave cards on ——, and then walked home. The day was bright and fine, but very cold. Habited; and, at about one o'clock, Mr —— called for me. On going to the door, I found him and his horse, and a strange, tall, grey horse for me, and a young gentleman of the name of ——, to whom I understood it belonged, and whom Mr —— introduced to me as very anxious to join my party. I was a little startled at this, as I did not quite think Mr —— ought to have brought anybody to ride with me without my leave. However, as I was riding his horse, I was just as well pleased that he was by, for I don't like having the responsibility of such valuable property as a private gentleman's horse to take care of. I told him this, alleging it as a reason for my preferring to ride an indifferent hack horse, about which I had no such anxiety. He replied that I need have none about his. I told him, laughingly, that I would give him two dollars for the hire of it, and then I should feel quite happy; all which nonsense passed as nonsense should—without a comment. He is a son of ——; I thought him tolerably pleasant and well-informed.

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I would have a man who lived in the wretchedest corner of the earth think his own country the first of countries; for 'tis noble and natural, one of the most respectable instincts in the human heart. We rode till half-past three. The horse I was upon was, Mr —— assured me, an English one, but he had been long enough in this world to learn racking, and forget every other more Christian pace; he tired me dreadfully.

But Miss Kemble had further reason to rue the riding of that day. A few days afterwards, she resumes—

One of my visits lay nearly three miles out of town, so that I was not back until six o'clock. As I came rushing along the corridor, I met D—— coming to meet me, who exclaimed, with an air of mingled horror and satisfaction, "Oh, here you are!—here is coffee and Mr

—— waiting for you!" I went into the room, and found a goodly-looking personage, old enough to know better, sitting with my father, who appeared amazingly disturbed, held an open letter in his hand, and exclaimed, the moment I came in, "There, sir, there is the young lady to speak for herself." I courtesied, and sat down. "Fanny," quoth my father, "something particularly disagreeable has occurred—pray, can you call to mind anything you said during the course of your Thursday's ride, which was likely to be offensive to Mr ——, or anything abusive of this country?" As I have already had sundry specimens of the great talent there is for tattle in the exclusive coteries of this gossiping new world, I merely untied my bonnet, and replied, that I did not, at that moment, recollect a word that I had said during my whole ride, and should certainly not give myself any trouble to do so. "Now, my dear," said my father, his own eyes flashing indignation, "don't put yourself into a passion; compose yourself, and recollect. Here is a letter I have just received." He proceeded to read it, and the contents were to this effect—that, during my ride with Mr ——, I had said I did not choose to ride an American gentleman's horse, and *had offered him two dollars for the hire of his;* that, moreover, I had spoken most derogatorily of America and Americans; in consequence of all which, if my father did not give some explanation, or make some apology to the public, I should certainly be hissed off the stage, as soon as I appeared on it that evening. This was pleasant. I stated the conversation as it had passed, adding, that as to any sentiments a person might express on any subject, liberty of opinion, and liberty of speech, were alike rights which belonged to everybody, and that, with a due regard to good feeling and good breeding, they were rights which nobody ought, and I never would forego. Mr —— opened his eyes. I longed to add, that any conversation between me and any other person was nobody's business but mine, and his or hers, and that the whole thing was, on the part of the young gentleman concerned, the greatest piece of blackguardism; and on that of the old gentleman concerned, the greatest piece of twaddle that it had ever been my good fortune to hear of. "For," said Mr ——, "not less than *fifty* members of Congress have already mentioned the matter to me." Fifty old gossiping women! why, the whole thing is, for all the world, like a village tattle in England, among half a dozen old wives round their tea-pots. All Washington was in dismay; and my evil deeds and evil words were the town talk—fields, gaps, marshes, and all, rang with them. This is an agreeable circumstance, and a display of national character highly entertaining and curious.

She expected to be hissed off the stage:—no such thing was thought of, and, on the succeeding nights, she was generously received. It was clear, that the American *public* were wholly innocent of this contemptible hoax. When the Kembles landed, not one of their "one and twenty huge boxes" were touched at the custom house, another *substantial* proof of civilization and civility. Even in her first walk through New York, Miss Kemble had occasion to remark the true civility of the people.

The street was very much thronged, and I thought the crowd a more civil and orderly one than an English crowd. The men did not jostle or push one another, or tread upon one's feet, or kick down one's shoe heels, or crush one's bonnet into one's face, or turn it round upon one's head—all which I have seen done in London streets. There is this to be said: this crowd was abroad merely for pleasure, sauntering along, which is a thing never seen in London; the proportion of idle loungers who frequent the streets there, being very inconsiderable, when compared with the number of people going on business through the town. I observed that the young men to-night invariably made room for the women to pass; and many of them, as they drew near us, took the segar from their mouth, which I thought especially courteous.

The behaviour of men towards women in the streets is infinitely more courteous than with us; women can walk too, with perfect safety, by themselves. On board the steam-boats, no man sits down to table until the ladies are accommodated. In several other instances, Mrs Butler makes, with a bad grace, the *amende honorable*, for Miss Kemble's rash censures. The *comfort*, the rough homely plenty of the *mass*, is not forgotten. But she does more, or lets more slip out incidentally. Conceive "the more refined portion of our English audiences *yawn* through Shakspeare's historical plays, and *quiz* through those which are histories of human nature." This is worse than Philadelphia! it cannot be! or she means the fashionable, not the "refined." Here, again, Miss Kemble recognises a truth of likenesses in her "real ladies," which goes far to revenge the new world upon the old.

Mr —— read me a passage out of one of Jeffrey's letters, describing an English fine lady. The picture is admirable, and most faithful; they are, indeed, polished, brilliant, smooth as ice, as slippery, as treacherous, as cold.

Mr Francis Jeffrey is as bad as Mr Isaac Tomkins. Miss Kemble dislikes the player-style as much as the manners of American ladies. She has no mercy, no indulgence for actors. She could not have forgiven "my aunt Siddons'" tragic manner, and her magnificent and perfectly harmless "Will it wash?" Here is a player:—

—— dined with us: What a handsome man he is! but, oh, what a within and without actor! I wonder whether I carry such a brand in every limb and look of me; if I thought so, I'd strangle myself. An actor shall be self-convicted in five hundred. There is a ceaseless striving at effect, a straining after points in talking, and a lamp and orange-peel twist in every action. How odious it is to me! Absolute and unmitigated vulgarity I can put up with, and welcome; but, good Heaven, defend me from the genteel version of vulgarity, to see which in perfection, a country actor, particularly if he is also manager, and sees, occasionally, people who bespeak plays, is your best occasion.

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I do not wonder the New Yorkians did not approve of my Lady Teazle. If, as —— tells me, Mrs —— is their idea of the perfection of good-breeding, well may my delineation of a lady be condemned as "nothing particular." Yet I am sorry I must continue to lie under their censure; for I, unfortunately for myself, have seen ladies, "ripe and real," who, from all I can see, hear, and understand, differ widely from the good manner of their "beau ideal." The fact is, I am not "*genteel*" enough, and I am conscious of it.

The jumble of discordant opinions about acting, as an art and not an art, we shall not interfere with. The inference is, that it is an art to be patiently acquired, in such instances as John and Charles Kemble, and, probably, Mrs Siddons; and a gift, a natural spontaneous power, in such geniuses as Kean—but he studied hard—and Miss Fanny Kemble. The manner in which the Stars, the female ones particularly, think and act towards the unfortunate persons connected with them in the scene, has often made us as indignant as Miss Kemble righteously was at hearing how the slaveholders treat their miserable victims in the Southern States.

Poor Mr Keppel is fairly laid on the shelf; I'm sorry for him! What a funny passion he had, by the by, for

going down upon his knees! . . . . Poor fellow, he bothered me a good deal; yet I'm sincerely sorry for him. . . . . Mr Simpson sent me this morning, for my decision, a letter from Mr Keppel, soliciting another trial, and urging the hardness of his case in being condemned upon a part which he had no time to study. My own opinion of poor Mr Keppel is, that no power on earth or in heaven can make him act decently; however, of course, I did not object to his trying again; he did not swamp me the first night, so I don't suppose he will the fifth.

This gentleman, it appears, appealed to the public. The public feeling was not unmerciful, and Miss Kemble was, as she here describes:—

At six, went to the theatre. My gown was horribly ill-plaited, and I looked like a blue-bag. The house was very full, and they received Mr K—— with acclamations and shouts of applause. When I went on, I was all but tumbling down at the sight of my Jaffier, who looked like the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, with the addition of some devilish red slashes along his thighs and arms. The first scene passed well and so: but, oh, the next, and the next, and the next to that! Whenever he was not glued to my side, (and that was seldom,) he stood three yards behind me; he did nothing but seize my hand, and grapple to it so hard, that, unless I had knocked him down, (which I felt much inclined to try,) I could not disengage myself. In the senate scene, when I was entreating for mercy, and *struggling*, as Otway has it, for my life, he was prancing round the stage in every direction, flourishing his dagger in the air: I wish to Heaven I had got up and run away; it would but have been natural, and have served him extremely right. In the parting scene—oh, what a scene it was!—instead of going away from me when he said "Farewell for ever," he stuck to my skirts, though, in the same breath that I adjured him, in the words of my part, not to leave me, I added, aside, "Get away from me, oh *do!*" When I exclaimed, "Not one kiss at parting!" he kept embracing and kissing me like mad; and, when I ought to have been pursuing him, and calling after him, "Leave thy dagger with me," he hung himself up against the wing, and remained dangling there for five minutes. I was half crazy! and the good people sat and swallowed it all: they deserved it—by my troth, they did. I prompted him constantly; and once, after struggling in vain to free myself from him, was obliged, in the middle of my part, to exclaim, "You hurt me dreadfully, Mr Keppel!" He clung to me, cramped me, crumpled me—dreadful! I never experienced anything like this before, and made up my mind that I never would again. I played, of course, like a wretch, finished my part as well as I could, and, as soon as the play was over, went to my father and Mr Simpson, and declared to them both my determination not to go upon the stage again, with that gentleman for a hero. Three trials are as many as, in reason, anybody can demand; and, come, what come may, *I* will not be subjected to this sort of experiment again. At the end of the play, the clever New Yorkians actually called for Mr Keppel! and this most worthless clapping of hands, most worthlessly bestowed upon such a worthless object, is what, by the nature of my craft, I am bound to care for: I spit at it from the bottom of my soul! We came home tired and thoroughly disgusted, and found no supper. The cooks, who do not live in the house, but come and do their work, and depart home whenever it suits their convenience, had not thought proper to stay to prepare any supper for us: so we had to wait for the readiest things that could be procured out of doors for us:—this was pleasant—very.

There were two young ladies at this time in the New York Theatre, who were popular. One was named Clifton—"native talent!" as Miss Kemble contemptuously writes. Mr Kemble had much more sense and prudence than his daughter.

On our way to Mr ——'s, my father told me he had been seeing Miss Clifton, the girl they want him to teach to act; (to *teach* to act, quotha!!!) He says, she is very pretty, indeed, with fine eyes, a fair, delicate skin, and a handsome mouth; moreover, a tall woman, and yet from the front of the house her effect is nought. What a pity, and a provoking! A pleasant dinner, very. Mr ——, the poet, one Dr ——, Colonel ——, and Mr ——: the only woman was a Miss ——. . . . . ——'s face reminded me of young ——: the countenance was not quite so good, but there was the same radiant look about the eyes and forehead. His expression was strongly sarcastic; I liked him very much, notwithstanding. When we left the men, we had the pleasure of the children's society, and that of an unhappy kitten, whom a little pitiless urchin of three years old was carrying crumpled under her arm, like a pincushion. The people here make me mad by abusing Lawrence's drawing of me. If ever there was a refined and intellectual work, where the might of genius, triumphing over every material impediment, has enshrined and embodied spirit itself, it is that.

There is much more about "poor Mr Keppel:" and he must have been a poor Mr Keppel, indeed, to be compelled to endure all this. He received his mittimus at last. As a critic, Miss Kemble has none of the fears of the newspaper people, or of going too far in one way or another. This account of a sister—we must not say artist—is clever enough, and, probably, not unjust.

At nine o'clock, went to the Richmond Hill theatre, to see the opening of the Italian company. The house itself is a pretty little box enough, but as bad as a box to sing in. The first act was over, but we had all the benefit of the second. I had much ado not to laugh; and when Mr ——, that everlasting giggler, came and sat down beside me, I gave myself up for lost. However, I did behave, in spite of two blue bottles of women, who, by way of the sisters, buzzed about the stage, singing enough to set one's teeth on edge. Then came a very tall Dandina.—Montresor banged himself about, broke his time, and made some execrable flourishes in the Prince, whereat the enlightened New Yorkians applauded mightily. But the Prima Donna! but the Cenerentola! Cospetto di Venere, what a figure, and what a face! Indeed, she was the very thing for a lower housemaid; and I think the Prince was highly to blame for removing her from the station nature had evidently intended her for. She was old and ugly, and worse than ugly, unpardonably common-looking, with a cast in her eye, and a foot that, as Mr —— observed, it would require a *pretty considerable* large glass slipper to fit. Then she sang—discords and dismay, how she did sing! I thought of poor dear —— and her sweet voice, and her refined taste, and shuddered to hear this favourite of hers bedevilled by such a Squalini.

There are, in this journal, many things, which that minute chronicler of sad-coloured satin suits, and orange tawny velvets, and silver brocade waistcoats, Pepys, would certainly have faithfully set down; but then it would have been in that strange cipher which the worthy man fondly hoped human ingenuity would never discover; and this gives him a freedom in trifles which our fair journalizer takes with perfect ease, in matters which concern the world so much as what she wore, and what she bought to wear, and how she looked in it.

The original Lawrie Todd flourishes at full length in these pages: but, as he has forestalled Miss Kemble, our readers may have had enough of him before. There are many descriptions of scenery, and fine ones; but they want individuality, and leave us about as wise as we were before; or else they are purely meteorological—under skyey influences, and "sunny

indistinctness." We except some *bits* about the environs of New York and Boston. Many pretty thoughts, and well-turned phrases, with no particular meaning, are stuck upon these, very cleverly, in point of effect. Here, for example, is a Bostonian specimen, meant to be *à la Corinne*, we daresay, but certainly *à la Fanchon*:—

At half-past eleven, went out to ride: the day was heavenly, bright, and mild, with a full, soft, sweet spring breeze, blowing life and health over one. The golden willow trees were all in flower, and the air, as we rode by them, was rich with their fragrance. The sky was as the sky of Paradise: the whole world was full of loveliness; and my spirits were in most harmonious tune with all its beauty. We rode along the chiming beach, talking gravely of many matters, temporal and spiritual; and, when we reached the pines, I dismounted, entreated for a scrap of paper, and, in the miserable little parlour of this miserable little mansion, sat down and scribbled some miserable doggerel to ease my heart. How beautiful the scene around me was!—the bright, boundless sea, smooth as a sapphire, except at the restless, rippling edge; the serene, holy sky looking down so earnestly and gently on the flowering earth: the reviving breeze, &c. &c.

through some pages of it; and the volumes have scores upon scores of this. We do admire those poetical necessities ladies undergo for scraps of paper, to indite verses under trees and elsewhere; to pour forth the over-boiling spirit; though we'll be sworn that neither Shakspeare nor Sir Walter Scott, nor yet Lord Byron, ever required such 'scapements and safety-valves to keep his genius from bursting its earthy case.

A singular genius, whom some of us can recognise, threw himself into the society of the Kembles, as they were progressing towards Albany by steam.

Mr ——— sat down by us. As a nuisance, which all unsought-for companionship is, he is quite the most endurable possible; for he has seen such things, and known such people, that it is greatly worth while to listen to him. Everything he says of Byron and Shelley confirms my own impression of them. . . . . .

Here he is again:—

When we were in the steam-boat, going up to Troy, ——— put a letter into my hands, which he told me was written by the mother of Allegra, Byron's child. The letter was remarkable only for more straightforwardness and conciseness than is usual in women's letters. I do not know whether ——— gave it me to read on that account alone, or because it contained allusions to wild and interesting adventures of his own: perhaps there was a mingling of motives.

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At Troy, Mr ——— left us to gather information, and kindly brought me back word that the population of Troy was five hundred, *or* five thousand, I really forget which; and, for my journal, it don't much matter; and that the storekeeper assured him the Trojans were an exceedingly refined and literary set of folks; and that the society, in point of these two advantages, was no whit behind Boston: there's for Boston!

We reached Albany in very good time for dinner. Mr ——— dined with us: what a savage he is, in some respects! He's a curious being: a description of him would puzzle any one who had never seen him. A man with the proportions of a giant for strength and agility; taller, straighter, and broader than most men; yet with the most listless, indolent carelessness of gait; and an uncertain, wandering way of dropping his feet to the ground, as if he didn't know where he was going, and didn't much wish to go anywhere. His face is as dark as a Moor's; with a wild, strange look about the eyes and forehead, and a mark like a scar upon his cheek; his whole appearance giving one an idea of toil, hardship, peril, and wild adventure. The expression of his mouth is remarkably mild and sweet; and his voice is extremely low and gentle. His hands are as brown as a labourer's: he never profanes them with gloves, but wears two strange magical-looking rings: one of them, which he shewed me, is made of elephant's hair.

We are not done with him yet.

. . . . . Left Utica at six o'clock. We were to go on as far as Auburn, a distance of seventy-six miles. The day was very beautiful, but extremely hot. Found a case of musical glasses: sat on the floor, in great delight, amusing myself with them.

Miss Kemble has a particular fancy for the floor. We cannot tell how often she sits, lies, works, or sleeps upon it, from England to Niagara; but it is very pretty, and as good a mode of affectation as any other. In making way to Auburn—

The sun set gloriously. Mr ——— began talking about Greece, and, getting a good deal excited, presently burst into "The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!" which he recited with amazing vehemence and earnestness. He reminded me of Kean several times: while he was declaiming, he looked like a TIGER. 'Tis strange—or, rather, 'tis not strange, 'tis but natural—how, in spite of the contempt, and even hatred, which he often expresses for England, and everything connected with it, his thoughts and plans, and all the energies of his mind, seem for ever bent upon changes to be wrought *in* England—freer government, purer laws, more equal rights.

Miss Kemble is herself, as we have already intimated, a very different sort of politician. She "would'nt be in the reformed Parliament of England for ten thousand pounds!" There is her price:—more has been given. Not she—where "———, and the bruiser ———, and the bankrupt! Oh, shame, England! Shame! Poor England!" We hope this national disgrace will at least, in time coming, cure Mrs Butler of Miss Kemble's clap-traps, beginning, "O England! England!" "O my home! my land! England—glorious little England!" "English flowers! dear English flowers!" and such like twopenny-gallery rhapsodies. Miss Kemble imagines it must be republicanism which has prevented one great poet, were it but one, from arising in America. Let her give the country to which she has taken her genius and talents a little time. The republic is not yet much above fifty years of age. Many centuries elapsed before "glorious little England" produced "one" great poet. She laments, too, that "it is unfortunate for America that its aristocracy must, of necessity, be always one of wealth." But why! In a few centuries, the Jonathan blood will be as old as is now that of the Campo-Bellos, though he cannot claim to have sprung of pirates; and, if the government be monarchical before Mrs Butler is a skeleton, there is surely still balm in Gilead, and hope for the Yankees, and for the young land of her adoption.

We must draw to a close with this book. The travellers visited the Trenton Falls, and the curtain drops abruptly before those of Niagara, leaving Miss Kemble exclaiming, "I saw Niagara. O God! who can describe that sight!" It must be kept in mind, that this work is deliberately published, and neither by "strong compulsion, nor advice of friends," nor any of those vulgar necessities which soften, or completely

disarm criticism. It is, therefore, entitled to justice, but to nothing more. Nor should the Americans be very furiously angry about it; for, in all probability, were Miss Kemble's home journal, kept in London, or in her professional tours to Dublin, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, York, and Glasgow, published to-day, the British *noblesse* would find themselves, whether aristocratic or commercial, quite as scurvily treated as the Transatlantic *haut ton* are here. We would give our brethren a friendly hint, for the conduct of all such cases, in suggesting a principle potent in every kind of combat, whether it be to pouring in the first broadside, or first raising the cry of *vulgar*—BE FIRST, and you will conquer:—If Miss Kemble exclaim against the American "women" for twenty imaginary deviations from the true standard, charge her home at once with the flagrant Cockneyism apparent in her contracted cit notions, and in vulgar *gourmandise* displayed in her fondness for hot cooked suppers, which will probably shock the fair Americans quite as much as their mint julaps do the refined journalist.

With the most complacent consciousness of a supreme and elevating admiration of nature and beauty, and all that, Miss Fanny (however it may fare with the naturalized Mrs Butler) did, we affirm, carry across the Atlantic a very fair allowance of the genuine Cockney feeling of the comfortable, and of green-room taste in the beautiful. We further aver, that she would not have cared half as much for tangled forests and mountains, and heath and water-falls, and aerial phenomena of all kinds, if she had not heard people talk about them, and been a clever, apt girl. The love of nosegays, we do allow, may be with her quite a natural taste; and it is one delicate and feminine taste. Besides her love of comfortable suppers after the hard night's work—which is rather a professional habit, we apprehend, than a common usage of refined society in England—Miss Kemble's imagery and illustrations, as well as her language, smack strongly of the green-room. The blessed sky is likened to "a jewel shop of angels," a great Rundle's warehouse of gems and sparkling trinkets. She is disgusted with the slovenly verdure and grass about New York, though the grass was "vividly green;" and very naturally asks—"Why not make it, by shearing, as smooth, and soft, and thick-piled, as *Genoa velvet?*" which we uphold as a pretty green-room comparison, suggesting something, by the square yard, vastly finer and more costly than the "rough unmown turf about the Battery," and "the low and dirty rabble, who, in this land of liberty, roll themselves in it"—presumptuous wretches as they are! We admire, too, such comparisons of great things with small, as the glorious ocean itself sparkling in its crest of foam, with "a glass of creaming champagne." It shews a comfortable aggregation of images in the great storehouse from which it is drawn—a most delicate fancy, and certainly refined habitudes.

Before concluding, we must notice that Mrs Butler has thrown a few buttered sops into her notes, to allay the anticipated fury of Jonathan. Thus, she says, in one place—"They are English; no other people in the world could have *licked* us as they did." In Philadelphia, she admits, that the one dinner at which she was present, was "irreproachable;" and she allows, that what she terms "the gift of the gab" is widely disseminated among the men of America. They are self-possessed and fluent. She has also discovered a better society in some of the towns than was perceptible on her first residence. Then she saw but "the *vulgar fashionable*"—a kind of people that, it seems, justify whatever "unqualified censure" Captain Hall, Captain Hamilton, and others, may have bestowed upon them. This better society appears to be one literary coterie of New York—and the highest, probably, of that kind in the Union. It consists of a few pleasant, well-informed persons, who have done fitting homage to Mrs Butler. She would not advise Hall, Hamilton, or Mrs Trollope, to set foot on American ground, "unless they are ambitious of being stoned to death." She has great terrors for herself.—Why should she? Matthews had certainly more to apprehend than any other player that ever visited America. He made fair, hard, clever hits; yet his second reception, when he took courage to venture back, was as good-humoured as it was sensible and kind. Mrs Butler says—"I live, myself, in daily expectation of martyrdom." Her friends on this side the water need be under no serious apprehension for her safety. The lady has, we venture to think, but one real enemy in the United States, though she has done her very best to provoke many. In conclusion, we do by no means assert, that, although Miss Fanny Kemble has been sadly wrong-headed, Mrs Butler may not retrieve the errors of that young lady, and yet successfully study a part which she has not hitherto attempted—that of plain sense, and womanly and rational propriety. This will render her line of characters more complete.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. By M. de Lamartine. London: Bentley. 3 vols.

In how many enthusiastic and poetical minds has the first adventurous longing been to visit the Holy Land; to gaze upon those scenes consecrated by the memory of the patriarchs, the prophets, and rulers of ancient Israel—by the origin of the Christain faith, and the romantic exploits of crusading chivalry! At a very tender age this inclination was powerfully experienced by the author of these Sketches and Recollections. His enthusiasm was excited from perusing, at his mother's knee, a bible full of engravings, drawn from scriptural subjects; and he dreamed of the East until the reality, in manhood, has

been several volumes of word-pictures—the complete portfolio of a poetical painter, furnished from the rich stores of the East. M. de Lamartine views every object as a painter, though the fancy of a poet and a biblical antiquary has thrown an enchanting glow over all his pictures. He remarks, "For a painter, alone, these notes may contain a degree of interest; some of them are exclusively picturesque." We would extend the interest to all those who, though not painters, relish the beauties of that bewitching art—who feel the poetry of painting, and who, by the force of imagination, can realize the endless series of charming landscapes, magnificent architectural views, and picturesque or gorgeous costumes, so vividly set before them in these pages. The "Pilgrimage" has other and higher objects, religious and philanthropic; though, as we have no present opportunity of explaining these, we must content ourselves with merely recommending the work as one filled with exquisite descriptions of scenes and manners that can never fail to interest the reflective, the imaginative, and the pious. The whole are tinted with the national character, and enkindled by the amiable enthusiasm of the author. M. de Lamartine set forth on his pilgrimage or crusade with his wife, his little daughter, Julia, and three friends, one of whom was a physician. His sketches commence at Marseilles, where the party embarked in a vessel which the leader hired for the voyage. They are continued during eighteen months, during which the traveller wandered through an endless diversity of interesting objects, receiving and communicating those deep or vivid impressions for which the visions of his whole previous life had prepared his mind, and realizing, one by one, all his waking dreams. Of Malta, and different places on the coast of Greece, and the Greek Isles, we have sketches which rival those of Turner. Many fine pictures are, like the following, dashed off with a few light strokes:—

Rhodes rises like a bouquet of verdure out of the bosom of the sea; the light and graceful minarets of its white mosques erect themselves above its forests of palms, of sycamores, of plane, of carob trees, and fig trees. From afar, it attracts the eye of the navigator to those delicious retreats, the Turkish cemeteries, where one sees the Mussulmen lying on the grassy tombs of their friends, smoking tranquilly, like sentinels waiting to be relieved.

The traveller is enchanted with the beauty of the women here.

I have seen many delightful females in the evening, seated, by moonlight, on their terraces. They have the Italian eye; but softer, more timid, more filled with tenderness and love. They possess, likewise, the Grecian figure; but more rounded, and with movements more supple and graceful. Their foreheads are high, smooth, white, polished, like those of the handsomest English or Swiss women; but the straight and broad outline of the nose gives more of majesty and antique nobleness to their physiognomy. . . . . It is so sweet to an European, accustomed to the jaded features and contracted countenances of European women, to behold faces as innocent, as pure, and as calm as the sculptured marble; faces which have but one expression, that of repose and tenderness.

What follows is, surely, only applicable to ill-constituted society, to factitious civilization.

Society and civilization are undoubted enemies to physical beauty. They cause too great a multiplication of sentiments and impressions; and, as the physiognomy involuntarily receives and retains the stamp of these, it becomes complicated and deteriorated, acquiring a confusion and uncertainty which destroys its charm and its simplicity; thus resembling a language that has too many words, and that is ill understood from being so redundant.

At Baireut the travellers were hospitably received by M. Jorelle, the French consul for Syria. Madame Jorelle, a charming young woman, born at Aleppo, keeps up the rich, dignified costume of Arabian females, the turban, the embroidered vest, the oriental pipe—and the diamond-hilted poniard at her girdle. She requested her guest—seated at supper in a kiosque, with broad grated windows opening upon the harbour, the night breeze playing through them—to recite to her a few fragments of French poetry; and the traveller, with happy gallantry, told her that she herself, in the moonlight, and in her foreign costume, was a finer subject for poetry than all those which the utmost stretch of imagination could fix upon, and paid his appropriate metrical homage in some very pretty verses. From the window of his chamber, he next morning surveyed Lebanon. He had already seen that mountain of profound associations from the sea. He has viewed this range in every aspect, and sketched them all with felicity. But domestic cabinet pictures are more consonant to our narrow limits. M. de Lamartine wished to remain for some time at Baireut, and formed this oriental and picturesque establishment:—

I have hired *five* houses, forming a group, and shall connect them by wooden staircases, galleries, and openings. A house consists here of little more than a vault used as a kitchen, and one sleeping apartment for a whole family, however numerous. In such a climate, the real house is the roof, constructed in the shape of a terrace; here it is that the women and children pass the day, and frequently the night. In front of the house, the Arab raises a hearth where his wife prepares his meals. A straw mat, fixed to the wall, is thrown over a pole, and secured against the branches of the tree. All their housekeeping takes place under this shelter. Mothers and daughters sit squatting all day long, engaged in combing and braiding their long hair, washing their veils, twisting silk, feeding fowls, or playing and chatting together, just as in our villages of the south of France. . . . . A large field of mulberries and orange trees extends all round our cluster of houses, and affords to each of us a few steps before his door, and some shadow of relief against the heat. I have purchased some Egyptian mats, and carpets of Damascus, which will serve us for beds and divans.

The eyes of the traveller still wander upwards to Lebanon. We select objects closer at hand, from the clear, rich, and charming foreground.

If we cast a look downwards from this sublime horizon of mountains, our eyes rest in all directions upon majestic groups of palm trees planted here and there through the country, in the vicinity of Arab habitations, with green undulations of fir tops, strewed in small clusters about the plain, or on the slopes of the hills, of hedges of cochineal, or other oily plants, whose heavy leaves drop like stone ornaments upon the low walls which support the terraces. These walls are completely covered with lichens in bloom, with ivy, vines, bulbous plants, bearing flowers of all colours and bunches of every form. . . . . We behold a uniform rampart of flowers and verdure close upon us at last; and, under our eyes two or three houses, like our own, half sheltered by the domes of orange trees, in bloom or bearing fruit, present to the sight those animated picturesque scenes which are the life of every landscape. Arabs squatted upon mats are smoking upon the roofs of the houses. Some women are leaning out of the windows to see us, and hide themselves when they perceive that they have attracted our notice. Beneath our very terrace, two Arab families, fathers, brothers, wives, and children, are taking their repose under the shade of a small plantain at the threshold of their habitations. A few steps farther on, under another tree, two Syrian girls of extraordinary beauty are decking themselves in the open air, and ornamenting their hair with white and red flowers. The hair of one of them is so long and bushy that it completely covers her, like the branches of a weeping willow falling in all directions over its trunk; all that can be seen, when she shakes her undulating hair, is her fine forehead, and her eyes sparkling with undisguised cheerfulness, and darting for a moment through this natural veil. She seems to enjoy our admiration. I threw her a handful of ghazis, small pieces of gold, which the Syrian women turn to collars and bracelets, by stringing them on a silken twist. She joins her hands, and places them above her head, by way of thanking me, and returns to her lone apartment, to exhibit them to her sister and her mother.

It is in this style that our traveller has animated the diversified scenes of his pilgrimage. A bath entertainment—the chief amusement of the Eastern females—reminds us of Lady Mary Wortley's happiest sketches. A bride's bath is the most splendid of these social female meetings; and to one of these Madame de Lamartine, with her daughter, and many young European ladies, were admitted. But we must forbear; and also pass a delightful Syrian marriage, to get to a visit paid to the celebrated and eccentric Lady Esther Stanhope. If there be any remaining doubts that this singular personage is suffering under mental hallucination, yet half consciously endeavouring to spread her wild illusions, they will be dispelled by the narrative of this visit. Her habitation has been so often described, that we shall not advert to it. The travellers, who had previously obtained permission to visit Lady Esther, arrived at an early hour.

"We were conducted to a kind of narrow cell, dark and destitute of furniture. Here breakfast was served; and we then threw ourselves on a divan to await the awaking of the invisible, romantic hostess of the palace. I fell asleep. At three o'clock, some one knocked. . . . . I crossed a court-yard, a garden, an open kiosque with hangings of geranium colour; then two or three dark passages; and I was at length introduced, by a little negro child, seven or eight years old, into the cabinet of Lady Esther. It was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, yet mild and majestic features. . . . . She wore a white turban; and, on her head, was a purple coloured fillet, which fell on each side of her head, as low as her shoulders. A long, yellow, Cachmere shawl, and an immense Turkish robe of white silk, enveloped all her person in simple and majestic folds, while an opening of these folds upon the bosom, displayed a second tunic of rich Persian stuff, covered with flowers which was attached round the neck by a clasp of pearls. Turkish yellow Morocco boots, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful Oriental costume, which she wore with that freedom and grace, as if she had never used any other from her youth.

This was, probably, Lady Esther's stage-dress—the costume of her part. From the singular conversation, we can give but a few detached fragments:—

"You have come a long way to see a hermit. You are welcome. I receive but few strangers—scarcely more than one or two a-year; but your letter pleased me; and I wished to know a person

who, like me, loves God, nature, and solitude. Besides, something told me that *our stars were friendly*, and that we should suit each other. I see with pleasure that my presentiment has not deceived me. Your features I now see; and the very noise of your footsteps, as you came along the passage, teach me enough respecting you to prevent my repenting my wish to receive you."

Her ladyship evidently wished to make a proselyte.

"It is true," she went on, "I know not what you are according to the world; but I know what you are before God. Do not take me for a madwoman, as the world often calls me; but I cannot resist the wish to open my heart to you. There is a science at present lost to Europe—a science which, cradled in the East, has never perished here, but still exists unextinguished. I possess it. I read in the stars:—We are children of some of those celestial fires, which presided at our birth; and of which the happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, on our foreheads, in our features, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gesture, our walk. I have seen you only for a few minutes, yet you are known to me as well as if I had lived an age with you. Shall I reveal you to yourself? Shall I predict your destiny?"

Lady Esther does not, so far as we perceive, differ materially from Mrs Buchan or Johanna Southcote.

M. De Lamartine is himself rather bewildered by the mysterious and visionary notions of St Simon; but he could not agree in every opinion expressed by her Ladyship, flattering as her notions of him were:—

"Believe as you think proper," she said, when he presumed to dissent; "you are not the less one of those men whom I expected, whom Providence sends to me, and who have a great part to play in the drama which is preparing. You will soon return to Europe; but it is all over with Europe. France alone has a great mission still to accomplish, in which you will participate. I do not yet know how; but I will tell you to-night, when I have consulted the stars. . . . . Poet, or not, I love you, and I hope in you; we shall see each other again, be assured of it. You will go back to Europe, but you will not long delay your return to the East. It is your true country. It is the country of your forefathers. I am sure of it. Look at your foot."—"I see nothing there, my lady, but the dust of your paths, which covers it, and of which I should be ashamed in a drawing-room of old Europe."—"That is not it," she answered hastily. "Look at your foot. I noticed it not myself before. Look! your instep is very high: there is space between the heel, and the toes, when you place your foot on the ground, sufficient to let water flow through it, without wetting you. It is the foot of the East—it is an Arabian foot. You are a child of these climates, and we approach the day when each man will return to the land of his fathers. We shall see each other again."

Lady Esther is, we believe, to lead the band of the faithful to Jerusalem, and to be enthroned there. We have given too much of this fantastical ranting. The rest of the visit was managed with the same view to scenic effect, and making an impression. The traveller does not believe Lady Esther mad. His opinion is certainly more uncharitable, fervent as is his admiration of her. "If I were to pronounce, I should rather say that it is a *studied*, a *voluntary* madness, conscious of itself, and acting from peculiar motives." It were to be wished that it were subject to the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor. We cannot share M. De Lamartine's expectation, that this eccentric woman may, "at some early day, realize a part of the destiny she promises herself—an empire in Arabia! a throne in Jerusalem!" and the position of Lady Esther appears rather perilous. Of herself, she said—

I am growing old; my fortune is greatly reduced; I am at present alone, abandoned to myself on this desert rock, and a prey to the first daring wretch who chooses to force my gates. Surrounded by a band of unfaithful servants and ungrateful slaves, who rob me every day, and sometimes even threaten my life; it was but lately I owed my safety to this dagger, with which I was obliged to defend myself from the attack of a black slave, whom I had brought up; yet, in the midst of these tribulations, I am happy!

This happiness arose from the confidence with which she affected to look to the future. The sympathies of their stars led Lady Esther to confide a miracle or prodigy to the traveller. She possesses a bay mare, which she invited him to inspect, saying, "See if nature has not accomplished in her all that is written of the mare that is to carry the Messiah, and which is to be foaled ready saddled." The animal was sunk in the back, so as to present a cavity resembling a Turkish saddle. This animal has a high destiny. It is in the constant charge of two Arab grooms. Another milk-white mare is also sacredly kept, for some purpose of a like kind. As they drank coffee, and smoked their pipes, the lady suddenly said—

I hope you are an aristocrat—your appearance denotes it. I am an aristocrat in spite of me; and you must own that, if vices are to be found in aristocracy, they are, at least, compensated by exalted and redeeming virtues; whereas democracy exhibits to my view, the lowest and most malignant vices, and I seek in vain for elevated qualities.

Her Ladyship talked many other extravagances, and the travellers took leave affectionately, while the stars consoled Lady Esther with hopes of future meetings.

There is but one fault to this charming book. It wants relief. It goes dazzling on, until the sense aches under so rapid a succession of splendid and brilliant objects. Few people could read it out at once; but a little now, and a little more then, will be found delicious.

Montgomery's Poet's Portfolio.

Among the new poetical volumes we have perused, the most important is one which requires the least notice, as it speaks for itself. It is a selection of the miscellaneous pieces of the amiable and pious Montgomery; who, having received, along with many others, the fiat of condemnation from the Edinburgh Reviewers, twenty-five years ago, has been steadily advancing in fame with the discerning, and popularity with the multitude, ever since. He has entitled his volume "The Poet's Portfolio." The leading piece is LORD FALKLAND'S DREAM—the Falkland of English history. The character of Falkland, in his closing days of sorrow, is a subject peculiarly adapted to the gentle and tender muse of Montgomery, whose cry has ever been, Peace! Peace! A few of the shorter compositions in this volume have appeared before. Some of them were songs of triumph for the abolition of negro slavery. There are a few beautiful hymns—one especially, *The Prisoner of the Lord;* and several copies of elegant verses, among which we would wish to distinguish *The Snake in the Grass*, and *Worms and Flowers*, if we had space. *The Voyage of the Blind* is a subject which makes poetry of itself. The whole seamen and miserable passengers in a slave ship, voyaging in 1819, from the coast of Africa to the West India Islands, are, one by one, smitten with blindness, from an epidemic opthalmia. The want of water, and malignant forms of disease, overtake the ill-fated crew. Nor is their least danger apprehended from revolt among the negroes. The situation is altogether full of wildness and a drear sublimity. A Spanish vessel, the Leon, was met by them in the mid-ocean, with her crew in the same horrible situation. The ships approached each other, each hoping for aid.

A murmur swelled along the gale;
All rose and held their breaths to hear;
All looked, but none could spy a sail,
Although a sail was near.
Help! help! our beckoning sailors cried—
Help! help! a hundred tongues replied.
The hideous clamour rent the air—
Questions and answers of despair.
Few words the mystery cleared:
The pest had found the second bark,
Where every eye but his was dark,
Whose hand the vessel steered.

He, wild with panic, turned away,
And thence his shrieking comrades bore.
From either ship the winds convey
Farewells that soon are heard no more.
A calm of horror hushed the waves;
Behold them! merchant, seamen, slaves—
The blind, the dying, and the dead—
All help, all hope, for ever fled—
Unseen, yet face to face!
Wo past, wo present, and to come,
Held, for a while, each victim dumb,
Impaled upon his place.

* * * * * *

What were the scenes on board that bark—
The tragedy which none beheld,
When, (as the deluge bore the ark,)
By power invisible impelled,
The keel went blindfold through the surge,
Where stream might drift or tempest urge?
Plague, famine, thirst, their numbers slew;
And frenzy seized the hardier few,
Who yet were spared to try
How everlasting are the pangs
When life upon a moment hangs,
And death stands mocking by.

The fated bark, long after all her crew had perished, still drifting onward for months and years on the face of

the waste ocean, and marked but by the moon and stars, till the last plank of the floating charnel-house disappears, closes this striking poem. But the most remarkable composition in the volume, if less wild and imaginative, lies more within the range of Mr Montgomery's empire over the affections. It is somewhat quaintly called *A Tale without a Name*. It is a tale of woman's love; strong-rooted, wedded love—patient, enduring, and indestructible. The story is this:—A brother, in sudden anger, strikes down his brother. The frenzy of remorse immediately seizes the mind of the fratricide.

He had no friend on earth but thee,
No hope in Heaven above;
By day and night, by land and sea,
No refuge but thy love;
Nor time, nor place, nor crime, nor shame
Could change thy spousal truth—
In desolate old age the same
As in the joy of youth.

The wife of the murderer accompanies him across the Atlantic. He hopes for death in every form—in shipwreck, in the pestilence, from the serpent of the wilderness, and the vengeful Red Indian. But the Cain-brand was upon him; and, in the thickest of battle, into which he rushed, he was weapon-proof.

"I cannot live—I cannot die!"
He muttered in despair;
"This curse of immortality,
Oh, could I quit, or bear!"

His hand, raised against his own life, is paralyzed; and in this condition he is found by his wife:—

O woman! wonderful in love,
Whose weakness is thy power,
How did thy spirit rise above
The conflict of that hour!
She found him prostrate: not a sigh
Escaped her tortured breast;
Nor fell one tear-drop from her eye,
Where torrents were suppressed.

Her faithful bosom stayed his head,
That throbbed with fever-heat;
Her eye serene compassion shed,
Which his could never meet:
Her arms enclosed his shuddering frame,
While at his feet she kneeled;
And, uttering nothing but his name,
Yet all her soul revealed.

Touched to the quick, he gave no sign,
By gentle word or tone;
In him affection could not shine—
'Twas fire within a stone.
• • • • •

It was not always thus; and she fed her memory on the kindness of his youth, and his days of cheerfulness and innocence. The effects of his wife's unfailing tenderness on the cold, sullen, and misanthropic man is described in this beautiful stanza:—

Thus Sodom's melancholy lake,
No turn or current knows,
Nor breeze, nor billow, sounding, break
The horror of repose;
While Jordan, through the sulphurous brine,
Rolls in translucent stream,
Whose waves, with answering beauty, shine
In every changing beam.

The unfortunate pair return to their native land after many years of absence. The homicide fears to look upon it:—

Silent, apart, on deck he stands,
In ecstasy of wo;
A brother's blood is on his hands,
He sees, he hears it flow:
Wilder than ocean tempest-wrought,
Though deadly calm his look;
His partner read his inmost thought,
And strength her limbs forsook.

Then first, then last, a pang she proved,
Too exquisite to bear;
She fell—he caught her—strangely moved,
Roused from intense despair.
Alive to feelings long unknown,
He wept upon her cheek,
And called her in as fond a tone
As love's own lips could speak.

He is arrested, on landing, for the murder so long befor committed, and, for the first time, his wife is separated from him.

The morning comes—she reappears
With grief-dissembling wiles;
A sad serenity of tears,
An agony of smiles,
Her looks assume——
• • • • •

Never since that mysterious hour,
When kindred blood was spilt—
Never had aught in nature power
To soothe corroding guilt,
Till the glad moment when she crossed
The threshold of that place,
And the wild rapture when he lost
Himself in her embrace.

The weary imprisonment passes away, and the trial comes. The calm fortitude of the criminal, to whom, in the hope of an expiatory death, the bitterness of fate was passed, is described with much truth and feeling; but this is finer still.

On him, while every eye was fixed,
And every lip repressed,
Without a voice, the rage unmixed,
That boiled in every breast;
It seemed as though that deed abhorred,
In years far distant done,
Had cut asunder every chord
Of fellowship but one:—

That *one* indissolubly bound
A feeble woman's heart:
Faithful in every trial found,
Long had she borne her part;
Now at his helpless side alone,
Girt with infuriate crowds,
Like the new moon, her meekness shone,
Pale through a gulf of clouds.

The awful *guilty!* is pronounced: the audience repress their horrid joy in reverence of the devoted wife's presence. The night scene before the execution, in which she watches in the cell of the condemned man, winds up this touching poem with the deepest tenderness and pathos. All night long, they, at intervals, hear the clank of the hammers employed in erecting the scaffold.

She watched his features through the shade
Which glimmering embers broke;
Both from their inmost spirit prayed;
They prayed, but seldom spoke:
Moments, meanwhile, were years to *him*;
Her grief forgot their flight,
Till on the hearth the fire grew dim;—
She turned, and, lo! the light;—
• • • • •

"Farewell!"—'Twas but a word; yet more
Was uttered in that sound,
Than love had ever told before,
Or sorrow yet had found.
They kiss like meeting flames—they part
Like flames asunder driven;
Lip cleaves to lip—heart beats on heart,
Till soul from soul is riven.

Quick hurried thence—the sullen bell
Its passing peal began;
She hearkens—'tis the dying knell
Rung for the living man.

There are poets, and those not the least in their art, who would now have snatched the devoted woman from

farther misery, by consigning her to the grave of her husband. A Christian poet judges otherwise. The consummation of this fine poem is worthy of its progress. Her thoughts followed her husband to the judgment-seat, and then—

Silence and darkness hide the rest :
Long she survived to mourn ;
But peace sprang up within her breast
From trouble meekly borne :
And higher, holier joys had she,
A Christian's hopes above,
The prize of suffering constancy,
The crown of faithful love.

Philanthropic Economy ; or, The Philosophy of Happiness practically applied to the Social, Political, and Commercial Relations of Great Britain. By Mrs Loudon, Author of "First Love," "Dilemmas of Pride," &c. &c. London : Churton. One vol. 8vo. 6s.

This is a remarkable book in its parentage, and one which we consider calculated to be eminently useful, from its scope and purpose. Enlightened and sound opinions on the important topics of taxation, the corn-laws, the rights of industry, primogeniture, representation, and other matters scarcely less interesting, are promulgated with clearness, accuracy, and brevity. The leading doctrines of political economy are practically expounded, without the obscuration and pedantry of the wonted jargon, which disgusts common readers with the science of which it forms no necessary part. From the popular style, kind feeling, and excellent object of the work, we trust it will fulfil the author's object of being an "earnest appeal to reason, to justice, to honesty, to pure morality, enforced by sacred obligation, and to every noblest sympathy of the human heart." It is radicalism in its purest and most exalted form, based on the divine sanction, which the writer assumes as her motto—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" and enlightened Radicals cannot circulate a better summary of doctrine, so far as this goes. We do not say that the work has no errors in detail, but they are few, and it is faultless in principle. Mrs Loudon would at once sweep away all restrictions and monopolies, with the hydra-headed chief of the clan, the corn-laws. Shewing the iniquity and fallacy of *indirect* taxation, she would substitute a tax upon *realized* property, in lieu of all other taxes whatever, with certain auxiliary modes—and even a poll-tax, if the great remedy were found not sufficient. She would abolish the laws of primogeniture and entail, reform the church of Ireland, and improve the condition of the poor of Ireland with its superfluous funds; giving poor-laws to the country. To accomplish all these good ends, she would begin with improving the national representation. If we had space to expatiate upon Mrs Loudon's book, we should consider it better occupied in recommending its perusal to thinking individuals of her own sex, than in paying idle compliments to her sense and acuteness, and the remarkable direction her intellect has taken.

Cobbett's Legacy to Parsons.

This piquant small bequest costs but eighteenpence, when very neatly bound in leather. It is dedicated to the Bishop of London. To abridge or condense it, is impossible. It is already a highly concentrated essence. But we may tell what each of the six letters of the Legacy is about. The 1st, shews how the Church of England came to be established; the 2d, how Dissenters arose; and the 3d, how the Established Church founded its domination over the Dissenters. The 4th, inquires if the Establishment conduces to the religious instruction of the people, and concludes as the reader may easily conjecture; the 5th, what is the present state of the Establishment, and if it is still possible to reform it; and the last letter inquires into the harlotry of the connexion between church and state, and the effects of separating them.

Each letter commences "Parsons;" all are written in the best cut-and-thrust manner of Cobbett. The leading question discussed, and that upon which the whole argument bears, is this—*Has the Parliament the rightful power to assume, to take possession of, and to dispose of the tithes, and all other property, commonly called church property, in whatsoever manner it may think proper?* Let those who are not convinced that Parliament has this power buy and read this able little book, and be enlightened. And let not those who have already embraced the voluntary principle be scandalized by the unceremoniousness or seeming irreverence of the author. Those whom he exposes have so shrouded themselves in a cloak of hypocritical assumption, and have so cunningly identified their own selfish interests and sectarianism with religion, that it is impossible to shew them up in their true colours, without rudely tearing from them the garment they have no right exclusively to wear, even although some seeming violence should be displayed to the robe itself, in tearing it from unworthy shoulders.

Life of Mungo Park. Edinburgh : Fraser & Co.

The life of Park is, in other words, a narrative of his adventures in Africa. This little volume, therefore, forms the essence of the bulky volumes of Park's travels, interspersed with private and domestic anecdotes. The condensation imparts a rich quality to the contents; and the character of Park is appreciated with fairness, sometimes bordering upon a generous partiality. If the author can furnish no rarer proof of the patriotism and poetical talents of Park than the yeomanry song he has given as "never before published," he may as well suppress that. The song, with many kindred and worse effusions of "the same ardent spirit of loyalty," was published at the time, and with Park's name to it. Park's private history is soon told. He was the son of a farmer in Yarrow, and was bred a surgeon in the neighbouring town of Selkirk. He obtained the appointment of assistant-surgeon in an East Indiaman, and, after making one voyage, offered himself to the African Association, as a successor to Major Houghton. His offer was accepted, and he sailed in May 1795, and returned in two years and seven months afterwards, crowned with the fruits of discovery. He came down to Scotland to his family, and wrote the narrative of his travels, which he afterwards re-wrote and improved in London. The work was eminently successful and profitable. Once more he returned to Scotland, married the daughter of the gentleman to whom he had been apprenticed as a surgeon, and lived hanging on for some time in expectation of a call to future service in Africa, or in some public way. He also tried to get a farm from the Duke of Buccleugh, but without success, and finally settled as a country surgeon in the small town of Peebles, where, as he expressed it, "he had suffered more fatigue and danger in two inglorious years' practice, than during all his wanderings in Africa." Though the kindness of the neighbouring gentry to the African lion made his condition as favourable as local circumstances permitted, discontent with his condition, and the desire of providing for his young family, determined Park upon another course of adventure. He had also been disappointed, it appears, of the Botanical Chair in the Edinburgh University. In these circumstances, a new expedition being proposed to him by Government, he, as a matter of free choice and preference, undertook it, stipulating for a pecuniary reward upon a scale which cannot be called illiberal. Upon this second and fatal enterprise, he entered with hope and ardour; and conducted it, perhaps, as well as any other man could have done, in the same trying circumstances, though his conduct has not escaped censure. If he shewed precipitance and bad judgment in one or two instances, he was the chief victim. The result of this expedition is familiar to the whole civilized world; and a tender and melancholy interest will ever belong to the memory of one, whose fate, so long uncertain, was at last found to have been so tragical.

Pringle's Narrative of a Residence in South Africa.

To a new edition of this pleasant book, a biographical sketch of the amiable and lamented author is prefixed, by

Josiah Conder. It is written in an affectionate spirit, and with a true appreciation of the character of Pringle. We find not much new information, save a few notices of Pringle's literary engagements, and the melancholy and edifying particulars of his last illness. He ruptured a small blood vessel in his lungs, during a fit of coughing, about the end of June 1834. He died of pulmonary consumption, on the 5th December of the same year. His life and death were those of a good man; and his memory will long be dear to his countrymen in Scotland, and to the friends of humanity in every land.

Brockenden's Road-book to Italy.

This is one of the very best books of its kind that we have ever met with—accurate, minute, compendious, and sensible; and written by one with considerable professional knowledge and relish for those objects of art and antiquity which make travelling in Italy desirable to the natives of all other States. This, so far, is also a guide through France, as well as on the grand route and its many branches from London to Naples. That through France occupies at least a fifth part of the whole. The work is illustrated by maps, and many spirited engravings of the most remarkable scenes on the way from Dover on to Naples. The book, altogether, is an indispensable one to travellers, and a pleasant companionable volume, and, moreover, a work of art to those who like to

"Run the great circle, and be still at home."

Notices of the Holy Land. By the Rev. Spence Hardy.

The author of this volume, a methodist missionary in Ceylon, kept a journal of his travels for the amusement of his friends. Returning from Ceylon, he chose to take a route which led him through scenes which, from boyhood, he had longed to visit. His journal, which possesses much of the liveliness which belongs to personal narrative, is continued through Greece and Italy; though this portion is much less interesting than the account of those holy places which an enthusiastic desire, and his previous biblical studies, had prepared him to explore. His picture of the present humbled condition of Jerusalem is solemnly affecting, and the entire work is composed with great modesty and in a pious and enlightened spirit. The Easter mummeries of the so-called Christian priests filled our traveller with disgust.

"I have," he says, "attended many descriptions of heathen festivals. I have seen the devil-dancers apparently under Satanic influence, and the Mussulmen devotees shout round their fires at the feast of Hussein Hassan; but I never witnessed any exhibition that excited in my mind feelings of deeper disgust, and this, too, in the name of Christ, and in a place, probably, not very far distant from the sacred spot where he bowed his head and died. . . . . It would have been an amusing sight could we have looked upon all this as the play of a parcel of children; but when old men, in priests' garments, and long white beards, engaged in it, and called it a religious ceremony, it excited feelings of the sincerest pity." Mr Hardy believes that the priests themselves would be glad to get rid of the jugglery of the holy fire, and similar cheats.

Barbara Gray.

This is a sentimental tale of the Scottish Border, of a tragic cast, and very simple structure. There is a true-lover, Allan Lyndsay; a seducer, the fox-hunting laird; and sorrow and madness, repentance and death. The author seems to have taken Professor Wilson's sentimental tales as his model, with considerable success, and the little volume is dedicated to that gentleman.

Walter; or, A Second Peep into the World we call Ours. London: Boone.

We have here a little commonplace book of maxims, reflections, paradoxes, and first principles, generally just, sometimes profound; always aiming at point and brilliancy, and occasionally succeeding.

Tales of Rhenish Chivalry.

A number of little stories, such as form the staple of picturesque and landscape annuals. They are written by a son of Turnerelli, the sculptor, and inscribed to him.

Pierce Falcon, the Outcast. By Emma Whitehead. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

Since people took so seriously *to life and manners*, the old-fashioned romantic novel has been left to second-rate artists. Yet this is a branch of the art so well deserving cultivation, so attractive to the very young, the adventurous, and the marvel-loving, that we rejoice in any tolerably fair specimen which reminds us of the days of the Radcliffs and Reeveses; or of the mixed school of Charlotte Smith, Maria Roche, and Mrs Bennet. *Pierce Falcon* is a very fair specimen of this favourite, though gone-by class; in which the characters are made to subserve the narrative, and carry forward that all-important object—the story. In *Pierce Falcon*, there is a fair share of *story*, and all the ordinary elements of ordinary romance: gypsies and their haunts; gentle and loving dames, of varied conditions and fortunes; generous lovers; love trials and their reward; and a villain—Pierce Falcon himself—upon whom poetical justice is executed, according to the statute in such cases made and provided. The whole makes a very readable novel.

Mechanics of Law-Making. By Arthur Symonds, Esq.

This volume is intended for a guide to our legislators and professional law-makers, hereditary and elected. We are certain that both classes stand greatly in need of one. Bungling legislation becomes more apparent every session. False, hasty, or ignorant law-making becomes more and more a national injury and reproach. Mr Symonds' manual will, at least, shew our senators their ignorance, and thus set them upon the way of amendment. "Conceive," says he, "the puzzle of a poor chimney-sweeper reading the chimney-sweepers' act!" Thomas Hood's portraiture of his amazement scarcely reaches the truth. The poor fellow may well say—"I have a *silent* sorrow here."

Fortitude; a Tale. By Mrs Hofland.

Many is the sweet, serious, duty-teaching domestic story that we have received from the pen of this lady; and happy are we once again to meet with her in her own quiet, unambitious walk. There is, in this tale, more of romance and excitement than are usual in her fictions; for it is laid in times of trouble, and the principal actors are closely connected with the public events of the Rebellion of 1745. But the "Fortitude" is woman's fortitude—patient, enduring, hopeful, sorely tried, and finally triumphant; and its varied displays form a story which will delight the numerous admirers of Mrs Hofland's writings.

The Laird of Logan; or, Wit in the West. By John D. Carrick.

Here we have a collection of Scottish, and especially western jests, anecdotes, and notable sayings, filiated upon a certain ready-witted Hugh Logan of that Ilk, who figured about sixty years ago. Where there are so many good things gathered together, all cannot be of equal excellence; but, then, taste in wit, as in beauty, food, drink, dress, is so diversified, that it is right to have something for everybody. A fair proportion of these good things are racy and original, and a few are superlative. There is nothing in the collection to offend decency; but, as to taste, why, every man has one of his own, and that any jest-book shall please everybody, is impossible.

Hydraulia; a Historical and Descriptive Account of the Water Works of London, and the Contrivances for Supplying other Great Cities in different Ages and Countries. By William Mathews, author of "The History of Gas Lighting." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Large octavo, pp. 454. Numerous Engravings.

This book contains an immense mass of curious facts and information, scientific, antiquarian, historical, and utilitarian. Of its controversial sections we do not feel qualified to judge.

Gilfillan's Scottish Songs. 2d Edition. pp. 252.

Right glad are we to meet with "a new and enlarged edition" of Gilfillan's "bonny little sangs;" and many of them may there be! blithe spring mornings, serene autumn gloamings, and long social winter nights, each taking off its hundreds; for we could ask no surer sign that the peaceful under-current of innocent gaiety and of "mirth, which after no repenting draws," still flows free and untroubled in the bosom of our native land. The simplicity, beauty, and *archness* of many of these songs is so well known, as to make critical remarks quite superfluous.

Mary and Florence; or, Grave and Gay.

This is a pleasing juvenile story, pious and instructive, and kept within the sober limits of truth and probability. Mary is the sage heroine, Florence the lively one. The contrasted characters of the children keep the narrative agreeably alive.

Lectures on Church Establishments.

These lectures were delivered in Glasgow at different periods, by seven of the most eminent of the Scottish dissenting ministers. The "Question of Questions," is here placed on a much broader basis than that assumed by our energetic friend of Bolt Court. The collection is highly creditable to the piety, erudition, and zeal of the clergy of the dissenting body in Scotland. The lecturers were the Rev. Mr Anderson, Dr Wardlaw, Dr Heugh, Rev. J. C. Ewing, Rev. D. King, Mr James Beith, and the Rev. A. Harvey.

Dissertation on Church Polity. By Andrew Coventry Dick, Advocate. Edinburgh: Black.

We have here a searching inquiry, and an elaborate argument against church establishments; the conclusion of which is, that they are untenable in principle and adverse to the interests of religion. Without considerable space, we could not pretend to give the barest outline of the scope of the volume, and less would be injurious. The question which occupies and agitates so many minds, is fairly, and certainly fully discussed; and the Voluntary Church party ably vindicated from the manifold aspersions and calumnies cast upon them. Their object is religious freedom. "Late," says our author, "as their appearance has been, their numbers and influence are already great, and are rapidly increasing. Nor is this wonderful. The plan they propose is characterised by the simplicity of true wisdom, is recommended by justice, and, above all, sanctioned by Christianity. *That man is not responsible for his belief to his fellow-men; that it is unjust and cruel to tax one citizen for the religion of another; that it is impious to maintain Christianity by force:* these are the truths they proclaim, and the intellects of an enlightened and free people are assenting to them with alacrity and joy."

The Glasgow Popular Encyclopædia.

This work goes on thrivingly. It is known to be a reprint of the celebrated American edition of the German CONVERSATIONS LEXICON; but in Britain it receives as many additions and improvements as it did in the United States. The present part, the nineteenth, contains, a Compendium of the History of France, divided into epochs; and also an Account of French Literature. These give value to this portion of a work, generally executed with great care and attention.

Legends of the North, and Border Minstrelsy.

Mr Tilt, the spirited publisher of prints and illustrated works, has lately published a small and very neat volume under the above title, selected chiefly from the works of Sir Walter Scott, and prettily adorned with engravings on wood. The work is executed with taste and judgment, and contains some of our finest old ballads and legendary tales, besides the extracts from Scott. We mention this selection particularly, as we consider it remarkably well adapted to young people, and a nice little school-prize, or friendly holiday gift.

Murray's Emigrant's Guide to Canada.

This is a small useful tract, full of minute, and, we have no doubt, accurate information, both for the voyage and journey, and also matters permanently interesting to the settler.

FINE ARTS.

Finden's Byron Beauties. Parts IV., V., VI.

These *ideal* portraits of the female characters that figure in Byron's poems and dramas, are among the most distinguished of the serial works of art that are appearing at present. They make their way over all the civilized world, wherever the name of Byron has been heard of; and are regularly published in London, Paris, Philadelphia, Berlin, and other capitals. It is quite as impossible that people should agree in opinion about *ideal* portraits as about what beauty itself is. The same picture will speak to the feelings and take forcible possession of the fancy of one man, which another will repudiate. But all may meet on the neutral ground of these *ideal* portraits being charming, or lovely, or fascinating pictures of beautiful females, differing altogether in features, character, expression, style, and costume; and each perfect in one or other of those requisites. Those which, in the higher attributes of mind and expression, approach nearest to our *ideal*—but we would no more dispute with any man about *ideals* than hobby-horses—are, *The Light of the Harem*, a young mother fondly bending in serene blissfulness, in calm, dreamy, and almost rapt enjoyment, over her sleeping infant. The costume is faultless, because it interferes no more with conventional notions, whether to offend or flatter, than could the dress in which Eve nursed Cain. This sweet picture is painted by Wood, who is not (to our taste) so happy in *Aurora Raby*. This imperfectly developed heroine is too cherub-like for the sweet, austere, composed, and reserved Catholic maiden, thrown among the Comus train, and fashionable revellers of the Abbey. *Adah* kneeling in the earnest attitude of benediction and love unutterable, beside her slumbering child, by the same artist, is a splendid effort. The beauty and attitude of the child is perfect. This picture altogether has much of the pure and noble effect of sculpture. We, however, could like foliage, or some appropriate drapery, for the kneeling figure. At first sight, the covering is taken for the redundant hair of the female, and the effect of the skin-garment is unpleasant to taste not very fastidious. *Florence* is a splendid beauty in a splendid costume; *Angiolina*, a lovely, serene, unimpassioned female, youthful and graceful, playing on the guitar. *The Maid of Saragoza* strikes us as a likeness of Lord Byron himself, masquerading in a female dress, with belt and dagger. If this be a real portrait of that heroic damsel, the accidental resemblance is indeed remarkable. *Inez*, the girl of Cadiz, is, with pouting lips and playful fan, like ten thousand other Spanish girls. *Gulnare* is like a tragedy queen. *Astarte*, who ought to be the ideal of an ideal, is like nothing at all, but a Grecian profile. *Kaled the Dark Page*, if somewhat melo-dramatic in character, is a striking picture, but tells not much of Kaled's mysterious story; and *Leonora d'Este* we at once receive as the fair representative of Tasso's proud and queenly love. It is painted by Stone, and is noble in its simplicity, and natural and true in its nobility; and such as that stately beauty may well have been who was adored by the poet. *Parisina*, a rather languishing beauty, is less to our taste; which leads us back to the original position, that it is no more possible to agree about the adequate impersonation of ideal beauties, than about hobby-horses, and happily not more necessary. Here the feminine and the lovely in all forms and modifications is scattered in such rich profusion, as to meet and gratify every taste.

Heath's Gallery of British Engravings.

This is a very pretty, and a very cheap work: the reason being this—that the engravings have done duty already in some of the most highly embellished of the *annuals*. Of these popular productions we have ever esteemed the pictures (with a few honourable exceptions) as by far the

better part. It is, therefore, pleasant to be able to get possession of the best among them, without the mere make-weight or chaff of the letterpress. Among the prints in these (shilling!) numbers, we notice the lovely *Theresa* of the "Book of Beauty"—*The Bride*, and one or two of Stanfield's and Turner's *Landscapes*. This is a really a desirable table-book. A description accompanies each print.

STANFIELD'S COAST SCENERY, Part I., is truly a work worth looking at; very beautiful, and very, *very* cheap, considering its quality. The engravings are in the best style of our landscape annuals.

POWER, of the Strand, is publishing landscape illustrations of MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, in the style of Finden's illustrations of Byron and Scott. The number contains four plates, with descriptions, *very Irish* in spirit and style, and, consequently, very amusing. There is also a pleasant sprinkling of antiquities. The four subjects of Part I., are, *The Vale of Avoca*, *Inniscattery*, *St Kevin's Bed*, and the *Wicklow Gold Mines*.

TILT has published, as a companion to the favourite print, "John Anderson, my Jo!" a mezzotint engraving from Kidd's painting of the *Cottage Musicians*, which many of our readers will remember in the exhibitions. It makes, from its domestic character, a very pleasant parlour-wall ornament, and is a soft, yet spirited subject, replete with genuine quiet humour. What mouths the lusty bawlers do make as they accompany their father's fiddle!—and with what placid delight he scrapes away!

Views of Campbelton Lithographed. By William Smith, Junior: Edinburgh.

These views, which are more remarkable for boldness, spirit, and fidelity, than delicacy or finish of execution, refer to Campbelton in Argyleshire; for Scotland rejoices in two towns of that name. Campbelton, in the peninsula of Kintyre, we should not have supposed to hold any strong natural claim upon the painter or draughtsman. Though it is *snugly* and prettily situated, and a place of great antiquity, it has rather the power of commanding fine prospects from the neighbouring heights, seaward especially, than of affording many of itself. But there may be local influences and patriotic motives for the selection, with which we are unacquainted; and, at all events, there is here fresh unbroken ground for the artist. Campbelton is, moreover, a place of ancient dignity, as the original seat of the Scottish monarchy. But Mr Smith has not limited himself exactly to Campbelton; he takes the neighbourhood; and the word neighbourhood he understands in the true Highland latitude, whether seaward or landward. The sea views are, indeed, peculiarly interesting—rough, and wild, and tumultuous. There is a spirited sketch of *Kilkerran*, and another of *Saddel Castle*.

A history and traditions of the town, and a description of the views, complete this work, which, as a production of art, is highly creditable, though its main recommendation is memorializing scenes, dear and familiar to thousands at home and abroad, and hitherto *unrepresented*. The work is of goodly size and presence, and appropriately inscribed to the Duke of Argyle. Altogether, it is one for a Campbelton man to be proud of seeing upon his table, and another trophy of art for Scotland.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.

This beautiful work, which has now reached the 15th number, maintains the high character with which it commenced. The artists, among whom are Turner, C. Stanfield, Harding, and Callcott, have finished their drawings, from *original* sketches made on the spot, either by draughtsmen or amateurs; and the 'graver has done the pencil ample justice. Among the finest of the recent pictures are, a view of *Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives*, and a charming view of Modern Smyrna; *Nineveh*, by Turner; *Ramah*, and *Rachel's Tomb*. *The Cedars of Lebanon* (portraits) make a most interesting and characteristic groupe. They are engraved by the Findens, with more than ordinary care.

Illustrations of the Bible.

It is some time since we have noticed these rival series; or, peradventure, they are not rivals, as they come but little into competition, either in style or price. That of *Westall* and *Martin* is of marvellous cheapness, and also of very unequal merit. Indeed, no justice can be done to the designs of Martin upon the scale of these engravings. Eight original engravings for one shilling, with descriptions, too, cannot be finished, nor even tolerably well executed. Such things are excellent in the *Penny Magazine*; but, as specimens of the fine arts, intended for, at least, the middle class, they are derogatory to what they aspire to illustrate, which, we presume, is rather art than religion. The chief merit is, that they will not corrupt the taste; for, if rude in execution, they are pure and elevated in conception.

Winkle's Cathedrals. The Descriptions by Thomas Maule.

This work is too cheap to be good. It is only wonderful that so many engravings of original subjects can be afforded at the money. But works of art are not like those of literature, *a necessary of moral life*; and where they do not possess a certain degree of elegance in execution as well as in design, we can see nothing very desirable about them. One truly good engraving is worth scores of rubbish, be it the portrait of a great man or of an old church. At the same time, nothing is more excusable than consuming a certain quantity of paper and ink in so perfectly harmless a way. Besides, such attempts may nourish the taste for better things.

A History and Description of the Late Houses of Parliament.

This work appears in numbers. The engravings are bold and clever—the history, by Mr Britton, a well-known antiquary, ample and curious.

The Napoleon Gallery. No. I. London: Tilt.

The GALLERY consists of etchings from the most celebrated paintings produced in France during the Napoleon era. Most of those pictures refer to his own career. The etchings are upon a very small scale, and will be interesting chiefly to artists and amateurs. There is a description of each picture. It would have been desirable to know the author of each painting, which is not told. The engravings are principally by Reveil.

The Tourist's Guide through Switzerland. No. X.

We have had occasion to notice this work before, with approbation. The engravings *improve* as it goes on. The letterpress descriptions, by W. Beattie, M.D., are tasteful and entertaining; they stick to the text, and convey much pleasant and useful information in an agreeable style. This volume, when completed, will make a charming work, of an enduring character.

Wanderings through Wales, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. No. I.

Mr Roscoe, we should presume, intends to do for the land of the ancient Britons what Scott and others, in alliance with the artists, have done for the Scottish border. Cattermole, Cox, and Creswick co-operate with him. They have already given us the *Vale of Llangollen*, for the sentimental; *Caunant Mawr*, for the lovers of the wild and the picturesque; and, for the chivalrous and poetical, the *Death of Llewellyn*, from which Mr Roscoe weaves a charming romance of real history.

WORKS IN SERIES.

Other two volumes of Saunders and Otley's Edition of *Cowper's Life and Letters*, edited by the Rev. Mr Grimshawe, have been published. The embellishments are still of exquisite beauty; the letters the most delightful of the series—those addressed to the poet's amiable cousin and dearest friend, Lady Hesketh. Two more volumes of *Boswell's Johnson* have appeared. The last contains the interesting tour to the Hebrides. The embellishments are very fine, and are from Scottish subjects—St Andrews and Lochlomond.

PAMPHLETS.

Among the more noticeable, are *Lord Brougham's Speech on Education*, and Mr Hume's on the Marquis of Chandos' motion for the total repeal of the malt-tax; revised, with explanatory notes by himself. This able speech is peculiarly worthy of notice, from the manner in which Mr Hume repels the cunning and calumnious charge that the thorough-going Reformers—those who would abolish the corn-laws, and establish a property-tax—are spoliators, and entertain designs subversive of public credit and the rights of private property. Some happy hits are dealt to Sir James Grahame, to whom a lesson is read, the more impressive, that it is out of his own book. The grinding inequality of the present system of taxation is displayed in several flagrant instances, as the probate duty, by which the estates of "the Duke of Sutherland, who died last year, and left, as report states, landed property yielding a clear income of £250,000 per annum, though his executors had not a farthing to pay as a tax to the government for that property." "If a shopkeeper or artisan leaves personal property—say, to the amount of £50 or £100—towards the maintenance of his wife and children, or any of his friends, the tax-gatherer comes in and takes between £1 and £10 from the small property he has left." These are the pithy kind of facts in which this speech (or its notes) deals in advocating a property-tax; and time it is, that property, created by the labour of the many, should, at least, pay its own rate of assurance, without thrusting its hands into working men's pockets for that also. The price of those small useful pamphlets should be printed upon them. We hope it is as low as possible. This one is said to be published by a Committee for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge. They have chosen well.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE PARLIAMENT.

Ministers have announced their intention of confining their exertions, during the present session, to the questions of Corporation Reform, and the Appropriation of the Irish Church Revenues. A bill for the regulation of the English Corporations has been brought into Parliament, which has given much satisfaction to all classes of reformers. One hundred and eighty-three cities and boroughs, in England and Wales, comprising upwards of two millions of inhabitants, fall under the operation of the bill. Permanent residence for three years, and the payment of three years' rates for any tenement, are the sole qualifications for a burgess. The Town Council is to be elected for three years. One-third of the members to go out annually. The Mayor is to be elected by the Council. The Mayor and Council are to appoint the municipal officers; but the Recorder is to be appointed by the King. This measure is of great importance, and is inferior only to the reform act itself. It aims a death-blow at the local corruption and misgovernment which has demoralised the country. Sir Robert Peel affected to be pleased with the bill in general; but there is little doubt that the Tories will do everything in their power to injure and mutilate it, and, constituted as Parliament is at present, the measure will not be carried without a severe struggle.

The question of the Ballot has been again brought forward by Mr Grote, and rejected by a majority of 319, to 146; but 14 paired off for the motion, so that the ballot now counts 160 members of Parliament among its supporters. In last Parliament, only 108 voted for this measure; so that it is rapidly gaining ground—much more rapidly than either Catholic Emancipation or the Abolition of Slavery did for many years after these questions were made the subject of Parliamentary debate.

Several discussions have taken place relative to the agricultural distress; but nothing has been suggested which will afford any relief. The Marquis of Chandos proposes that the county rate, and the "bye highway rate," should be taken off the land, and thrown on the general revenue of the country; and that the farmers should be relieved from some trifling taxes, such as those on spring-carts, &c. The effect of such a measure would be to relieve the land of some half-million of taxes annually, while the money paid in rents in England and Wales alone, cannot be under twenty millions. Mr Cayley proposes to give relief by depreciating the currency, and wishes to establish a silver for a gold standard. According to Mr Clay, this would affect the relative values of gold and silver coin, only to the extent of 4d. on the sovereign. The landlords must conceive the farmers exceedingly stupid, if they think they are to be deceived by such proposals. There is but one remedy—a great abatement of rent; and now that the pockets of the tenantry are empty, that abatement must be submitted to.

The commutation of taxes for a property tax has again been brought before the House, by Mr Robinson; but there is little probability of such a measure being ever carried. It would relieve the working and middle classes, at the expense of the higher—that is to say, of the legislators themselves, and this is, of course, sufficient to insure its rejection. Besides, the property-tax would require to be at a much higher rate than we suspect is contemplated by the supporters of this scheme. Mr Robinson's motion was rejected by 105 to 42.

The time of Parliament has been uselessly taken up in discussions about the observance of the Sunday; but certain Members are making little progress in their attempts to prohibit the poor from obtaining the recreation on that day which the rich appear to wish to reserve to themselves. Mr Poulter's bill, one of the most reasonable, was rejected on bringing up the report of the committee, by a majority of 54 to 43. An attempt was made to prevent Sunday travelling on the Great Western Railway; but it was defeated by a majority of 212 to 34. A similar attempt was made in the House of Lords, with regard to a railroad about to be formed in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but the motion to prevent Sunday travelling, which was made by the Bishop of Hereford, was rejected by a majority of 40 to 19.

The inquiry of the committee of the House of Commons on the Ipswich election, has terminated in a manner which has given general satisfaction. Mr R. A. Dundas, the member for Edinburgh, in the last unreformed Parliament, and Mr Kelly, a lawyer, have been declared not duly elected, having been found guilty of bribery and corruption. The consequence is, not only that they lose their seats, but that they have the whole expenses of the inquiry, which are estimated at £15,000, to pay. Their subordinate agents in the work of corruption have been ordered to be taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms, and the ulterior proceedings of the House will be watched with interest.

ENGLAND.

THE ELECTIONS which have taken place within these few months, have shewn decisively the necessity of co-operation and activity among the Liberals. From the want of the ballot, and in virtue of the unblushing bribery resorted to, and intimidation exercised by the Tories, Lord John Russell was defeated in Devonshire by a majority of 628, the numbers at the close of the poll being, for Mr Parker, 3745, for Lord John Russell, 3117. The contest in West Yorkshire was very severe, Lord Morpeth being opposed by Mr Wortley, but his Lordship secured his election by a majority of 2807. In South Staffordshire, however, the Tories were victorious, Colonel Anson having been defeated by Sir F. Goodricke, by a majority of 1740, to 1552. The Tories also attempted to oppose Captain Byng's election at Poole. Sir Colquhoun Grant was started by them; but, at the close of the election, the numbers were, Byng, 199, Grant, 174; majority, 25.

The only Scotch elections which were contested, were those for the Leith District of Burghs, and for the county of Inverness. In the former, Lord Advocate Murray

defeated his Tory antagonist, Admiral Milne, by a majority of 718 to 423, the number of the Lord Advocate's voters, the first day, exceeding his entire majority in the contest with Mr Aitchison, in May 1834, by 58 votes. We may judge from this fact, what foundation there is for the cry of reaction in the Leith Burghs. In Inverness-shire, Mr Grant of Glenmorriston, a Reformer, was defeated by Mr Chisholm of Chisholm, a deserter from the Whig to the Tory party; the majority being 28. A petition has, however, been presented against the return of "The Chisholm," as he is called, on the ground that a number of voters, whose property was not situated within the county, were allowed to vote for him.

MILITARY OUTRAGE.—At the close of the poll for South Staffordshire, a gross outrage was committed by the military on the people at Wolverhampton, one of the polling places. The occurrence is now undergoing judicial investigation; and it will not be wondered at that the evidence is singularly contradictory, when it is stated that the magistrates and the soldiery—the accused parties—have been received as witnesses. All that can be said with certainty, is, that the pretended riot which formed the excuse for calling in the soldiery, could not have been of a very serious nature, as all the damage done was the breaking five panes of glass, and the spitting upon some of the Tories. It is alleged that some of them were rolled in the mud, but, at all events, none of them were seriously injured. At least thirty-five shots were fired by the dragoons, who rode singly, and in pairs, through the streets, cutting at every one they met with their sabres, and firing into doors and windows. Several persons have been severely wounded, and one boy has lost his leg. The troopers were pelted with stones, but none of them appear to have been hurt; and one horse was stabbed, but in what manner, or by whom, does not appear. This is one of the instances in which the Tories have resorted to their boasted tactics of laying the dust in blood; and, unless they receive a check, we may expect similar outrages whenever an excuse presents itself.

LIBEL-LAW.—A case, illustrating the gross iniquity of the libel law, occurred lately in the King's Bench. Mr Franks, a most respectable tradesman, a freeman of the city of London, and a liveryman of the Merchant Tailors' Company, has, for a period of ten years, devoted himself to the exposure of abuses in the corporation, and, for that purpose, has expended £1200 in judicial proceedings and otherwise. Finding no success in the courts of law, he published a series of letters in a Sunday newspaper, in some of which he reflected, with illegal severity, on the conduct of the clerk of the Merchant Tailors' Company. This was an opportunity for revenge not to be lost. A criminal information was filed; and, though it was proved that Mr Franks had not written the articles, he was found guilty, sentenced to pay a fine of £200, and suffer imprisonment for one month! The crime of Mr Franks was, clearly, the exposing of the abuses of the Corporation. The libels were nothing more than are published every day; but then there are not always Tory corporations to prosecute the authors of them.

PUNISHMENT OF BRIBERY.—At the Cambridge assizes a verdict for £500 penalty, was given against a person who had endeavoured to bribe a voter to poll for Mr Knight at the Cambridge election. A new trial was applied for, on the ground that the party attempted to be bribed actually voted against Mr Knight, though he had taken £5 to vote for him; but the Court of King's Bench unanimously refused the application.

The question as to the legality of a man marrying the sister of his former wife, which has been held a doubtful point, has been settled by a decision of Dr Lushington in the Consistory Court. The judgment was, that the marriage is null and void, and that the parties should perform penance in the church of the parish where they reside. The cause was instituted by the churchwardens of the parish.

The absurd practice of allowing soldiers to wear their side-arms in the streets, has often been commented on, but is still continued. Not a week passes without an outrage arising from this cause. A soldier was lately brought up to the Lambeth office for being intoxicated and creating a disturbance in the streets. It was proved that he drew his bayonet, flourished it about, and threatened to stab any one who interfered; but all the punishment inflicted was to fine him one shilling and sixpence, the price of a glass he had broken. Petitions should be prepared and sent to the king, begging him to direct this absurd practice to be discontinued. If the cavalry can walk the streets in safety without arms, where is the necessity for having the foot armed?

STROUD.—The Tories pretend to be greatly amused that Lord John Russell, after his defeat in South Devonshire, has been forced to take refuge in what they call the rotten borough of Stroud. They seem, however, to forget that the population is six times greater than that of Sir Robert Peel's borough of Tamworth, and that Stroud contained, in 1831, 41,000 inhabitants, 1600 £10 houses, and that the registered constituency is 1300.

TEA.—The East India Company are taking means to ascertain whether the tea plant can be cultivated in their territories. A committee has been appointed, and one of the members has been sent to Canton to purchase seeds and plants, and engage labourers.

LORD ELDON'S net income, on an average of three years during the war, was £19,223, and, in the year 1811, it amounted to the enormous sum of £22,737.

The British and Foreign Bible Society have collected, during the last twelve months, £107,926, and the balance in hand is £23,676.

SCOTLAND.

HAWICK.—The Reformers of this town have set an example which ought to be imitated throughout the country. Previously to the last general election they raised, by subscriptions, a fund for upholding the liberal interest in the county. They have since defrayed the whole election expenses connected with the Hawick district at last election, amounting to £146, and they have in store a sum equal to meet the legitimate expenses of another contest.

ROAD-TRUSTS.—The management of these trusts is a matter well deserving of investigation. In almost every instance, they are deeply involved in debt, and the funds levied are greatly misapplied, much more anxiety being displayed to make fine roads in the neighbourhood of the seats of the trustees themselves, than to improve the great lines of internal communication. At a recent meeting of the county of Edinburgh, a petition, signed by 836 individuals interested in the tolls levied within the county, was read, stating that, after minute inquiry, they had ascertained, that the revenues derived from tolls, being £44,000 per annum, was nearly double the ordinary expenditure for maintaining roads, interest on loans, and expense of management, and praying that the surplus be applied either in liquidation of the debt, or that the toll-duties be reduced at least one-third. The petitioners also prayed that commissioners appointed by the toll-payers, should be authorized to act along with the road-trustees, as it appeared that the county gentlemen, from which body alone the trustees were chosen, did not pay one-tenth part of the tolls. Were investigations similar to that made in the county of Edinburgh, instituted in other places, similar results would be discovered. It is monstrous that persons who pay only one-tenth of the tolls should have the uncontrolled management of the revenue, and nothing but a combined effort is necessary to put an end to the abuse.

PERTH.—Subscriptions are at present raising in this county for the purpose of defraying the expense of a survey of a railway from Perth to Dunkeld.

SCOTCH DISTILLERS.—It appears from the reports of the Commissioners of Excise Inquiry, that, up to the year 1823, the greater part of the supply of whisky was in the hands of smugglers, the average number of gallons brought to charge in the five years preceding that year having been 2,184,608 gallons per annum; whilst, in the five years succeeding 1823, they amounted to 4,957,803 gallons per annum. The result of the measures by which the duty on spirits were reduced from 6s. 2d. to 3s. 4¾d. per gallon, and the drawback on malt used by distillers increased to 1s. 2d. per gallon, was the almost total suppression of illicit distillation. The injurious consequen-

ces that have resulted from the diminution of the malt drawback in 1832, to the extent of 6d. a gallon, by which the duty has, in effect, been increased from 3s. 4d. to 3s. 10d., are fully described by the commissioners, and illustrated by extracts from and reference to the evidence given before them, shewing the stimulus which has thereby again been given to smuggling; it appearing that, in some districts, "maltsters who had entered to make malt for the entered distillers, had withdrawn their entries, and made entry to make malt for general purposes, all of which he sold to the smuggler." The smuggling across the Border is carried on to a trifling extent, in consequence of the number of officers employed in its prevention—fifty-six—at an annual cost of £9,920. The exportation of spirits from Scotland and Ireland has nearly ceased within the last year and a half, in consequence of the recent increase of duty, which has enabled the illicit distiller of Ireland to supplant Scotch whisky in the market. In the exportation to foreign parts, there has been a gradual increase in the last ten years, amounting, in 1833, to 24,462 gallons of malt, and 679 gallons of grain spirits. In 1832, the number of distillers in Scotland was 260, and the duty paid, £1,329,844.

IRELAND.

A bill for the reform of the Irish boroughs is nearly ready. It is characterised by the same liberal spirit which pervades the English Corporation Bill, and it has met with the approbation of the great body of the Irish Members.

Great distress exists in the west of Ireland, and an appeal is made to the British for charity. We say to the Irish landlords—Lower your rents, which are exorbitant, even when compared with those of England and Scotland; and to the Irish people—Agitate not for repeal of the union, but for the establishment of poor-laws; and thus you will alleviate the distress of the peasantry.

Queen's County.—In this county, which contains 145,000 inhabitants, there are no fewer than 100 magistrates, not one of whom is a Catholic.

It appears, from a census taken from the last return of the Irish Commissioners, that there are belonging to

The Established Church . .	851,792
Presbyterians	635,587
Protestant Dissenters . .	21,518
Roman Catholics . .	6,428,265
	7,937,162

We presume that all who do not attend any place of worship are set down as belonging to the Establishment, according to the practice of the Scotch Established Clergy.

THE CONTINENT.

France.—The trial of the prisoners, accused of being engaged in the riots at Paris, Lyons, &c., in April 1834, commenced on the 5th May, before the Peers at the Luxembourg. In consequence of the protestations of the accused against the legality of the tribunal, and the interruption caused to the proceedings, the extraordinary step has been taken of removing all but the quietest from the Court, and carrying on the trial in the absence of the more noisy. This step has created a great sensation in Paris, as the last person who was tried in absence was Danton, and the iniquity of the proceeding has never been attempted to be denied. Eighty-eight Peers refused, at the outset, to assist at the trial, and forty-four more have retired from the tribunal in disgust. The fifth legion of the Parisian National Guards have published a protest in the newspapers against the trial, and five hundred of the ninth legion have protested against being employed in guarding the Luxembourg during the continuance of the "Monster Process." The illegality of the tribunal has been clearly demonstrated; but Louis Philippe proceeds, relying on his numerous troops to keep down any popular movement. The time, we hope, of the overthrow of this miscreant, cannot be far distant. He has trampled upon the charter which he had sworn to support; infringed, in innumerable instances, on the liberty and property of the people, who so heroically and generously raised him to the throne, and has added an additional proof, if any were wanting, to those already in existence of the unfitness of despotism to the present state of mankind.

Spain.—The government of Great Britain and of France have refused to interfere in the civil war in Spain; but, as it is now admitted on all hands that the Queen is unable, single handed, to put down the Carlists, an order in Council has appeared, permitting British subjects to enlist in her service. Colonel Evans and Colonel Hodges are mentioned as likely to take the command of 10,000, to be raised in this country, and reinforcements are also expected from France and Belgium.

Portugal.—The young Queen has, in answer to an address to the two Chambers, expressed her willingness to be again married. As princes are above both law and decency, a younger brother of her late husband is a candidate for her hand. It is also said that the King of France has offered her his son, the Duke de Nemours. A sale of the church property is to commence about the end of June; the whole value of the property is said to be £14,500,000; and considerable sums from France, America, and, particularly, England, have been remitted to Portugal, to be invested in the purchase of land.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

By accounts from New York, it appears that extensive speculations have taken place in cotton, and that prices have, in consequence, risen considerably. In England, the cotton market has been unusually active, and the manufacturers are all very busy. Such is the demand for new machinery, that one large house in Lancashire has as many orders as it can execute in the next two years. London has seldom been so full of buyers of manufactured goods as at present.

The price of wool has of late been again on the rise. In the woollen trade, considerable business has been transacted, principally for the home market. In the trade with the United States, much depression still exists. The Belgian and French woollens compete severely in the American market with those of Yorkshire and the West of England; and the superiority of English woollens of the finer and middling qualities is, to say the least, doubtful. The truth is, that unless the corn-laws be repealed, we will run great risk of being undersold in foreign markets, in some of the most important branches of our manufactures.

AGRICULTURE.

Crops of all kinds of grain are looking well; and great improvement has taken place since the warm weather set in. Hay will, however, prove a defective crop, it being both short and thin on the ground. Although potatoes were planted under the most favourable circumstances, many instances have already occurred of a failure in the seed, but to what extent cannot yet be ascertained. A great quantity of chevalier barley has been sown in Scotland this season. From experiments made in East Lothian, it has been proved to be greatly superior to the common variety, in quantity as well as weight of grain in straw, and in malting qualities.

The price of grain, and of wheat in particular, continues low; and there appears little prospect of any considerable rise. The distress among the tenantry is rapidly increasing, and there is no means of alleviating it but by a great reduction of rents—a remedy which the landlords appear in no hurry to adopt. To suppose that any relief can be given to the tenantry, by taking off taxes, is absurd—for the whole of their direct taxes do not amount to one per cent. on their rental. It is pretended, that the price of wheat is kept down by importations from Canada and the Channel Islands; but this is a mistake, as the whole wheat imported from these places is by far too insignificant to affect prices: the average importation, during the last five years, from the latter, being only 2237 quarters a-year. The agriculturists have had, for several years, the home market to themselves, without competition from foreign grain, and they must now be convinced that the corn-laws are unable to protect them from low prices.

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